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In and Out of Memory: Exploring the Tension Between Remembering and Forgetting When Recalling 9/11, a Traumatic Event

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In and Out of Memory: Exploring the Tension Between Remembering and Forgetting When Recalling 9/11, a Traumatic Event

by

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in partial fulfilment for the degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

School of Art and Media

Faculty of Arts and Humanities

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Contents

Abstract

Anna M. Walker

In and out of memory: exploring the tension between remembering and forgetting when recalling 9/11, a traumatic event.

My research is an unravelling of a traumatic memory to describe, understand and answer questions about the 'trauma body.' In my research, I put forward the idea that traumatic memories are detached memories with an emotional resonance that fixes them historically in a specific place and time, unwieldy anchors for a body that is neither here (*present*), nor there (*in the past*). I analyse this paradox from philosophical and psychoanalytical perspectives. Through a layered arts practice of text, sonic art work, and moving and still imagery I examine the tension where trauma meets memory, whether in an attempt to forget, or an effort to remember. Memory in this context is perceived as crucial towards understanding oneself socially, culturally and personally, whilst trauma is understood as an experience borne by the act of 'leaving,' wherein the mind's coping mechanism overwhelmed by shocking external events fractures or splits.

I began this process by revisiting a journal written on the day of and days following the terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001. A journal that had remained closed and unread until starting my research in 2012. My aim was to deconstruct my memory of this traumatic event, lay it to rest and explore the latent witnessing that defies assimilation into a narrative. I employ autoethnography as a methodology to facilitate a greater understanding of trauma and its wider cultural implications, overlaying my personal memories upon a well-established collective memory of 9/11. Autoethnography, in this

instance, is a reformulation of ethnography or anthropology, an in-depth examination of context incorporating cross-disciplinary approaches. With an emphasis on self-reflection and subjective participation, as both the artist and the owner of certain memories, my intention was to engage a larger epistemological discussion of the meeting place of trauma and memory.

Six Fragments, (Moving Imagery and sound, 32.58 minutes, 2014-2016) and *Remembering*, (Moving Imagery and sound, 18.53 minutes, 2015-2017) were submitted as part of this thesis, and viewed by examiners as part of the viva voce, on May 8th, 2017, in the Jill Craigie Cinema, Plymouth University.

Acknowledgements

Author's Declaration

At no time during the registration for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy has the author been registered for any other University award without prior agreement of the Graduate Sub-Committee.

Work submitted for this research degree at the Plymouth University has not formed part of any other degree either at Plymouth University or at another establishment.

Relevant seminars and conferences were regularly attended and art exhibitions and film screenings were visited for the purposes of research and an awareness of contemporary developments.

Artwork was frequently presented throughout the doctoral study and five papers prepared for publication.

Presentation and Conferences were regularly attended.

Word count of main body of thesis, including prologue: **68, 897**

Signed

Date

Publications:

2013, 'Falling (1)' Volume 12, *Body Space and Technolog*y, (BST), 2013
http://people.brunel.ac.uk/bst/vol12/

October, 2014, The Trauma of the Flashback: Memory and its Suffering Negotiated Through 'September', a Painting by Gerhard Richter.' *PsyArt*, Oct 14, 2014
http://psyartjournal.com/article/show/walker-the_trauma_of_the_flashback_memory_and_i

September, 2015, 'In and out of memory: exploring the tension when remembering a traumatic event.' *Journal for Artistic Research, (JAR)*, September, 2015
http://www.researchcatalogue.net/view/99519/99520

December, 2015, 'The Body In Between, the dissociative experience of trauma.' *Technoetic Arts,* Volume 13, Number 3, December 2015, pp. 315-322(8)
http://www.ingentaconnect.com/content/intellect/ta/2015/00000013/00000003

Date TBA, 2017/2018, 'An autoethnographic exploration of what it means to voice a traumatic experience that challenges the boundaries of subjective representation,' *Journal of Interdisciplinary Voice Studies,* themed edition volume 3 issue 2: 'Voice, Identity, Contact.'

Artist's talks/ presentation of research:

9 April 2012, Research Presentation, (RDC 1), Plymouth University

19 November 2013, Research Presentation, (RDC 2), Plymouth Arts Centre

31 July 2014, 'In and out of memory: exploring the tension between remembering and forgetting when recalling 9/11, a traumatic event. A discussion of the methodology and early stages of research.' Transart, Berlin.

28 February 2014 - Lecture, Year-2, BA Photography Students, (Andrew Prior)

3 March 2015 - Lecture, Year-2, BA Photography Students, (Allister Gall)

Papers Presented:

25 April 2014: The trauma of the flashback: memory and its suffering. Journeys Across Media, Reading University.

16 July 2015, The Body In Between, the dissociative experience of trauma. The Undivided Mind, Jill Craigie Cinema, Plymouth University.

28 January 2017, 'An autoethnographic exploration of what it means to voice a traumatic experience that challenges the boundaries of subjective representation,' 'Voice and Identity: Touches, Textures, Timbres' symposium, University of Winchester.

1 April 2017, 'An autoethnographic discussion of what it means to voice a traumatic experience that challenges the boundaries of subjective representation, and how the Cinematic can contribute to an affective understanding of traumatic memory.' Future Imperfect Symposium, Plymouth University.

Exhibitions and Screenings:

6-18 August 2013 *'Memory that I am, yet that I also wait for…'** (2012-2013) Karst, Plymouth

18 November, - 2 December 2013 *'Memory that I am, yet that I also wait for…'** (2012-2013), Plymouth Arts Centre

25 September 2015 - 16 January 2016,*'The Dead', (2015),* locative sound artwork, 'ARTIST ROOMS Gerhard Richter: Plymouth Museum and Arts Gallery

25 April 2014, '9/11 Flashbacks,' (2014), Journeys across media, Reading University.

16 July 2015, 'Falling',(2014) 'Ghost-walk,' (2015), The Undivided Mind Thursday , Jill Craigie Cinema, Plymouth University.

28 June, 2016, 'Six Fragments,'(2014-2016), 'Remembering,' (2015-2016), Jill Craigie Cinema, Plymouth University.

28 January 2017, *Walk II, a* 4.26-minute sound piece; 'Voice and Identity: Touches, Textures, Timbres' symposium, University of Winchester.

1 April 2017, Remembering, 17 minutes, moving imagery; 'Future Imperfect Symposium', Plymouth University.

Training

Graduate School research skills training sessions attended:

7 February 2012, Introduction to Qualitative Research

8 February 2012, Effective Reading Proactive critic and reflexive reading

6 June 2012, Introduction to Endnote 14 February,

27 February 2012 Research Methodologies, Dr Martin Coach

27 March 2012 Introduction to Applying for Research Funding

30 March 2012, Writing for Research Publication

17 January 2013, MARE521 (T2) Seminar 1a and 2a

17 January 2013, Research Skills, Intellectual Property

18 February 2013, Final Cut Pro

6 March 2013, Presenting to an Audience

Practice Based Research Training:

11 October 2012, The Introductory Research Development workshop, Professor Roberta Mock; Plymouth University

15 March 2012, Professor Malcolm Miles, cultural theory seminar; Plymouth University

18 November 2012, 'Ethnographic Research Methods for Arts Researchers' Phil Smith; Plymouth University

17 January 2013, 'Situating my Research: a seminar for practice-led researchers' Dr Sarah Bennett and Dr Lee Miller; Plymouth University

14 March 2013, 'Researching Through Art' - Katy Macleod; Plymouth University

14 November 2013, Qualitative Research Methods: Ethnography, Visual Anthropology and Participant Observation; Plymouth University

22 October 2014: part 1, Arts Research, JAR, Michael Schwab; Plymouth University.

19, November 2014: part 2, Arts Research, JAR, Michael Schwab; Plymouth University

Other Training:

27 October 2012; 4, 11,18, 25 October 2012; and 1st November 2012, GTA course, Dr Jennie Winter, (www.gta.course)

18 February 2013, Final Cut Pro

22 October 2013, Writing the PhD thesis, Joseph Allison

5 February 2014, Pro Logic workshop

Conferences and Presentations Attended:

27–29 June 2012. *Neuro Arts*, arts + sound symposium, Plymouth University.

4–6 July 2012. *Water: Image*, Land/Water and the Visual Arts conference; Plymouth University.

8 January 2013, 22 January 2013, 5 February 2013 19 February 2013, HuMPA Research Showcase Lectures, Plymouth University.

6 February 2013, Hilary Mullaney, The Composer Isn't There; and Kayla Parker Sewing film: materiality and mimesis in STITCH-es, art + sound research seminar, Plymouth University.

20 and 22 March 2013. *Lure of the New*, Cognition Institute annual conference, symposium 2: 'Imagery, Dance and Creativity' and symposium 7: 'Engineering Creativity - Can the Arts help Scientific Research more Directly?'; Methodist Hall, Plymouth**.**

24 April 2013. 'Between Sounds and Objects' art + sound research seminar by Mike Blow, Plymouth University.

1–2 November 2013, Expanded Narrative Symposium, Jill Craigie Cinema, Plymouth University.

4 November–16 December 2013, Confer: Intergenerational Trauma, Recognising and healing cycles of ancestral pain. *(4 November 2013 Dr Clara Mucci, Intergenerational transmission, psychoanalytic treatment, and the dynamics of forgiveness; 11 November 2013, Gabrielle Rifkind, When the political process is traumatised by the experiences of past generations? 18 November 2013, Professor Franz Rupert, Symbiotic Trauma - the key concept to understanding how trauma gets transferred form one generation to the next; 25 November 2013, Judith Szekacs-Weisz, Intergenerational trauma: The experience of emigration; 2 December 2013, Dr Doris Brothers (by Skype) A relational systems approach to intergenerational trauma; 16 December 2013, Maya Jacobs-Wallfisch and Helena Hartaden, The wounds of history in the consulting room).*

12–14 July 2013. *Dialogues at the Interlude: Between Body, Artifact and Discourse* conference, Transtechnology Research with Plymouth University, and Plymouth Arts Centre; Plymouth Arts Centre.

30-31 July 2014, Transart Institute & Aarhus University, with JAR's editor in chief, Michael Schwab, Berlin.

25 April 2014, Journeys Across Media, Reading University

31 May–1 June 2014, Psychotherapeutic insights into resolving intergenerational Trauma, An international conference, Confer London.

24-25 October 2014. *Of the Earth: Art, Photography, Writing and the Environment*, conference organised by Land/Water and the Visual Arts, Plymouth University, in

collaboration with W.A.L.K., University of Sunderland; Plymouth City Museum and Art Gallery, and Plymouth University

14 May 2015, Semir Zeki: The Neurobiology of Beauty Presentation

16 July 2015, The Undivided Mind, Jill Craigie Cinema, Plymouth University.

27 February 2016, ARCA Symposium on Art and Terrorism, Courtauld Institute of Art, London

1 June 2016: Filming the Body in Crisis: Trauma, Healing and Hopefulness, Freud Museum, London

14 June 2016, The Unheimlich and Consciousness in Art: Imogen Racz, Freud Museum, London

29–30 October 2016, Invisible Architectures: Lesions in the Landscape, Whitechapel, London

3 December 2016, Culture+Conflict: PROMISED LAND Symposium, Central Saint Martins, London

28 January 2017, 'Voice and Identity: Touches, Textures, Timbres' symposium, University of Winchester.

Creative Practice Elements on USB Stick:
Folder 1: Stage I

1 - Walker, A. (2013)*, Toxic Clouds.* All Giclée Prints. Size: 594 mm x 841 mm*.*
2 *- Memory that I am, yet that I also wait for…* Installation images.
Also, available at: http://www.anna-walker-research.com/memory-that-i-am---installation.html

Folder 2: Stage II

3 *-* Walker, A. (2014-2016) *Six Fragments:*

      i) *For These are my Mountains* - Sound Piece 6.59 minutes

      ii) *Falling* - Moving Imagery 1.12 minutes

      iii) *Walk II* - Sound Piece 4.26 minutes

      iv) *Ghost-Walk* - Moving Imagery 6.49 minutes

      v) *The Briefcase* - Sound Piece 6.10 minutes

      vi) *Ghost II* - Moving Imagery 3.21 minutes

Folder 3: Stage III

4 – Walker, A. (2015-2017) *Remembering* - Moving Imagery -17.20 minutes

Folder 4: Misc. and Back up

5 - Research Journal 2012, with notes and photographs from early research.

Folder 5:

Other artist's work mentioned in the thesis.

6 - Broomberg, A. and Chanarin, O. (2008) *The Day Nobody Died,* Installation.
Photograph, Unique C-Type on Paper. 72.6 cm x 600 cm.
Available at: http://www.broombergchanarin.com/the-day-nobody-died/

7 - Doherty, W. (2010), *Ghost Story.* Stills from video.
Available at http://williedoherty.com/work

8 - Fukada, T. (1945) *The Mushroom Cloud, 1-2.* Gelatin silver print. 25.9 cm x 21.7 cm.

Available at: http://www.tate.org.uk/whats-on/tate-modern/exhibition/conflict-time-photography

9 - Richter, G. (2005)*, September.* Oil on Canvas. 52 cm x 72 cm.
Available at: https://www.gerhard-richter.com/en/art/paintings/photo-paintings/death-9/september-13954/?&referer=search&title=September&keyword=September

10 - Ruff, T. (2004) *jpeg ny01*, C-Print, 256cm x 188 cm.
Available at: http://athanormag.tumblr.com/post/107465143566/thomas-ruff-jpeg-ny01-2004

Six Fragments and *Remembering* to be viewed in the Jill Craigie Cinema, Plymouth University, May 8th, 2017, as part of viva voce.

Prologue
Journal entries, 2001

9/10/01: Today I was sent by Vanity Fare to photograph a 767 cockpit at JFK, pre-production for a portrait of David Neeleman. I climbed up onto the wing and pressed my nose against the plane window, wanting to see what it looked like from the outside in; I stood on the wing, looking down a long line of planes, all queued up waiting for departure; wandered freely into the cockpit, amazed at how small it was, 2 seats pushed up close against knobs, flashing lights and buttons beneath a small expanse of sky, intimate, claustrophobic, how quickly one can shift from one to the other! I photographed the gangway, the security areas; the spaces I wasn't normally allowed into.

An electrical storm swooped in out of nowhere, torrential rain, thunder and lightning, the ferocity of which I have rarely witnessed. Security came to get me down from the wing, all planes grounded, cars halted, rain lashing down, the sky ablaze with zigzags of crooked light, the flashing finger of God the New Zealander called it, amazed at the spectacle, and she hitched a ride back into the city with me. I got soaked right through my clothes, it was strangely pleasant, erotic and I walked home, not wanting to ruin the upholstery of the Lincoln town car. I thought about calling Rob to describe what it was like to walk five blocks in wet clothes sticking to me like a second skin.

9/11/01: I was on the telephone with my brother, when the first one flew over, we were discussing his wife's pregnancy, the radio was on in the background, a man screamed - Oh my God Oh my God.... a plane has flown into the North Tower. I thought it was a joke...an April fool's joke, a rational mind searching for a reference. I heard another plane overhead, the phone went dead, I turned on the TV a second plane flew into the South Tower. I thought I felt my building shake, but perhaps it was me; I heard something – an explosion off in the distance.

Reminded of those small moments of connection, talking on the telephone with someone close by, hearing a siren pass outside my window then hearing it again through the telephone as it passes the other person's window. I'm not sure how to make sense of it all.

I shower, put on clothes, normalcy at all costs! Then pulled on more clothes, changed, then changed again, paced the apartment over and over, wringing my hands, sat staring at the TV, I don't think I called anybody, couldn't there were no phone lines. I don't remember much. I crawled inside myself and looked out at the world through the eyes of NY1. Eventually I did leave my house having changed yet again, and I walked, in fact I walked for the rest of the day; walked and walked, I must keep moving I said

to myself, not knowing where to walk, there was no plan. First I walked towards the towers, everyone was running away from them, swimming against the tide, hundreds of people moving in the opposite direction. I got as far as Franklin Street before being turned away, I don't know why I wanted to be closer, to put it into context perhaps, to understand what was going on. I stood for a long time motionless on a street corner, there were others doing the same, eyes upward, mouths slightly open, expectant but hesitant. I slotted myself unseen between two Asian women, who clutched orange plastic bags tightly to their frozen gasping bodies. We witnessed small dots leaping into the sky, I thought they were birds, marks like dirt smudges that I erase from my own photos, I found out later that they were people, falling, tumbling, dying jumping people. I watch the towers fall one by one, just disappear, crumble from view, smoking into the blue sky. I turned and walked away, continue to walk, regretting the trousers I had worn, the shirt. Perhaps I should go back, redress, wipe it away, start again, start-right. Start-rite was the brand of shoes my mother used to make me wear, thick black soled shoes that the other girls laughed at.

I can't take the silence it's impenetrable. Heads are bent low, covered in white dust, men in shirt sleeves, women clutching their handbags closely to them, others barefoot carrying their shoes, feet bloody and white, hair grey, faces translucent, eyes numb like walking mechanical sculptures, the walking dead. I'm locked in, looking back at lips fixed neither smiling nor frowning, a man sits on the sidewalk; a man snowed upon by dust and shock, he stares at the ground. Others stand on corners that same look on their faces, the silence is intolerable, perhaps it's mine, and the noise outside is loud. How will I know, it's like being under water, moving slow motion across a thick oceanic floor, wading through waves of silence. Silence broken intermittently throughout the day, every day, by sirens.

9/12/01*: So many are dead, I have this abstract understanding of death, fleeting flashing death numbers lighting up the sky, with the zigzagged finger of God operating the counter, 2019, 2060, 2091... He is Blake's white haired and long bearded God with Michelangelo's Adam reaching up to him in pain. The numbers eventually level off today at 5098 lives missing presumed dead, and the shock parts a little for the first wave of tears from the walking wounded, I watch someone cry on a street corner, and remember thinking oh that women is crying silently, not making any sound, how strange soundless tears are, and I walk on, in slow motion away from her. I'm in a gold fish bowl, I watch TV from this place, addicted I start to equate it with knowledge and therefore safety, I think about hugging it close to me, leaning my face against the warmth of the screen and staying there forever. The smell invades my silence, it pervades on every level, my clothes, my hair, the stench stuck to the inside of my nostrils, scent that eventually becomes a sound, and my connection to the world. Stories start to filter through the thick clouds of smoke pouring into a blue sky, those that leapt*

to their deaths rather than burn alive, the couple who held hands as they jumped; heroes that ran back to save others and died as the towers fell. The calls from the planes to loved ones before the crash. Those that should have been there, the man that was late to work because he stopped to buy his daughter a bicycle for her birthday, the friend that decided to drive to work away from the scene and left early to get a parking space, the woman who called in sick – hung-over… on and on the stories, the photographer who called me at the last moment and said no let's go to Central Park instead, meet me there. I should have been there!

9/13/01*: I walk again today, walk and walk. No telephone, no way to contact anyone in the outside world, feeling trapped in this goldfish bowl, watched but not sure by who, I realize there is no way to contact me and wonder what that means, am I lost? I walk past the security checkpoints at Houston and again at 14th Street. I can't go anywhere without my identity, or proof of where I live, I am a name with an address, it makes me laugh, that gives me an identity, I do exist, my driver's license tells me so, now I just need to find the rest of me. I follow a long line of tanks weaving noisily through downtown Manhattan. The earth shakes beneath my feet, tanks on cobbled stones, stones that have been here for hundreds of years. I watch them line up along 4th Ave.*

9/14/01*: Layers of paper skim the ground; messages in every colour, language, script and design adorn the surface. Young and old are on hands and knees, remembering, praying, dedicating; the tears never far away fall like rain around me, I am carried through a sea of other's tears that carry me onwards. Pictures adorn the walls, handsome pictures. These relatives had sought the prettiest smiles, the sharpest clothes. These were not the photos of sad victim's; this was the stuff of proud glorious people decked out for all to see. I walk from one memorial site to another, from lamppost to lamppost every conceivable surface covered with photos of the missing, flags, candles and words of consolation, of panic. I'm not sure why I'm alive and they're dead, I don't understand, why me? Who lives, who dies – it's so random.*

The world holds its breath waiting for retaliation for the atrocities; how will America respond? Will they saddle up their horses, polish up their Winchester's and ride off into the sunset seeking revenge. I begin to fear the future. The details adorn the front pages of every magazine, every newspaper the same image over and over of the burning twin towers. The New Yorker is black - nothing graces its pages but the darkness of suffering. The numbers of the missing increase, Giuliani rises to the occasion, 'a new leader is born' will he run for presidency? Bush cries on TV, can he ever make up for his fear and the world expresses outrage, and I'm alive!

Jacob Javitts is alive with talking people and volunteers and lines looking for the missing and black body bags full of remains. It is a city within a city and as hopeless as

it is hopeful. These people with open hearts wanting to do anything to be helpful, hundreds of people with hands out to give not take. I watch from a distance, feeling impotent I stood on a corner watching the lines grow, not wanting to stand on line for fear of being spoken to. I can't talk, I can walk but I can't talk. Young and old from all over the country bringing in water, clothes, candy, anything, everything. Socks, I focus on socks and spend the last of my money on socks for the firemen, socks for the red cross workers, socks for me.... I feel stupid; I'm shopping, buying socks! I go to yoga, finally find a place to exhale and wham an alarm goes off and we are evacuated, a bomb scare. It brings back my childhood, the insecurity the controlled panic. I move noiselessly through the gym, the stairs, the sunshine, half clothed, the police the bomb squad. I dress on a sidewalk as if it's the most normal thing to do and walk home.

9/15/01*: I have been sleeping so deeply because it is so quiet; woken by the beating of my heart and the sound of my breath the cats stirring gently around me, there are no Chinese unloading vegetables, no garbage trucks, no bars or people screaming and laughing. The phone rings too early this morning, I'm already sitting at my desk with head in hand. It's Sonia, her voice far away in Armenia, panic stricken and lost. She asks after her house - my computer flashes onto the engine of the plane burying her street sign below it. I know this will be funny in days to come, now it just opens everything, I have to hang up, I can't talk to someone so far away.*

I am not re-experiencing the event over and over, it's still happening, it hasn't stopped falling apart yet, it's not a post syndrome. It's still in motion, I can't qualify for someone broken, I am still in the process of breaking, silently wading through the thick undergrowth of algae and plankton, locked into a huge diving suit, watching from my helmet bowl, alone; am I weak and the rest of NY resilient?

9/17/01*: Today I am giving blood, I fill out forms and watch the walls, the people arriving and leaving. Finally, it is my turn and I am asked about my English accent, then turned away, my blood is tainted, its English and Irish and tainted and might spread disease, mad cow's disease. Helpless I leave; I am a mad cow disease carrier, and I want to bleed, my body swollen in preparation for release, I wanted them to burst me, to prick me with a needle before I leave for good, and float away forever, I wanted then to drain me of all this putrid toxic emotion, place leeches onto my skin and draw the poisons out of me.*

9/18/01*: Awake and in the foyer of The Salvation Army it's 8.30am; there are about 8 of us, we wait, we have all volunteered to move boxes, and sort through clothes at JFK; a chance to be far from the scene locked away in a dusty warehouse. Two hours later I am less then 100 yards from ground zero. I am given a nametag, a security pass, and rushed at high speed past armed gunpoint and roadblocks to Ground Zero. Numb I*

swallow the emotion, the smoke, the lacerating wind on uncovered skin. I can't stand still for fear that the dead will inhabit me. The sky so blue and the sun so bright, not a cloud on the horizon, I believe the dead have nowhere to hide and so seek out shelter in the living. I believe they aren't quite ready to leave yet, don't want to leave behind their discarded limbs to be identified by. They want to leave love, embraces, affection and smiles and are hanging on for those moments to say goodbye, properly, if I had died that day, I wouldn't leave straight away either, I would walk the streets searching for my loved ones too, I would do whatever it took to find someone to say goodbye to.

I set to work, to feed the 'men', the firemen, the rescue workers, the hard-hat men, torn and wounded men, men everywhere, men in uniform, out of uniform; tired and hopeful, defeated and emotional men. It's raining men - hallelujah Its' raining men. And I focus on the absurdity of this absolutely ridiculous situation I have found myself in with no lipstick, in scruffy clothes, hair askew and skin all blotchy from the acerbic air, I am barely alive. I run, and I laugh and make people laugh and I am barely alive, I soothe and cajole, order and run some more. I am a performing seal, a circus clown, a dancing, bobbing dead person and I'm trying to make peace inside, keep all the sadness and fear inside, pushing it way down below the surface. Every time I pause a shiver runs through me, I feel the cold surrounding me, ice cold as if something alien is passing through me, trying to leave me and I shrug it off, out damned spot out I say and run again, soothe again. This tragic comedy as I stand amongst the debris of the dead and the living, fat Salvation army generals, colonels whatever you call yourselves standing, proudly surveying your American kingdom of crisis barely lifting a finger to help as others do your bidding, uniforms bursting across the bellies of too much living. I wade in dismantle their brows, demanding and they can't refuse, and do help, everyone is helping, moving, laughing, squelching it all below the slow-motion ocean bed. At 6pm the firemen change shifts - I stand in a sea of uniforms with my hand on my heart feeling like a movie-star and I wish they could see me now, so many men such little time.

Hours later I leave; I am near to breaking, hanging on desperately to the two strands of being that I've become, my arms hurt from holding me together. Wandering around I stand not 10 feet from the remains of the World trade Centre. Whose grave do I stand on as I shift in tiredness from one foot to the other, dancing silently on someone's grave, glancing from my filthy shoes to the burning ground still moving, still alive below me, I am walking on burning coals, through ash and remains of buildings and people and hope; the weird ethereal beauty of this scene, this towering melting building left raw and naked twisting into the night sky an American flag adorning its tower. I am in hell, and yet so cold inside. And I know I will barely survive this, I know as I stand there in the bitter beauty of this monument to terror that we will all barely survive this, that it will take years for us to heal this wound and that whilst the world gets on with its life

we here that witness this will break into little pieces at any given moment and not know why, wake into the darkness with a memory or a fear that will render us emotionally useless. For we are all fragile human beings that cannot take the pain of so much and I wonder how anyone survives this kind of explosion for we are all so frail; and I fear the repercussions.

I crawl home exhausted, depleted, skin burnt and lacerated from the pollution and the wind. Along the way restaurants are packed full of chatter and mirth and it all seems so incongruous to where I have just come from. Nothing makes sense anymore, nothing. I wash off what I can from the day, the smell still lingers in my apartment from before, it's awfully comforting - I drink wine and fall into bed.

9/20/01*: Rising early, body aching, head pounding and back again in line at the Salvation Army - my newly laminated badge in hand. I am turned away from the toxic ground zero, he is a little man, ineffectual in his Salvation Army uniform too big for him, his voice forcedly victorious and Scottish to attempt to throw around power, but underneath I see how tiny he is and unheard and sad, I imagine his wife to be passionless and silent supportive only in his search for religion, condemning lust and fornication.*

Finally, I arrive at JFK, to boxes and dust and dirt and rolling around in a cold large ghost of a warehouse. And though we lift and toil and do it in silence, hour after hour I feel useless and isolated and enslaved... The handsome man who has been awake for days on amphetamines w/ his high school education is begging us to work again and again, to come back tomorrow, do it over, but he is not alluring enough, not educated enough, not convincing enough. And my back hurts, my feet are cold and my skin stings where the dirt has embedded itself into the scrapes and burns from the days before. I am exhausted. At the end of the day, he piles us all into his paddy wagon, straps us to the hard-counter surfaces, turns on the siren and wades through hours of traffic back to Manhattan. What would normally take an hour takes 20 minutes, speeding, racing, high school man, adrenaline, power, siren blasting, music blaring, and the cars part way, his paddy wagon flashing in the 7 O Clock setting sunshine, he drives like a maniac and I love him for it. I start to laugh, we all do, we are all speeding and laughing, and loving his high school education, his thirst for drama, his desire to feel and be heard and seen, I aspire to it, claw my way to the surface towards it, scream for it...If you wanna go and take a ride wit me. We three-wheelin in the fo' with the gold D's, Oh why do I live this way? Blasting on the radio....

As soon as I leave the paddy wagon I return to my invisibility, and once again am hit by the dirty silence.

17/10/01: Today is an Anthrax day, I say it lightly slipping it in to the normalcy of the day, paying bills, replying to emails, making telephone calls. Anthrax, a high potency sophisticated strain of Anthrax that can be spread by the gust of a wind.

This is madness running riot across a terrain of fear and insecurity. Too much power put in the hands of mad men. How can you argue with the irrationality of madness, of people willing to die for that madness, or leaders willing to condemn others to death, hell surely on earth! Mom put down the phone in tears. I am looking for the humour, where has my sense of humour gone. I walk and lightly touch the splendid portraits of the heroes, in all shapes and sizes, adorning each and every surface. I have begun to cry. I walk with nothing but tears to accompany me. I want to be held, held down, contained, held in, it's all spilling out, little fragments, shards of flying, moaning cells dispersing, running for cover, flying high over me, I'm disappearing and no-one is noticing.

10/20/01: The morning sunshine is disturbed, with fire engines blasting, lights flashing; the cats are under the bed hiding. Climbing the stairs rather hurriedly, laden down with equipment is a man, and he is pounding the stairs towards me, clad in a uniform, a fireman's uniform, getting closer and closer to my door, me, yes! He's heading for me and I'm frothing with toothpaste, I whisk open the door, mouth white and dribbling but he runs right past and up the stairs to the roof and though he tips his hat and grins at the toothpaste on my chin, he still passes me by. Wait I shout – what's happening? I'm tired of men passing me by!

I have been evacuated from no less than 4 buildings in the past week. Unperturbed and determined I dress as hurriedly as he climbed, I am in fact dressed but change, less black more cleavage, and am immediately reminded of the day the towers were hit, raw and naked it's all just sitting there under the surface. I push it down, and reassemble, saunter nonchalantly out the door, onto the landing, glance around, another fireman is climbing the stairs, tipping his hat, ascending day in hand into the waiting sunshine, to fire men and fire engines and smiles and gallant behaviour and strength and manliness and isn't all this splendid, this moment in time, this heavenly brief moment. I flirt, they flirt back, life is simple, uncomplicated. My neighbour, Gay Derek is gesticulating wildly, he adorns the pavement in tiny shorts exuberant and alive! The area has been cordoned off. An unidentified briefcase on my roof, a black leather briefcase adrift on a melting sea of tar and sunlight, right above me, my house, with my cats under the bed, a briefcase creaking and expanding in the September sun.

After meetings I rush home, turn the corner, the fire engines are still there, yes, still manned by uniformed suntanned wounded men. The area still sequestered, I see the handsome ginger haired fireman of the day still lounging against my front door,

accompanied by 3 other bigger, darker, burlier men in uniform. "Are you still here? Coquette, eyelashes flashing, teeth grinning, I feel desperate, and tired and uninterested, trying too hard but somehow it seems to be working.

I flirt my way past my ginger headed hero only to be grabbed, no tackled and thrown to the ground, I smash my head on the step, the ginger haired concern spins around me dizzily, another uniform has me clasped around the waist a bigger man. I scream, they laugh and he is apologizing profusely unaware that I live beyond the 'No Entry' sign across the doorway, helping me to my feet, patting down my clothes, dusting off my black back, touching my swelling forehead, this is ludicrous, my heaving cleavage too revealing, my face pink and still showing signs of the acerbic 9/11 blisters, I am all flustered, and damaged.

Breathless now I re-ascend to the fifth floor, he did top speed in uniform and gear – I can barely make it today, laden with the grief ready to spill open. I push it away as the telephone rings, and my popularity suddenly soars, and all of a sudden, every single available female friend within a mile radius and a TV on wants to come and visit. All seriousness is cast aside: what an unidentified briefcase that could contain explosives, ha (laughter) – on your roof ha (more laughter) you're in your apartment with all those men (envious laughter), should we stop by for tea? Dangerous? (Oh don't be ridiculous laughter); the thought of available bachelors in uniform far too alluring to consider any personal safety whatsoever! Or perhaps this was part of it, part of the aftermath, the fallout, the post-traumatic stress reaction, life is short, live it fully to the full, right up to i's tip top brim, and fuck the consequences, we escaped death once – ha – let me defy it for a second time let me face it head on – eye to eye and see what happens, will it take me then, let it try – let death just try!

And I stand on my rickety fire escape, fireman above me, firemen below, engines blaring, officials looking official, the bomb disposal squad, the police, the army and they are all grinning up at me. I bellow down anybody want any tea, and they laugh, and we are all laughing at the briefcase that could wipe us all out, the briefcase that could contain explosives, anthrax, the briefcase that could explode at any moment, now slowly melting in the sunshine. And I watch from this height as the army gathers around, the press and the cameras and the insanity of the moment, the hysterical inane moments of survival in this wake of a disaster. And the ginger haired fireman raises his hand to his ear in telephone mode and motions to his firehouse down the road. And I am far from immune - and I smile and nod yes - like one of those pathetic nodding dogs in the back of a taxicab window, up and down, knowing I will n will never call. And he turns to walk away and there is a loud bang, and a dull resounding POOF – Bingo and then a cheer roars up into the sunshine and the briefcase explodes into two

adjoining pieces like a slow-motion butterfly taking flight, casting its contents of burning flying papers out into the afternoon sun.

The End

i:i introduction

There is a tension that arises in the body when trauma meets memory that contradicts the functioning of 'normal' memory schemas, whether in an attempt to forget or an effort to remember. My research is about the rupture of trauma and the challenges trauma poses for individuals, societies and cultures. For Michael Roth, trauma, from a modernist perspective, points to an occurrence that both demands representation and yet refuses to be represented (2012: 93). The intensity of the experience makes it difficult to remember, impossible to forget, and any form of recollection inadequate. The aim of my thesis and arts practice is to unravel my memory of a traumatic event, i.e. 9/11 and address the conflict between wanting to remember and either the inability or unwillingness to do so, finding ways to *trick* my memory into giving up the information.

In my thesis, I put forward the idea that traumatic memories are detached memories with an emotional resonance that fixes them historically in a specific time and place, unwieldy anchors for a body that is neither here (*present*) nor there (*in the past*). This is a paradox I explore from philosophical and psychoanalytical perspectives. As a starting point, I applied the concept that memory is crucial to understanding oneself socially, culturally and personally, whilst I understand trauma as an experience borne by the act of leaving, wherein the mind's coping mechanism overwhelmed by shocking external events fractures or splits. In *Unclaimed Experience, Trauma, Narrative, and History*, Cathy Caruth writes: "the impact of the traumatic event lies precisely in its belatedness, in its refusal to be simply located" in time and space (1996: 7). For Lacanian psychoanalysts, Francoise Davoine and Jean-Max Gaudilliere, it is a dissociate truth, an un-thought known (2004: 47), in which the subject's relationship to the history was not so much censored as erased leaving a trace in the field or the psyche[1] to facilitate a return to the

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[1]   I use the word *psyche* here as the space or system separate from the body. It is the totality of the human mind, conscious and unconscious. The 'essence' of the self. Freud's notion of the psyche developed in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1899), included the Id, ego and super-ego. "It is through the pathway of the complex that the images that inform

past, a foothold back into the story that has been reduced to 'nothing'. My research is an excavation of this *un-thought* known, an unravelling of the traumatic memory to narrate the trauma body, the traumatic event and its trace. I ask questions about the latent witnessing of traumatic events that defy assimilation into a narrative, simultaneously establishing the parameters for an epistemological discussion on the role the artist plays in the dissemination of trauma.

i:ii research questions

My basic research question was about locating the site of trauma. An enquiry that evolved over three stages of making that directed my body, and therefore my research, into a deepening process of understanding the tension between trauma and memory. At each stage of the research I traced the traumatic event, 9/11, inside and outside of my body, where further questions emerged to help re-define the traumatic space. These included, but were not limited to:

i) When fragments of the traumatic memory are inaccessible, how can the unknown be navigated and traced artistically?

ii) Is it possible to balance the traumatic with the aesthetic, and what critical language is needed to develop an understanding of the operations at work?

iii) Can the dissociative space be a place of nothingness, does it exist inside or outside of the body, and can it be traced artistically?

Throughout this process, Helene Cixous' words were useful to support the interweaving of theory and my arts practice:

> theory does not come before, to inspire, it does not precede, does not dictate, but rather it is a consequence of my text, which is at its origin philosophico-

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the broadest units of behavior are instated in the psyche, images with which the subject identifies one after the other in order to act out, as sole actor, the drama of their conflicts" (Lacan, 2002: 90). The group or the collective psyche is a shared or unified system of beliefs and behaviours that make up a collective identity. As such traumatic events shape the experiences of a society in a similar manner that they influence the individual psyche.[1]

poetical, and it is a consequence in the form of compromise or urgent necessity. (1996: 6)

Questions that specifically grew out of methods of making largely explored Michael Schwab's exploration of whether deconstruction can deliver a finding (2008), or rather becomes the finding. In this instance, the finding is 'transferential identification'[2] and *affect* is the catalyst to measure the intensity of emotion and reaction in my body. This I address in greater detail, relevant to each artwork, in Chapters 1, 2 and 3.

The questions that surfaced in and around the making were:

i) How fragmented can a memory and therefore an artwork or body of text be to still engage and therefore communicate something of the *affect* of experiencing trauma?

ii) In striving for integrity between arts-practice and theory, where one feeds into the other, do I risk sacrificing the fractious and disruptive nature of trauma?

iii) Using transferential identification, is it possible to track the *affect* of trauma transferred to an audience, and does the transference connect or link the audience to their own experiencing of trauma?

I began addressing the main research questions through a psychoanalytic understanding of trauma to anchor meaning into the political, cultural and social usage of the word. It was helpful to trace the notion of a trauma discourse back to the 1990s, to theorists such as Shoshana Felman, Dori Laub, Dominick LaCapra and Cathy Caruth, who brought an emergent interest of trauma to their texts (Atkinson, Richardson, 2013: 5). They created a distinct mode of literary and cultural analysis, drawing extensively from poststructuralism and deconstruction, the dominant theoretical discourses of the time (Atkinson, Richardson, 2013: 6). Through analysis of the texts of Derrida, I applied deconstruction as a method of enquiry and engaged with the notion of new materialism

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[2] See glossary

as a renewed or revitalised study of affect as explored in the texts of cultural philosopher, Brian Massumi. I also employed Mark Jarzombek's use of the phrase *post-traumatic turn* (2006), to position my arts practice and "to expose the unlocatable aspect of trauma' s social construction in the pattern of its aesthetic production" (2006: 261).

i: iii background

My research began with the unravelling or deconstructing of a subconscious desire to return to the traumatic events of 9/11, to understand the reasons why I behaved in a specific way, and fill in any gaps in my memory. Freud's term, "repetition compulsion," seems apt here: the subconscious desire to return to the traumatic moment, to integrate what was beyond *belief* at the time of *impact* into memory schemas. As he writes: "Such an event as an external trauma is bound to provoke a disturbance on a large scale in the functioning of the organism's energy and to set in motion every possible defence measure" (1920: 301).

Entries I made in a journal dating back to 2001 and unread until 2012 were my starting point. Upon revisiting, all the unresolved affect from that time resurfaced. Far from the urban streets of London and New York, surrounded by the green fields and the gentle rolling hills of Devon, I allowed my system to exhale in a way I hadn't done before. Within that exhale all the tightly held experiences of the past 11 years (and earlier) began to uncoil, and in the uncoiling the ghosts of the past began to speak. The necessary repression of the past (for whatever reason), had assumed an unconscious haunting of my body. The ghosts were first heard as a manageable whisper, but over time they multiplied and interrupted the flow of my life, in dreams, and through flashbacks. As the research deepened, the interruption grew into a rupture and into that fractured space the spectral began slowly to make itself visible; voices too loud to ignore the memories of

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9/11 began to take form, and the practical aspects of this work started to unfold as a way of answering the many questions I had about the traumatic space and the trauma-body.

In *Spectres of Marx* (1993), Derrida writes: "There is also a mode of production of the phantom, itself a phantomatic mode of production. As in the work of mourning, after a trauma, the conjuration has to make sure the dead will not come back" (120). There has been a lot of dead between 9/11 and now, and with the dead a lot of mourning. Perhaps it was the 'unlocking' of the journal that signalled this Derridean time of production. To pin the ghosts down to a time and place in the past became the objective. Using photography and words seemed a logical place to start, especially when reflecting on the importance the role of photography played on the day of 9/11 and days thereafter, both of which I discuss in detail in Chapter 1 (67), of my thesis.

Ghosts are wily by nature, and refuse to be frozen or captured in photographic time and space, for as Sontag describes, photographs can only offer us evidence that is selective and incomplete, fabricating and confirming preordained myths and arrangements (2001: 220). Likewise, David Campany spoke of the freeze frame that may show the world at a standstill, but "it cannot articulate the experience of such a state. Faced with the freeze the viewer is thrown out of identification with the image and left to gaze upon its sudden impenetrability" (2008: 57). So, I expanded my arts practice to accommodate the use of my voice. The many sounds of the past rushed forward, echoes so far back I had thought them forgotten. The passage of time opened and the traumatic event that I had believed to be both silent and silenced exploded into consciousness. This transition marked a turning point in the research, the importance of which I contextualise in Chapter 1.

My body was the starting point to track the trajectory of the affective memories of the past as they emerged from the shadows. The feel and sound of my voice as it *moved* through me and its external projection as it *spoke* back to me, began to break down the

many barriers between inside and outside. The action of vocalising my memories anchored a place of habitation for my body, and questioned my connection between *being* and being in the space of now. I looked to Henri Bergson's concept of a body in motion, caught between the past and the future, to ask questions about the nature of the body, my body, and to pin down the complexities between memory and trauma. As Bergson writes:

> But already we may speak of the body as an ever advancing boundary between the future and the past, as a pointed end, which our past is continually driving forward into our future. Whereas my body, taken at a single moment, is but a conductor interposed between the objects which influence it and those on which it acts, it is on the other hand, when replaced at the flux of time, always situated at the very point where my past expires in a deed. (2004: 88)

Moving imagery functioned to track the transmuting ghostly voices. Controlling the speed of the imagery seemed to satisfy an anxious desire to slow things down sufficiently enough to catch my breath, to face the ghosts, return to the place they inhabited and return *them* to the past, issues I address in Chapter 2.

In Listening to Noise and Silence (2013), Salome Voegelin writes about the "uncertain but communicating subject" (123), which I have taken to mean the subjective uncertainty that occupies the wavering space between the past and the present. I am that self: that uncertain subject, navigating a course with my voice forwards and backwards, inside and outside of time and space. Steven Connor writes of the "vocalic body" (2000), and describes the separation of the voice from the body as a wounding, a tearing in the fabric of the self, the voice wrested from its source (2012). Here, the wrenching of the past from my body through the action of recording my voice and hearing it played back to me, created insecurity and anxiety, which I explore fully in making the artwork: *Six Fragments* (2014-2016). As Derrida writes: "this trace is the opening of the first exteriority in general, the enigmatic relationship of the living to its other and of an inside to an outside: spacing" (1974: 71). When sound is layered, and interwoven into the voice, when it breaks open the words, the: "Sound prompts a re-thinking of temporality and spatiality *vis-a-vis* each

other and invites the experience of ephemeral stability and fixed fluidity" (Voegelin, 2013:124). Voegelin's paradox hints at the inner instability that arises from exploring such ruptured and fragmented terrain, an interstitial space where traumatic remembering exists on the borders of exposure and concealment, absence and presence. It is an instability that Kristeva describes as: "The in-between, the ambiguous, the composite" (1982: 10).

I addressed the complexities of navigating a pathway backwards to meet the traumatic memory through three different stages of making: *Stages I, II and III. Stages,* rather than chapters, more aptly described my process of research, where navigating the traumatic past was a gradual excavation of discovery, with *Stage I* leading to *Stage II* and so on. Continuing this aspect into the theoretical components of this thesis, I aligned the chapters to the three stages of practical research, contextualising it with other artist's work who have dealt with similar subject matter, such as: Gerhard Richter, Willie Doherty, Broomberg and Chanarin, and Thomas Ruff. Notable in *Stage I,* was a shift from photography to sound, this came out of the inability to fully impart, through the medium of photography, the *affect* of what I had experienced and written about in my journal. The introduction of my voice marked an important development in my arts practice to understand the traumatic space developed *in Stage II*, whilst *Stage III*, explored the space of mourning and remembrance.

My thesis begins with the words from my journal, which also functioned as an anchor for my arts practice. The journal was an entry point into trauma, the traumatic event and the days when the journal was written. Its presence marked the beginnings of an archive in the Derridean sense[3] that connects the psychic processes of inscription with the impact of technology on private and public space, and describes the conflict between the past

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[3] See Glossary

and the present. Derrida's essay: *Archive Fever: A Freudian Impression* (1995), functioned as a vehicle to understand and explore the resistance of remembering and therefore the conflict in the making of artwork that comes from this resistance.

This idea of returning to the place of *impact,* of going back to the original *site* of the event, I explored psychoanalytically, increasingly drawn to Freud's writings about the death instinct, repression, the trace and his early conjectures on consciousness; as well as Lacan's concept of '*jouissance'*, and the '*real'*. Neurology and neuropsychology were not the onus of this research therefore I have limited writing about neurology and the brain to support philosophical or psychoanalytical theories. Philosophically, I was drawn to Derrida and Catherine Malabou: deconstruction and plasticity, and Massumi's writings on cultural and affect theory, especially his texts on 9/11 and its aftermath. Bridging the three disciplines seemed an impossible task but trauma was a way to unite them all. My arts practice became the method of weaving in and out of the complexity of remembering a traumatic event and tackling the exegesis of texts.

i:iv research methodology

Throughout my research, I return to the concept of the 'trauma body,'[4] to ask how this body, in this instance, my body, can be narrated? I began with the premise that the 'trauma body' occupies neither the present nor the past, but exists in a liminal state of *in-betweenness*. My methodology, therefore, is a balance between the autoethnographic and the critical, utilising personal experiences to facilitate a greater understanding of trauma, the trauma body and its wider cultural implications. Autoethnography in this instance is a reformulation of ethnography or anthropology, an in-depth examination of context incorporating cross-disciplinary approaches or "methodological abundance"

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[4] See Glossary

(Hannula, 2009) to understand memory. Ellis, Adams and Bochner, describe autoethnogaphy as an:

> approach to research and writing that seeks to describe and systematically analyze (*graphy*) personal experience (*auto*) in order to understand cultural experience (*ethno*) (ELLIS, 2004; HOLMAN JONES, 2005). This approach challenges canonical ways of doing research and representing others (SPRY, 2001) and treats research as a political, socially-just and socially-conscious act (ADAMS & HOLMAN JONES, 2008). A researcher uses tenets of *autobiography* and *ethnography* to *do* and *write* autoethnography. Thus, as a method, autoethnography is both process and product. (2011: 1, *sic*)

This emphasis, on self-reflection and subjective participation, on process and product, as both the artist and the owner of certain memories, was a means to engage with a larger epistemological discussion of the meeting place of trauma and memory and question the complexity of voices engaged within the remembering; this I employ throughout my research, practically and theoretically.

Autoethnography accommodates both the subjectivity and emotionality and "opens up a wider lens on the world, eschewing rigid definitions of what constitutes meaningful and useful research" (Ellis, Adams and Bochner, 2011: 6). I trace the *affect* of revisiting 9/11 through my body, and describe the *affect* through my arts practice. The narrating self provides a temporary lodging to navigate the fragmentation of remembering, where *re-writing* and *re-making* the self in a larger context has the potential to speak to a wider audience. Within my research, I balance the private: my journal, my voice and my memories, with the public through using *YouTube*, and exhibiting in public spaces.

Very early into the research, I established various archives on my computer to support the process of discovery. These archives stored important data, which included imagery, sounds and text and functioned: *a)* as a place of refuge, a container to 'hold' the memories outside of my system; *b)* a resource to trigger further remembering. *YouTube* was my main source for footage and sounds; a practical, and symbolic gesture to trace the traumatic witnessing through a collectively shared, public archive. The website

provided a constant flow of information, repetition and memory from 9/11, which I utilised as a trigger for the past, tracking the psychological and physical effects of multiple perspectives of the same event through my body. I ritualistically returned to *YouTube* and digitally re-filmed hours of found footage, embedding the imagery into my psyche in such a way as to 'push' the affect to uncover the hidden fragments of my memory. For me it was a way to process the event, develop methods of coping, and a means to pass through the numbness of remembering into a place of critical engagement. It was a method of inquiry to break down how and where trauma is held in the body, my body, and embody an understanding of flashbacks. It was also a way to move through the trauma into a place of mourning.

The process of writing is as much my arts practice research as is the photography, sound and moving imagery. Together they function as an interconnected and embedded experience to narrate the trauma body. I propose that when certain aspects of life are lived as a narrated story, the story itself creates the potential for questions of identity, self and consciousness to be conceptualised and communicated through the various methods of art production. As Ellis, Adams and Bochner write:

> Thus, the autoethnographer not only tries to make personal experience meaningful and cultural experience engaging, but also, by producing accessible texts, she or he may be able to reach wider and more diverse mass audiences that traditional research usually disregards, a move that can make personal and social change possible for more people. (2011: 7)

My aim, through using an autoethnographic methodology was to "produce aesthetic and evocative thick descriptions of personal and interpersonal experience" (Ellis, 2011: 7), the value of which Mark Johnson argues for in: "*The stone that was cast out shall become the cornerstone": the bodily aesthetics of human meaning* (2007). Here he puts forward a case for 'knowing' over 'knowledge', where "knowing is a process in which we employ our intelligence to reconstruct a problematic situation in a way that makes it possible for us to move forward in our experience" (102). In the same paper, he asks for the focus to

be on experiential knowing, which is "especially crucial for explaining how art practices can constitute modes of knowing" (102). Johnson writes:

> Our capacity for making sense of anything emerges from felt patterns of bodily perception and movement, and this embodied understanding provides the basis for all of our imaginative acts of abstract thought and creativity. Art is thus the consummation of our human drive to make meaning. (2007: 89)

Writing was embedded in the practical aspects of my research. As I tracked the *affect* of remembering the trauma of 9/11, words moved through my body and out into this thesis, and other forms of representation. Recurrence, reiteration, doubling back and slippage were as much embedded into the text as in the sound and moving imagery. As Cixous describes: "*It* wants to write. *It* wants me to write it" (2002: 403). The '*it'* being the traumatic past, the traumatic memory. Throughout this journey, *listening* to my body was key to understanding the physical sensations and emotional resonance as a measure of the authenticity of research methods: "I seek the truth, I encounter error. How do I recognize error? It is obvious, like truth. Who tells me? My body" (Cixous, 1993: 95).

Writing truth naturally reveals the problems of autoethnography as a methodology and raises questions around the accuracy of the communicating voice. Intrigued by Catherine Z. Elgin's coining of the term 'felicitous falsehoods' (2004: 113-121) in which she suggests that the relation between "truth and epistemic acceptability is both more tenuous and less direct than it is standardly taken to be," and contend that, "it is epistemically responsible to prescind from truth to achieve global cognitive ends" (2004: 1). Toni Morrisson writes that the crucial distinction for her "is not the difference between fact and fiction, but the distinction between fact and truth. Because facts can exist without human intelligence, but truth cannot" (1995: 72). I have not purposefully transgressed the boundary between truth and falsehood but remembering has not been without its fiction, as evidenced when editing the voice recordings for the sound pieces *Walk I* (2014) and *Briefcase* (2014), written about in *Stage II* of this thesis; and *Remembering* (2014 - 2016), considered in *Stage III*. The starting point for all three artworks was the

original text from the journal written in 2001. Deviating from this text to an edited and shortened version to appeal to an audience symbolically renegotiated the traumatic space of memory, and therefore shifted the research to an aesthetic interaction of the artwork created from the traumatic space. This raises interesting issues around who interacts with the work, how are they affected by it, and how the experiential dialogue progresses through the research. All questions I delve into in greater depth in *Stage II* and *Stage III* of this thesis. For as Elgin suggests a felicitous falsehood "may make cognitive contributions that the unvarnished truth cannot match" (2004: 14).

Autoethnography allowed me to make full use of this grey area, the place *in between* remembering and forgetting, dreams and reality and fact and fiction. It is a world inhabited by subjective experience, symbolism, metaphor, and imagination. Ellis wants autoethnography to be "unruly, dangerous, passionate, vulnerable, rebellious, and creative—in motion." She calls for it to embrace the struggle and "collaborative creation of sense-making," and desires the reader "to care, to feel, to empathize, to try to figure out how to live from the story, and then to do something" (2009: 363). This poses an interesting challenge for the writing of traumatic memory and 'felicitous falsehoods', the integrity of truth over fact, the 'act of imagination bound up with memory' (Morrison, 1987: 76). In discussing the censorship of representation after 9/11, Karen Engle explores Heidegger's notion of truth that wavers from "absolute proximity and self-presence," to a dissembling truth that is neither peaceful nor pure, "self-continuous or self-consistent with itself" (2009: 16). To begin to tackle this it is necessary to understand more about trauma, and the trauma discourse.

i:v trauma and its representation

Embedded into the complexities of writing about the past, is the unravelling of the notion of trauma itself, which has evolved dramatically since the 1990s. Jarzombek's use of the phrase "post-traumatic turn" (2006), describes well the consequences of a post-

traumatised America after 9/11, and questions the relationship between trauma and trauma discourse, in which the latter has been swallowed up by the former. As he writes:

> The result is that the science of psychoanalysis now rests on the inverse of what is pursued in the cure. In fact, in trying to close ranks around its professional status, even if this means using trauma to define certain types of political issues, psychoanalysis, in essence, shows itself traumatized by a cultural phenomenon that it cannot control. (2006: 254)

In his essay, *The Post-Traumatic Turn and the Art of Walid Ra'ad and Krzysztof Wodiczko, From Theory to Trope and Beyond* (2006), Jarzombek puts forward a strong argument for the role of art to release trauma from the shame and secrecy of medicalised and psychiatric institutions, "from the dark cloud of its own traumatizing compulsions" (2006: 251). But he is clear that this is not without its own problems, for with the democratisation of trauma comes its politicisation:

> The genealogy of trauma is thus not to be found in scientific papers and in psychoanalytical meetings. It is embedded in institutional, corporate, and legal histories, all of which raise the question of how to achieve any semblance of autonomy in critiquing such a broadly invisible phenomenon. (2006: 254)

The truth of traumatic experience, or the *truth* held in the remembering of the traumatic experience raises all sorts of moral and philosophical implications. For a clinical understanding of trauma, there is a diagnostic entry in the DSM III of 1980, *(The American Psychiatric Association's Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders)*. In its initial formulation, the entry described a traumatic event as a catastrophic stressor that was outside the range of usual human experience. In Ruth Leys' words, this marked a significant shift away from the Freudian tradition that had monopolised American psychiatry (2007: 94). For theorists in trauma studies it was a welcome recognition of the "signs and symptoms to a disorder that had long been observed in victims of trauma" (Leys, 2007: 94). Over the years, the manual has constantly been updated and amended; currently in DSM-5 (2013), there are several notable evidence-based revisions to PTSD diagnostic criteria, with important conceptual and clinical implications. The diagnosis and categorising of mental disorders has many

political repercussions, such as influencing government funding, the involvement and regulation of pharmaceutical industries, and the rising litigiousness of PTSD. These are issues I address later in this chapter and again in Chapter 3: *Stage III*, when discussing the memorialisation of trauma, and the politics of remembering trauma,

To understand the layered psychoanalytical and philosophical unravelling of what it *is* to be traumatised: the symptoms of the traumatised, the truth of trauma, and the accuracy of traumatic flashbacks. I turn briefly to Heidegger:

> But in calling for the actual "truth" we must already know what truth as such means. Or do we know this only by "feeling" and in a general way? But is not such vague "knowing" and our indifference regarding it more desolate than sheer ignorance of the essence of truth? (1943: 1)

Over the years there have been philosophical and psychological claims to the clarity and accuracy of traumatic remembering, that somehow the memory, cut out of consciousness, is pristinely preserved awaiting retrieval. Ruth Leys in *Trauma: A Genealogy*, questions "The Science of the Literal; The Neurobiology of Trauma" (2000: 229-265), and challenges both Caruth and Bessel van der Kolk's claim that *re-experiences* linked to a traumatic event are replicas of the actual situation. Indeed, she challenges the idea that the "trauma is "etched" or "engraved" on the mind and brain with timeless accuracy" (2000: 239). She disputes that traumatic memory, "in its literality" (239), is cut off or dissociated from consciousness, "encoded in the brain in a different way from ordinary memory" (239). Leys' reference to Fred Frankel's use of the word flashbacks as a label employed to "describe the altered states of awareness, ideation, perception and emotion experienced by "flashbackers" when they were using hallucinogens," purposefully implies lack of clarity and accuracy (2000: 242). This notion of flashbacks as literally freeze framing the past, *(in its cinematic use of cutting back to a scene, or as the photographic image that captures the moment in its exactness),* when used to describe a return to the *site* of a trauma, plays with Elgin's concept of 'felicitous falsehoods,' and Heidegger's essence of truth that dissembles. Nevertheless, the concept of traumatic memory as being *cut out of consciousness,* or the idea of a belated

traumatic event holding the body hostage to a history that cannot be *owned,* provides an abundance of possibilities for me, the artist, and allows for a method of enquiry for this research in which I actively seek to push the boundaries between presence and absence, exposure and concealment.

The significant change in the discourse on trauma after 9/11 is difficult to frame without first acknowledging the role that a theory on trauma has played towards understanding other traumas, especially the Holocaust. As Jarzombek remarks:

> A clear manifestation of the *post-traumatic turn* came in the days and weeks following the destruction of the World Trade Center, when the news media employed the word "trauma" with such matter-of-fact casualness that one failed to notice that earlier catastrophic events had never been viewed from that perspective.' (*Italics mine*, 2006: 249)

The trauma theorists, and psychoanalysts that I have researched and quoted in this thesis, have written much on the Holocaust. Laub, for example, has been involved for many years in the process of testifying and of witnessing the Holocaust for the *Fortunoff Video Archive*. He talks about his struggle "to go beyond the event and not be submerged and lost in it" (Laub, 1991: 62), establishing a role as both listener and narrator, and therefore as someone who bore witness to both his own testimony and those of others. He saw the wound *(the trauma)* from inside and out. *The Fortunoff Video Archive* bears testimony to a violent past, one that was designed to erase all witnesses, including the ability, from inside the event, to witness oneself. In the intentional and abject dehumanisation of the 'other,' on such a massive scale, the traumatic experience became not just intolerable but also incommunicable, for one cannot bear witness to something in which one is no longer *present*, in which the sense of oneself has been so completely erased as to render one invisible. Witnessing such horror arrives belatedly, indeed retroactively, as Caruth attests to: "The historical power of the trauma is not just that the experience is repeated after its forgetting, but that it is only in and through its inherent forgetting that it is experienced at all" (1995: 8). But the historical gap in

collectively witnessing such horrors does not invalidate the power of testifying to the past, rather it gives time for the capacity to comprehend and assimilate what happened in the past.

> There is, in each survivor, an imperative need to *tell* and *thus* to come to know one's story, unimpeded by ghosts from the past against which one has to protect oneself. One has to know one's buried truth in order to be able to live one's life. (Laub, 1991: 63)

For Laub, it takes two people to repossess the past, to bring the past home, the interviewer or listener and the survivor. It is a dialogical repossession of the traumatic event. In his experience "repossessing one's life through giving testimony is itself a form of action, of change, which one has to actually pass through, in order to continue the process of survival after liberation" (1991: 70). Otherwise one is doomed to repeat the past in symptoms, dreams and problematic encounters through life. The past— secret, repressed and cut off from both the witness on the inside and the outside is caught in a loop of repetition, it is a past in search of an outlet and therefore resolution.

My intention in this thesis is not to offer a comparison between the Holocaust and 9/11, but rather to address the way the traumatic event, 9/11, was framed to contextualise my own research. Jennifer Good, in *Photography and September 11th Spectacle, Memory, Trauma* (2015), discusses the particularities of experiencing 9/11, where "normal processes of seeing and understanding were disrupted in completely new ways" (2015: 12). She claims that due to the many millions of witnesses of the terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001, the established theories of seeing and therefore understanding trauma were interrupted. The basis for her argument lies in the vicarious experiencing of trauma that gave rise to the notion of public or collective trauma, and the idea of national trauma.

> The condition of trauma, whether understood in terms of its rigorous professional definitions or its knee jerk overuse, is a factor that greatly complicates the historicizing ideologies and political apparatuses surrounding September 11. (Good, 2015: 48)

I believe that the idea of collective or public trauma is as problematic as that of collective memory, in that recollection is selective, politicised and at times sensationalised. Millions of people across the world watched 9/11 as it unfolded before them on TV screens. It was a *spectacular* event. Habermas called it the "first historic world event":

> Perhaps September 11 could be call the first historic world event in the strictest sense: the impact, the explosion, the slow collapse - everything that was not Hollywood anymore but, rather, a gruesome reality, literally took place in front of the "universal eyewitness" of a global public. (Habermas, 2001: 28)

It was an event that was repeated over and over, a repetition that happened simultaneously with the real event. In fact, reality and its repetition were so intertwined that watching it on the television screen on the morning of 9/11 and thereafter, real time was indiscernible from its repetition, the audience unsure as to what they were watching, which tower was being hit or which tower was falling. I believe such media coverage created problems in fully witnessing the event, exacerbated by the inability of newscasters and presenters to contain such horror and contextualise what was happening. I was pressed up close to the unfolding events, experiencing and watching but not witnessing. Witnessing requires a processing of what is being seen, a taking in of the traumatic event, the image and/or the words; time to separate from the *thing* that is being assimilated. There was no separation in watching September 11 unfold, the imagery was absorbed and reabsorbed without respite. It was as if Freud's compulsion to revisit the traumatic event was happening whilst the event was still in motion.

In *Open Sky* (1997), Paul Virilio writes of the "optical unwinding of the reel" that no longer lets up, in which:

> it is becoming hard, even impossible, to believe in the stability of the real, in our ability to pin down a visual that never stops vanishing, the space of the building suddenly giving way to the inability of a public image that has become omnipresent. (90)

Virilio was writing about technological advancement at the end of the 20th Century, but he could have been describing the unfolding events and media coverage of 9/11.

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Baudrillard, in his essay *The Spirit of Terrorism* (2002), describes a real that "is superadded to the image like a bonus of terror, like an additional *frisson*: not only is it terrifying, but, what is more, it is real" (2002: 29).

The attack was immediately disseminated by the media, philosophers and scholars worldwide and is still being analysed and theorised to this day. Barbie Zelizer, believes that the photographic coverage of 9/11 helped bridge the gap from the event to bearing witness to it (2002), and suggests that the deluge of imagery from 9/11 aided the mourning process. She writes that photographs filled a space between the past and the future and facilitated individuals in establishing moral accountability to move on from the trauma, to help return the collective to its pre-traumatic unified state, "bringing individuals together on their way to collective recovery" (2002: 698-699). I question her arriving at this opinion so soon after 9/11. For me, it was the photographs in magazines, and newspapers that I could hold in my hands that interrupted the repetitiveness of the event across television screens. Holding, reading and looking created a different relationship to the imagery and therefore the event, and occupied the space where words failed.

In *Trauma at Home After 9/11* (2002), Zelizer compares 9/11 with the Holocaust (51-53), she writes that the photographs of the liberation of the camps in 1945, helped turn disbelief and scepticism, about what had taken place, into shocking recognition. However:

> Unlike the Holocaust… the attacks of September 11 were meant to be witnessed, photographed, and filmed. [...] September 11 needed visualisation to exert its enormous symbolic value, even beyond the number of actual casualties. (Zelizer 2002: 51)

Photographs bore witness to the atrocities and not only provided evidence of the crimes but brought the horror of the events home. She believes that what was created in this visual documentation was an elaborate template for bearing witness, "using photographic images to respond to horror trauma, and the aftermath of other atrocious events" (54).

Journalists were discussing the aftermath of 9/11 in traumatic terminology just days after it happened, citing experts and psychological assessments of the impact of the terror attack on all of those directly connected to the event. For Jarzombek this reframing, or mass 'psychologising' of trauma raised questions about the "status of the civilian population and its right, privilege, and power to operate as post-traumatic subjects" (2006: 256). The theoretical analysis of trauma may well have been reframed in the immediate witnessing and reportage of the event but for me, and those affected around me, the actual experiencing of the event was only *felt* long after it had happened.

Bearing witness is an important aspect of the trajectory from traumatic event to integration. There is an interesting parallel between Zelizer's references to the images of journalists, government officials and the military gathered together bearing witness to the emaciated dead bodies from the concentration camps, sometimes visible, sometimes not, and to the frozen shocked faces of those looking upwards at the unfolding events of 9/11. Zelizer calls it an "elaborated aesthetic" (2002: 60), a phrase which has evolved around the various acts of bearing witness. Her use of the term aesthetic (53), has also been picked up by Good, who references Freud's 'uncanny'[5] to describe the aesthetics of the anxiety of 9/11 imagery. This use of the word *aesthetic* as that which is sensuous, or of the perception of sense, can be extremely problematic when discussing images of violence, as Jarzombek writes: "But one could ask - and should ask - about the role that aesthetics plays in framing history of this sort" (2006: 254), [i.e. trauma]. Jill Bennett uses the term *practical* aesthetics to "conceive of an aesthetics informed by and derived from practical, real-world encounters" (2012: 2). Saul Friedlander writes, in his introduction to

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[5] 'The Uncanny', a short essay written in 1919, by Freud, explored 'the subject of aesthetics even when aesthetics is understood to mean not merely the theory of beauty, but the theory of the qualities of feeling' (1). It encompasses all that is terrible, 'whatever excites dread' (1). Uncanny is translated from the German: *'unheimlich,'* which literally translates as unhomely.

Probing the Limits of Representation: Nazism and the "Final Solution" (1992): "An argument could obviously be made for the necessity of ideological ambiguity and *aesthetic experimentation* in the face of events which seem to escape usual categories of representation" (4, *italics mine*). This naturally raises important questions about the appropriateness of representation when dealing with trauma, especially as an artist making work from this place and considering the censorship that put in place in the days, and months immediately after 9/11, and later in the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq. But as justification for creating an artistic aesthetic in response to trauma, I return to Ellis' description of autoethnography as a methodological approach, for it is important that this work:

> recognizes felt emotions and bodily experiences, evokes visceral understanding, challenges the lines between secular scientific and sacred meanings, critically informs and performs rather than represents, and provides a therapeutic vehicle for readers and writers to discover moral and ethical truths about themselves. (Ellis, 1998: 422)

Friedlander was addressing the notion of traditional conceptual and representational categories being tested when referring to the Holocaust, which he describes as an "event at the limits." He cites Habermas: "There [in Auschwitz] something happened, that up to now nobody considered as even possible" (1992: 3). Such impossibility of belief makes representation exceedingly complicated.

> Our central dilemma can be defined as confronting the issues raised by historical relativism and aesthetic experimentation in the face of two possibly contrary constraints: a need for 'truth,' and the problems raised by the opaqueness of the events and the opaqueness of language as such. (Friedlander, 1992: 4)

LaCapra, in *Writing History, Writing Trauma* (2001), acknowledges the universalisation of trauma and therefore the difficulty of its representation, he calls for the use of a 'middle voice': empathetic rather than over identifying with the trauma, or the traumatised.

> Unchecked identification implies a confusion of self and other which may bring an incorporation of the experience and voice of the victim and its re-enactment or acting out. As in acting out in general, one possessed, however vicariously, by the past and reliving its traumatic scenes may be tragically incapable of acting

responsible or behaving in an ethical manner involving consideration for others as others. (2001: 28)

When dealing with the complexities between trauma, history and representation, "we must probe our faith in the normalcy of research and ethnography" (Jarzombek, 2006: 255). For LaCapra, care needs to be taken not to engender Freud's endless mourning or melancholy, or alternatively disrupt the integration or moving on from the trauma. A middle voice allows space: proximity to and distance from the trauma, a subjective stance anchored by a belief in an objective history, which allows for a negotiation of the transference and the transmission of trauma when writing and/or making artwork from this place. The middle voice is a witness to the trauma that is not inherently traumatic, which is different from the notion of a text transferring or reflecting trauma, or the conflation of representation, language and the experience of trauma. It is a balancing of the provocation of the auto with the analysis of the ethnographic.[6] LaCapra admits to the reverberations of the traumatic, but he also calls for a modulated representation of affect, for there is a form of foreclosure when the representation is carved out of the traumatic experience, in which distance and therefore a working through is denied. He writes:

> I would argue that the response of even secondary witnesses, (including historians) to traumatic events must involve empathic unsettlement that should register in one's very mode of address in ways revealing both similarities and differences across genres (such as history and literature). (2001: 47)

The middle voice allows for, and creates a differential relationship to the traumatic event and establishes an opportunity for the traumatic event to be seen, heard, and witnessed, even owned by a wider audience. Friedlander asks for a *new voice*:

> it is the reality and significance of modern catastrophes that generate the search for a new voice and not the use of a specific voice which constructs the significance of these catastrophes.' (1992: 10)

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[6] Not that the 'feeling' or emotive aspects of trauma are not important, they are and do have their place.

The role the arts have played in the discourse of trauma is hardly new (Kaplan, Bennett 2005: 19/3), but in the post-traumatic turn, the overwhelming amount of visual, and auditory testimony from 9/11 raises important questions about the political and ideological context in which trauma occurs and the blurred boundaries between individual and collective trauma. My research is an important contribution to this epistemological discussion, as my arts practice engages new ways to perceive and manage the discourse on trauma. To quote Jarzombek:

> It means that the artistic avant-garde has the added obligation of working through that which is being "worked through" by culture itself. The post-traumatic turn has raised the status of the civilian to a new category, freeing it to participate in the complex trajectories of violence and time that undermine its old autonomy. (2006: 260)

This transformation of trauma, from theory to trope, can no longer be addressed in the old-fashioned, "authentic way about the pain and hurt that are meant to be exposed in the post-traumatic consciousness" (Jarzombek, 2006: 254), but rather in ways that incorporate and reframe a discussion of trauma theory, and engage with an audience on a multitude of levels. As Geoffrey Hartman writes:

> Trauma Study in the arts explores the relation between psychic wounds and signification. Everyone believes in expressiveness: either as the value of articulating clear and distinct ideas that alleviate mental confusion or as the value of unburdening the heart with the aid of innovative signs. The structure of psychic wounding, of 'trauma' in its psychical connotation, has a bearing on the second of these: on the pressure and relief of a determining yet deeply occluded experience. (2003: 257)

i:vi chapter breakdown

Stage I: marks the beginnings of the actual event and builds an understanding of what *is* a traumatic event, commencing with Derrida's words in response to 9/11:

> An event always inflicts a wound in the everyday course of history, in the ordinary repetition and anticipation of all experience. A traumatic event is not only marked as an event by the memory, even if un-conscious, of what took place. (2001: 96)

Here, the archive functioned as a starting point to map a trajectory from the past, forwards and backwards in time. "Perhaps all archives develop in this way, through mutations of connection and disconnection, a process that this art also serves to disclose," writes Foster (2004: 6). Made up of hundreds of hours of footage and sounds recorded by myself and pillaged from other, at times, nameless sources, the archive is an external memory alerting the past in me to re-awaken. Such a "prosthetic memory" (Bowker, 2007: 27), creates profound differences in both one's consciousness and in one's working practices, indeed it is possible that I was relieved that these memories began to exist somewhere outside of me, that in their exteriorisation I had permission to begin to slowly displace the past.

Photographs were the first markings in this space of understanding the ontology of trauma. As I mentioned before, the artwork began tentatively with the still image. My camera distanced me from the imagery of the past now being witnessed on my computer screen and gave me permission to enter the periphery of the event. As Pallasmma writes: "As we enter a space, the space enters us, and the experience is essentially an exchange and fusion of the object and subject" (2014: 232). The shutter temporarily halted the clouds of smoke that billowed up when the planes crashed into the *Twin Towers*, and poured out interminably as they fell; smoke that finally settled into the layers of dust onto the streets, the buildings of Lower Manhattan and onto my skin. To contextualise this aspect of my arts practice I began to explore the links between photography and trauma, and discuss the differences and similarities between flashbacks and the photographic flash-bulb memories, a phrase termed by psychologists, Roger Brown and James Kulick, to describe memories that have the vividness and detail of a flash photograph (1977: 73–99). They describe the moment when the triggering event combines elements of surprise, or emotional intensity, positive or negative, piercing memories that leave traces.

Stage I also documents the transition from photography to the capturing of the movement of the clouds and the development of a sonic component to the research. This occurred through the voice recording of the journal and the making of the sound of the 'drone,' a sound layered into my arts practice over the 4-years of making. Both the sonic work and the moving imagery became the installation, *Memory that I am, that I also wait for…,* which was exhibited in two different spaces in Plymouth. Navigating, collecting and archiving the visual imagery at this early stage, and thereafter, required a constant return to the site of trauma on many levels: through my body, my memory (conscious) and psyche (all that was unconscious). Tracking this remembering was an active physiological endeavour. Monitoring the excitation and emotional and somatic responses to the footage, reading testimony from 9/11, and hearing the sounds from that day, provided insight into my subjective negotiation of the traumatic event. Here trauma theory and affect theory intertwined, which Meera Atkinson and Michael Richardson, write in their introduction to *Traumatic Affect,* is not without risk.

> The danger of doing so lies in either translating bodily experience to whole societies and cultures on the one hand, or on the other slipping into an endless field of Deleuzian multiplicities that coalesce, cohere, then erupt, decay or drift apart.' (2013: 11)

My work asks questions of both and challenges the intersection of trauma and affect, without sacrificing one theory over the other. *Stage I* also begins to unravel the differences and similarities between repression and dissociation. Freud used the two terms interchangeably, (Kolk and Haart, 1995: 168) but through contextualising my arts practice in relation to the artists who deal with a similar subject matter, such as Richter, Wylie and Broomberg and Chanarin, it became clear that to develop and position my work, repression and dissociation must be differentiated and navigated separately.

Stage II, documents the fall of the towers, and continues the exploration of the intersection of the traumatic affect, and the intricacies of dissociation as separate from repression. At this stage, my research delves into the complexities of the unconscious,

in which flashbacks become the touchstones to navigating the layers of memory, and the traces held within the subconscious and unconscious. Going back to Freud's notion of memory-traces in *Beyond The Pleasure Principle* (1948: 111), was useful to address my deepening relationship to the traumatic event and its fragmentation as the memories began to surface.

> These word-presentations are residues of memories; they were at one time perceptions, and like all mnemonic residues they can become conscious again… anything arising from within (apart from feelings) seeks to become conscious must try to transform itself into external perceptions: this becomes possible by means of memory-traces. (1948/2003: 111)

In response, *Six Fragments* (2014-2016), a multi-sound and visual artwork, is consistently being added to and subtracted from due to this constantly changing nature of remembering a traumatic experience. This artwork functioned as a fluid and moving archive of remembering, a container into which new sounds and moving images were constantly taking form. It examined the consistency of my belief, contained within the journal and throughout the past 12-years, that the day's events had unfolded silently. Noise began to bleed into the threshold of the visual, and through this permeation the forgotten or unheard sounds of the falling *Twin Towers* began to emerge. In this instance traumatic affect crossed boundaries, between sound and imagery, voice and noise, personal and political, text and body, screen and audience, and philosophy and culture.

In the final **Stage III** of my research**,** the short film: *Remembering* (2016-2017), is an active meshing of the personal with the collective occupying the *site* after the event. Once again, borders have been negotiated and crossed before being anchored in a time and place of *full* remembering. The imagery is made up of footage shot on September 11, 2001, and the days thereafter. It pans from the planes flying into the *Twin Towers* to the clearing up of *Ground Zero* and the final raising to the ground and removal of the

mounds of rubble and building remnants left over, after the falling of the Towers. The accompanying sound is my voice remembering how it was.[7]

Richard Stamelman (2002) and Mary Caputi (2003) use the writings of Walter Benjamin to allegorically explore the ruins and rubble of *Ground Zero*, calling forth the historical context of past *Ground Zeros* to disseminate events and perhaps find meaning in the aftermath of 9/11.

> Ground Zero makes the identification complete, giving us commodities as ruins and ruins as commodities. The Twin Towers lodged the capitalist engine of modernity, and their ruins are its fragments. (Caputi, 2003: 50)

Claire Kahane, writes about the *Twin Towers*: "buckling, collapsing into a heap of rubble" (2002), as a trauma to the national identity of the United States, as well as to the thousands of people who lost their family and friends. For her the rubble was a powerful metonymy "for the incineration for the thousands that were trapped inside" which not only marked the fall of the United States but also - marked its "entrance into the culture of a globalised political violence with no safe boundaries" (2002: 110).

For me, the rubble assumes the leftover phantomic mass of the towers, which psychoanalytically precipitated a "primitive anxiety of obliteration," and the reality of "disintegration and annihilation" (Kahane, 2002: 110). Such ghostly ruins link into Derrida's notion of the presence of absence, a powerful reminder of the event, and the concept of the ghost as a *figure* associated with mourning. Derrida writes about the ghost as a reminder that mourning is interminable:

> When one works on work, on the work of mourning, when one works at the work of mourning, one is already, yes, already, doing such work, enduring this work of mourning from the very start, letting it work within oneself, and thus authorizing oneself to do it, according it to oneself, according it within oneself, and giving oneself this liberty of finitude, the most worthy and the freest possible. (1996: 172)

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[7] 13-years later at the time of recording my voice, which was April 2014.

Freud ties open-ended mourning to the pathological notion of melancholia. Briefly, (I go into greater detail about this in Chapter 3 of this thesis), in *Mourning and Melancholia* (1914-1916), he describes the similarities and the differences between the natural state of mourning that comes from the loss of a loved object, and the collapse into melancholia:

> The melancholic displays something else besides which is lacking in mourning - an extraordinary diminution in his self-regard, an impoverishment of his ego on a grand scale (246).

The artwork *Remembering,* moved away completely from the flashbacks of *Stage I* and *Stage II*, to a place of mourning, memory and remembrance. However, the process of carrying the memory forwards from these earlier stages of research does not, as initially thought, lay the traumatic memory to rest. Rather it changes and reframes the remembering. By reclaiming the memory from a larger cultural archive and replacing it, now in its transformed state back into an archive, the memory of the event (internal), and therefore the event (external in its remembered form) remains as a ghostly echo excluding temporality, bridging the past and the present and existing far into the future. This is the mourning, the remembrance that Derrida describes, the echoes of the dead and the past that resonate long after the event has passed, reminding us nevertheless of the event, that it existed and therefore still exists. It is the connecting place between Derrida's interminable grief, and Massumi's "primacy of preemption" (2007), or "ontopower" (2015).

Woven throughout these three stages of research is the exploration of what an audience means for this work, and as importantly, autoethnographically for me: the artist. My research, to date, has been shared and exhibited in various forms, with the theory featured in journals, on-line and at conferences; my practice-research has been exhibited in the form of installations in galleries and on-line, and as sound and moving imagery in a cinematic context. I arrived at the latter for the final presentation, based on the affective resonance that I experienced in being seated and immersed in a darkened space, with the intensity of the sounds moving around and through my body, absorbed

by the vastness of the imagery on the screen before me. Feedback from an audience affirmed a similar experience. My aim for this artwork was to capture an intimacy in which the audience is under the impression that they are not really watching or listening to the work, rather they are participating in it as it travels forwards and backwards in time.

The question of who my audience is, or what I would like an audience to see, hear, and/or feel has been the most challenging aspect of articulating this research. At each *Stage* of the making, the reactions, comments and notes from the audience were fed back into the research, through the iterative layering of distorted sounds in *Six Fragments: Walk II*, *Briefcase*, and *Ghost II,* (see page 121) and in the on-going embodied consideration at each stage of the research output.

The original plan of *making* was built around the deconstruction of the memory of 9/11, the breaking down and slow erasure of the contents of the journal written at the time of happening, to see how fragmented a text could become and still retain enough of the memory for affective resonance, and/or an understanding of the notion of traumatic affect. As Seigworth and Gregg write in *The Affect Theory Reader*: "Affect is in many ways synonymous with force or forces of encounter" (2010: 2).

The audience's response to the installation *'Memory that I am, yet that I also wait for…'* in *Stage I*, centred around the affective experiencing of and the emotional engagement with the work. The installation was clearly about 9/11. Though *the event* was not used in the title of the exhibition the work gave expression to and described the unfolding events, of that day and days after, described in depth in Chapter 1 of this thesis. Navigating the re-telling of such a historic event, therefore, required both the force of wanting to bring the event forwards from my memory, and the sensitivity to not carry an audience back into a traumatic past, or at the very least not leave them there. Held within this was my unspoken, and at times unconscious, desire to also not be carried back and remain stuck in the trauma. This was the balancing of the self that had seen the event from the inside

and the artist that needed to witness the past to share its affect, its *in-betweenness*, to others. Finding the appropriate *aesthetic* to represent my memory was challenging, as was the wanting to bring something new to the discussion, which I believe exists as a tacit agreement when tackling such known historic events.

There was a clear transition from the arts-practice in *Stage I* to *Stage II,* the latter evidenced this process of deconstruction as a clear method of enquiry in the artwork *Six Fragments.* The artwork symbolises the *in-between-ness* of a body out of sync, existing in neither the past, nor the present, neither living nor dead. Seigworth and Gregg write about affect arising from this place *in between* as:

> an impingement of extrusion or a momentary or sometimes more sustained state of relation *as well as* the passage (and the duration of passage) of forces or intensities. That is, affect is found in the intensities that pass body to body (human, nonhuman, part-body, and otherwise), in these resonance that circulate about, between, and sometimes stick to bodies and worlds, *and* in the very passages or variations between intensities and resonances themselves. (2010: 1)

Held within the making *Six Fragments,* was the desire to want the audience to encounter what I had experienced all those years ago, and was re-experiencing in various forms and intensities through the work. The quality and loudness of the sound of *Six Fragments* paradoxically grounds the work into a specific moment and place, pointing to an irreconcilable past and an uncertain future. The moving in and out of dark frames on the screen towards sound, moving imagery and back to sound again, mimic the coming and going of the fragments of memory, and the complexities of one's relationship to such a traumatic event. The work unexpectedly, (for this was not explicit in the making), places traumas alongside each other and highlights the problems where witnessing becomes unsure, remembering uncertain and integration difficult. Derrida's phantoms travel, at times uncertainly, in and out of the sounds and imagery never quite landing but never fully disappearing.

In *Stage III*, the artwork: *Remembering,* slows down, and blurs the past to reframe what it meant to witness such an event. The over and underexposure of the footage, the distortion, blurriness and the slowing down of the moving imagery functions as a reminder of the insidious nature of trauma and its never-ending consequences, whether felt emotionally, politically or otherwise. My conclusion remains unresolved, for the very reason that remembering a traumatic event will always be incomplete, it is the inherent nature of the *cut-out* consciousness. Interestingly, Engle writes about 9/11 as an incomplete trauma because the number of actual dead are approximated due to the inability to forensically identify them all (2009: 17). Added to this are the many hundreds of people that have died of cancer related illnesses due to the toxicity of *ground zero,* the many more undergoing treatment and the tens of thousands of people killed in retaliation for 9/11. It is an open-ended traumatic dialogue that hasn't yet found a collective resolution. Derrida's words written right after 9/11 still attest to the lack of closure:

> We must rethink the temporalization of a traumatism if we want to comprehend in what way "September 11" looks like a "major event." For the wound remains open by our terror before the future and not only the past. (2001: 96)

Researching 9/11 was not only a personal process of discovery, a scooping out the contents of an event from my interior, in which the ghosts of many traumas had firmly lodged themselves, but an establishment of a critical *middle voice* to function on multiple levels and make connections across disciplines. Perhaps as Michel Serres writes, and Jill Bennett makes use of in her book, *Practical Aesthetics* (2012):

> I do not think it's an ontology we need, but a *desmology* – in Greek *desmos* means connection, or link. The word is used in medicine, but that doesn't concern us here. What interests me is not so much the state of things but the relations between them… Just as Jean- Paul Sartre said that 'essence precedes existence', I say that 'relationships come before being. (2002: 204)

Indeed, a *desmological* reframing of trauma, rather than an ontological reading, allows for a mediation and a tracing of the traumatic events across time and space, for the

effects of an event maybe dispersed and manifested in forms that are not directly linked to the event. Such a discourse lifts the notion of trauma out of the confines of the psychoanalytic and places it firmly in a more democratic space where the affects can be more widely felt. A collective witnessing to trauma, as in 9/11, reframes the traumatic event, and creates opportunities for it to be reached by a larger audience. As such, the opportunities for integration into memory schemas are greatly increased and contradictorily subject to re-traumatisation in the media overflow and constant return to the site of trauma. The more I researched 9/11 the less the work was about the event. Accessing trauma from both its subjective and global experiencing drew me in and anchored me down into a place of mourning and sadness. In unlocking the memories in and around 9/11, I was also opening a deep well of sorrow around the experiencing of death, my humanity and my mortality.

Fig.1: Walker, A. (2013)*, Toxic Clouds 1. Giclée Prints,* Size: 594 x 841 mm*.*

Fig.2: Walker, A. (2013)*, Toxic Clouds 2. Giclée Prints,* Size: 594 x 841 mm*.*

Fig.3: Walker, A. (2013)*, Toxic Clouds 3. Giclée Prints,* Size: 594 x 841 mm*.*

Fig.4: Walker, A. (2013)*, Toxic Clouds 4. Giclée Prints,* Size: 594 x 841 mm*.*
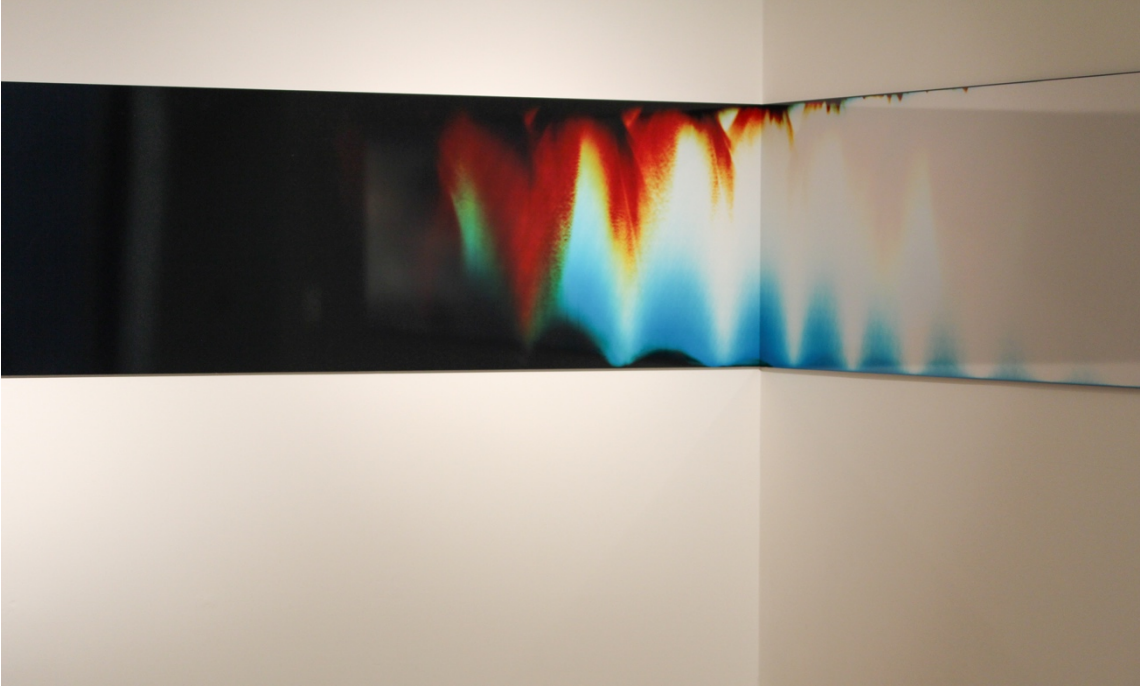
Fig.5: Broomberg, A. and Chanarin, O. (2008), *The Day Nobody Died,* Installation. *(Permission to reproduce image has been granted by Oliver Chanarin).*

Fig.6: Broomberg, A. and Chanarin, O. (2008), *The Day Nobody Died,* Installation. *(Permission to reproduce image has been granted by Oliver Chanarin).*

Fig.7: Fukada, T. (1945) *The Mushroom Cloud, 1.* Gelatin silver print. 25.9 cm x 21.7 cm.
(Courtesy of Tokyo Metropolitan Museum of Photography).

Fig. 8 Ruff, T. (2004) *jpeg ny01*, C-Print, 256cm x 188 cm. *(Courtesy of Thomas Ruff).*

Fig.9: Walker, A. (2013), *Memory that I am, yet that I also wait for…* Installation image, PAC.
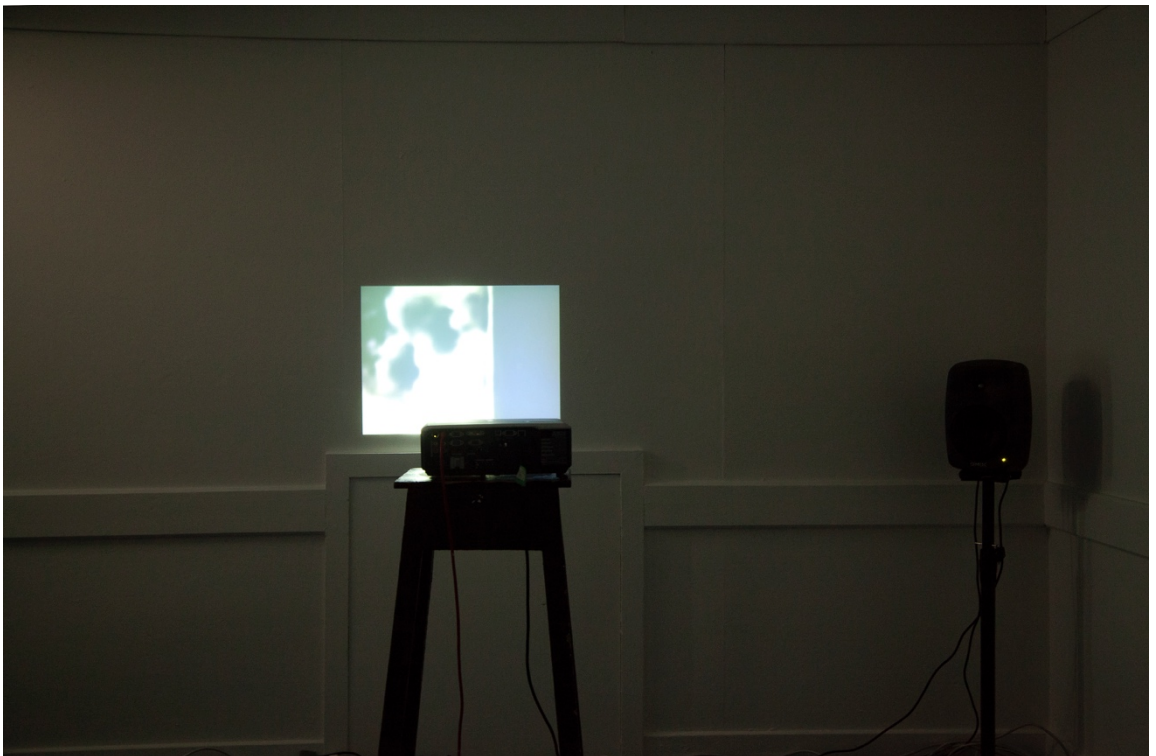
Fig.10: Walker, A. (2013), *Memory that I am, yet that I also wait for…* Installation images, PAC

Fig.11: Walker, A. (2013), *Memory that I am, yet that I also wait for.* Installation image, KARST.

Fig.12: Walker, A. (2013), *Memory that I am, yet that I also wait for.* Installation image, KARST.

Chapter 1: Stage I

1:1 Introduction

Stage I was the start of an art making process to remember 9/11, and considers the *archive* in its literal meaning as an indexical resource. It also considers the Derridean concept of the archive in, *Archive Fever: A Freudian Impression* (1996), as a method of using Freudian and psychoanalytical concepts to contextualise current theories on trauma, situate my research and navigate a trajectory backwards to the traumatic event. In this chapter, I explore the role photography played in the reframing of the event, 9/11, and link the photographic and traumatic space in a discussion of dissociation and the body's response to the traumatic event that Caruth describes as: "a shock that appears to work very much like a bodily threat but is in fact a break in the mind's experience of time" (1996: 61).

I start *Stage I* of my research with an investigation of memory to understand what aspect of the process is interrupted through the traumatic experience. Later in this chapter I build on my concepts of what constitutes trauma, started in the introduction. Importantly Deleuze writes: "(It is therefore memory that makes the body something other than instantaneous and gives it a duration in time)" (*Sic*, Deleuze, 1988: 26). Memories inform *me* of who I am, which in turn gives me *substance* in the world - how I perceive, and how I'm perceived. Beginning with Henri Bergson's concept of memory, and briefly tracing that of Sigmund Freud, Edward Casey, Giles Deleuze, and Anne Whitehead, I outline the role memory schemas play towards understanding trauma and how these concepts have informed my arts practice. To simplify the complexities of trauma, time and memory and for the purpose of navigating and situating this research, I have narrowed down memory to three main threads: (i) the analytical witnessing of the past; (ii) the sensory or affective aspects of remembering i.e. the process of re-living the past; (iii) and the

collective process of memory, where one's memories become intertwined with others whether, familial, societal or cultural; a form of reallocation of the past.

The work at this stage unfolds across multiple levels: through looking, remembering, writing, photography, moving image and sound. The autoethnographic process that directed this process reactivated the trauma in my body, an innervated reawakening of the past held in my body. Memories leaked into my dreams. To create stability, I ritualised the transcribing of them into words, sound or image, controlled the flashbacks by returning to the digital archive, and my journal. Facts and fantasy merged, indistinguishable I questioned the accuracy of remembering, the futility of separating my memories from those of others. They were Elgin's "felicitious falsehoods" (2004), where: "Order is no longer assured" (Derrida, 1995), and leakage impossible to avoid. Having lived inside the traumatic event as it unfolded on September 11th, 2001, it was impossible for me not to write from within that place. As Cixous suggests: "Write your self. Your body must be heard" (1976: 880). Remembering and unravelling the conflicting layers of the event allowed me to revisit the past and find a language to render understandable, that which defied understanding at the time. Re-examining the ghosts from a distance, finding a means of representation opened new possibilities for interpretation whilst preserving the narrative of loss.

Very early in the research, aware of the potential for disruption, it became necessary to lay down a foundation, an archive, to function as an external anchor. Derrida begins with the word *"arkhe":* the place where things commence - the "physical, historical, or ontological principle - but also the principle according to law … *in this place* from which *order* is given (sic) - nomological principle" (1995: 9). My archive began with my *9/11 journal*, a transcript of memories from a specific time and place, in a style of writing that was fitting for that time and method of recording. The diary was a spilling of what was inside to make sense of what was going on outside, an overflow so to speak. It was never intended for an audience, so in its *re*-reading there are parts that make me grimace,

uncomfortable with the person I was back then as perceived from the place, the body, I inhabit now. Interestingly, it was this discomfort that guided my remembering. Such uncomfortable and affective registering contained the potential to function as a measurement of the *truthfulness* of the past and allowed me to track where the remembering was interrupted, or ruptured. This I explore in greater detail in Chapters: 2 and 3, of this thesis, exploring Gregg and Seigworth's words:

> In this ever-gathering accretion of force-relating (or, conversely, in the peeling or wearing away of such sedimentations) lie the real powers of affect, affect as potential: a body's capacity to affect and to be affected. (2010: 2)

Making work from this place of traumatic memory, in which my body was the vehicle for the memory to move through, was a means of using my body to write the language of trauma, with all its slippages, dislocation and repetition. I was no longer just functioning as a closed system of physiology and biology, rather, outside as much as inside, I accessed the possibilities and the difficulties of a state of *in-betweeness*. It is in this borderland that there lies the potential for something other, something new. It is as Massumi writes:

> At a certain conjuncture, the unfolding of the physical system's line of actions interrupts. The system momentarily suspends itself. It has not become inactive. It is in ferment. It has gone "critical." This "chaotic" interlude is not the simple absence of order. It is in fact a super-ordered state. (1998: 154)

My arts-research creates the opportunity to *rearrange* a traumatic memory, and therein alter the trauma associated with this event. It offers a space where the outcome, (which at this stage of making remains unknown in its new formation), can transcend or create something alternative, perhaps something softer. Early in my research, I came to understand the differences between traumatic memory and 'normal' memory practices as 'hard' and 'soft' memories. *Hard* were the brittle, breakable, emotional spaces of interruption that opened in response to remembering trauma, *soft* became the liquidity of integration, an easier to assimilate past that allows for movement. Lacan, critically described analytical literature after Freud as a "wearing down of the angles...a softening,

reductive smoothing out" (Lacan, 1981: 237), but this is exactly what I believe is required of the language, by softer I do not mean less impactful. Whether the memory is hard or soft the affective nature of the work is an important component of both the making and its receipt by an audience, addressed throughout my thesis.

1:2 Memory

> *On September 11, 2001, the first plane flew over my building in downtown Manhattan whilst I was on the phone with my brother in London, he had just found out he was to be a father, mid-sentence the loud and heavy drone of a low flying 767 filled the room. 'What was that noise?' he asked. In the near distance, there were the sounds of an explosion, my building shook. NPR (National Public Radio) was on in the background, a man shrieked "Oh my God! Oh my God! A plane has just flown into the North Tower." The phone went dead, the radio followed. Everything changed. (Walker, 2016)*

I peer at the past from two places, the person I was then (as evidenced in the journal, written at that time) and the person I am now, which in turn is informed by multiple layers of remembering held between the two points in time. In *Matter and Memory* (1896), Bergson describes two approaches to understanding memory. *Habit memory* developed through repetition which accumulates in the body: "a closed system of automatic movements which succeed each other in the same order and, together, take the same length of time" (Bergson, 2004: 90). The second, he called *pure memory* or *true memory.* For Bergson, experience, which he termed duration, is a continuous flow rather than a stringing together of experiences. A past that is preserved, invisibly underpinning all that we do in the present and in planning for the future, as he asks: "how can we overlook the radical difference between that which must be built up by repetition and that which is essentially incapable of being repeated?" (Bergson, 2004: 95). Interestingly, Bergson did not address the notion of traumatic memory, and its resulting somatic manifestations such as hysteria, which Freud was exploring around the same time in *Beyond The Pleasure Principle* (1920). Freud believed that nothing was forgotten, he describes experiences that are etched permanently into our unconscious, like the marks on the

waxy surface of a child's magical writing pad (1925), always available but not readily

accessible, often with a winding, or meandering route backwards. He writes:

> Nonetheless, I do not think it is too far-fetched to compare the celluloid and waxed paper over with the system *Pcpt.-Cs.* and its protective shield, the wax slab with the unconscious behind them, and the appearance and disappearance of the writing with the flickering-up and passing-away of consciousness in the process of perception.' (1925: 211)

Bergson saw forgetting as the dominance of the past over the present. But as the past

is 'indivisible,' the past in its entirety is never erased - remaining 'permanently'

accessible.

> It has retained from the past only the intelligently coordinated movement which represent the accumulated efforts of the past; and it recovers these past efforts, not in the memory-images which recall them, but in the definite order and systematic character with which the actual movements take place. In truth, it no longer represents our past to us, it acts it; and still deserves the name of memory, it is not because it conserves bygone images, but because it prolongs their useful effect into the present moment. (Bergson, 2004: 93)

In a *Thousand Plateaus* (2000), Deleuze and Guattari develop Bergson's two forms of

memory, (*habit memory*, and *pure duration*), into distinctions between long and short-

term memory:

> The difference between them is not simply quantitative: short-term memory is of the rhizome or diagram type, and long-term memory is arborescent and centralised (imprint, engram, tracing, or photograph). Short-term memory is in no way subject to a law of contiguity or immediacy to its object; it can act at a distance, come or return a long time after, but always under conditions of discontinuity, rupture and multiplicity. (16)

It is the idea of memory acting at a distance, but also returning due to interruption or a

rupture of normal memory schemas that this research explores, out of which an

understanding of trauma and the importance of the role of forgetting begins to take form.

Deleuze and Guattari go on to describe the difference between the two kinds of memory

as "two temporal modes of apprehending the same thing," where forgetting is an

important process of short-term memory. However, long-term memory, i.e. family, race,

society, or civilisation, "traces and translators, but what it translates continues to act in it,

from a distance, offbeat, in an "untimely" way, not instantaneously" (16). This variance

between long and short-term memory, Deleuze addressed earlier in Bergsonism (1988),

"as a difference in kind between matter and memory, between pure perception and pure

recollection, between the present and the past," where he writes we have difficulty in the

past being present, because it is no longer, it has ceased to be. "We have thus confused

Being with being-present. Nevertheless, the present *is not*; rather, it is pure becoming,

always outside of itself. It *is* not, but it acts" (1988: 55).

The concept of the present *always becoming*, obviously changes how we view the past,

as such memory is always shifting and changing.[8] Through uncovering the past for this

research, it became increasingly clear that not only had I blocked out fragments of the

past but I had also, at times, claimed the media's representation of 9/11 as my own

version of events, despite my resistance to do so and my desire to retain the purity of my

own subjective experience. As accessible as we would like to think our memories are,

over time our abilities of recall fade. Edward S. Casey writes of the crisis of forgetting, in

which we have:

> not only forgotten what it is to remember- and what remembering *is* - but we have
> forgotten our own forgetting. So deep is our oblivion of memory that we are not
> even aware of how alienated we are from its "treasures" and how distant we have
> become from its deliverance. (2000: 2)

Anne Whitehead's book, *Memory (2009)*, begins with Huyssen's idea that contemporary

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[8] In 2005, Oliver Sacks writes of unsolicited memories coming to mind that had lain dormant for
over 50-years. These were: 'Not merely memories, but frames of mind, thoughts, atmospheres,
and passions associated with them—memories, especially, of my boyhood.' (Sacks, 2005) One
of these memories was a very vivid account of a bomb falling behind Sacks' childhood home,
after publishing an account of the memory in his book 'Uncle Tungsten' (2001), he discovered
that the memory he thought of as his own, belonged to his older brother, David.

'David [our older brother] wrote us a letter about it. A very vivid, dramatic letter. You were
enthralled by it." Clearly, I had not only been enthralled, but must have constructed the scene in
my mind, from David's words, and then taken it over, appropriated it, and taken it for a memory
of my own.' (2005)

Western culture is obsessed with memory, evidenced through an increase in popularity

of the museum, and the use of monuments to memorialise the dead (1). This is possibly

a fixation that stems from the reliance upon new media technologies, "mnemonic fever

caused by the cyber-virus of amnesia that at times threatens to consume memory itself"

(Huyssen, 2003: 27). Whitehead calls the dilemma a "memory crisis" manifesting from

the contradiction of too little and too much memory – a notion that was further tested in

the late 20th Century by the diagnosis of, and interest in, trauma. The returning soldiers

from the Vietnam war, with complex mental health issues and few support systems in

place, created a challenging political relationship to memory, particularly traumatic

memory. Problematic, because of the difficulty of helping those who suffer "without

eliminating the force and truth of reality that trauma survivors face" (Caruth, 1995: vii).

Caruth, van der Kolk, and Otto van Haart have written extensively on the belated

experiencing of trauma, identified by Freud as the onset of 'war neurosis.'(1920), Caruth

describes trauma as the "literal return of the event against the will of the one it inhabits"

(1995: 5), often resulting in hallucinations, flashbacks, and/or sensory overload from

external triggers that in some way mimic the original scene of the trauma, (i.e. the noise

of a car back firing becomes the sound of gun shots). For Brown and Reavey: "Practising

an effective art of forgetting is key to living with a distressing past" (2015: 72). Here,

active forgetting functions as a protective device, it is not useful to live life constantly

remembering the pain of certain aspects of the past that corrode the present and instil

the future with fear. So, displacement, and redirection of memory become techniques to

make the past more acceptable, further complicating the truthfulness of remembering

traumatic events. This creates a place of conflict, a site of tension: between memories

that fade in the trying to grasp on to them, and the desire to forget but being unable to

do so. Bergson raises questions about this juncture in *The Creative Mind: An Introduction*

to Metaphysics:

> If we take into consideration the continuity of the inner life and consequently of
> its indivisibility, we no longer have to explain the preservation of the past, but

rather its apparent abolition. We shall no longer have to account for remembering but forgetting… Nature has invented a mechanism for canalising our attention in the direction of the future, in order to turn it away from the past — I mean of that part of our history which does not concern our present actions — in order to bring to it at most, in the form of 'memories,' one simplification or another of anterior experience… (1946, 2007: 128)

Deleuze suggests that: "The special problem of memory is: How, by what mechanism, does duration become memory in fact? How does that which exists in principle actualise itself?" (Deleuze, 1988: 52). The archive is hardly a solution or an answer for this dilemma, but, for this research it is a means to begin to navigate the traumatic space. Here, the archive is used as an external place of holding outside of my body, a vehicle to underpin all that flows from it, both separate from me and yet connected. I obsessively layered notes, papers, footage, and sound fragments into a haphazard order of important versus less important, to pin down my memory.

The concept of an archive draws upon two distinct Derridean resources for remembering, one *sequential* and one *jussive* (Derrida, 1995: 140), each approach constantly folding back on itself. Sequential in the form of standardising and classifying information so that it can be located when needed, which functions to partially remove the pressure of remembering while also triggering further memories. Jussive through selection, the process of disseminating by which information is judged to be of no use and therefore discarded, which, returning to the idea of invisible underpinnings:

> operates through being invisibly exclusionary. The invisibility is an important feature here: the archive presents itself as being the set of all possible statements rather than the law of what can be said. (Bowker, 2008: 14)

For *normal* memory schemas, the functionality of the sequential and jussive would enable practical action in the present and future – "it is one of our chief ways of being in the world as effective creatures: it is a way of framing the present, a mode of acting" (Bowker, 2005: 25). Both forms expand and change, neither more important than the other. They cannot exist without each other. "There is no archive without a place of consignation, without a technique of repetition, and without a certain exteriority. No

archive without outside" (Derrida, 1995: 14). It is a digital 'regime of memory' that is progressively more flexible and comprehensive than any past paper records, and one that is constantly expanding and moving in a non-linear way. Bowker describes how this system of navigating archives and information that was once linear has been replaced by the concept of a digital matrix, which operates simultaneously on many levels, this he has called the:

> epoch of potential memory… in which narrative remembering is typically a post hoc reconstruction from an ordered, classified set of facts that have been scattered over multiple physical data collections. (2007: 30)

This concept of the matrix bears a close resemblance to the flow of 'normal' memory schemas, and links up to Derrida's concept of the archive in which:

> there should not be any absolute dissociation, any heterogeneity or secret which could separate (secernere), or partition, in an absolute manner. The archontic principle of the archive is also a principle of consignation, that is, of gathering together. (1995: 10)

Importantly, for me, the archive came to symbolise the container or place of waiting, the site of constantly returning to locate information, find restitution, and control the chaos of remembering the traumatic event. In its role as an external resource for memory, there was some relief to the remembering, through the ritualised return and reordering of its contents, there arose order, a rhythm to the archiving; a pattern to the remembering. Memories were easier to relegate to the past, creating the potential for forgetting. As Lowenthal writes:

> Whatever the deficiencies of bygone times, they possess the supreme advantage of lacking the uncertainty of the present, because they are over. We can relive the past as a more satisfactory narrative because it is one that is complete. Because historians feel professionally compelled to give history a more rational shape than that of present crude experience, an ordered clarity contrasting with the chaos or imprecision of our own times, they themselves are partly responsible for confirming, if not generating, the illusion that the past has a pattern. (1989: 1279)

The autoethnographic process demanded an active reminiscing, a process of putting my own body through the traumatic recollection of a past I would prefer not to remember. Bergson calls for a concentrated and conscious act of:

sui generis by which we detach ourselves from the present in order to replace ourselves, first in the past in general, then in a certain region of the past - a work of adjustment, something like the focusing of a camera. (2004: 171)

And though he suggests "we simply prepare ourselves to receive it by adopting the appropriate attitude," traumatic memory does not function in this way, it does not come, "little by little…like a condensing cloud" (Bergson, 2004: 171); it hits with ferocity, its onslaught is violent and interruptive. Lowenthal writes about a past that is insistently resurgent, "notably as heritage heightening individual and group identity" (1995: 385), where the future correspondingly recedes, a future that is doubly nostalgic; for "it both mourns the loss of traditional amenity and deplores the fraudulence of artificial substitutes" (387).

I am relieved that the past can exist somewhere outside of me, that the exteriorisation of such memories perhaps gives me permission to begin to displace aspects of the past, whilst the process of adding to and subtracting from the archive, creates an on-going dialogue with my past. As Bowker writes:

> It is so easy to leave and to assemble traces that we are developing a kind of universal prosthetic memory. That memory creates profound differences in our consciousness and in our work practices. All that had been fleeting or consigned to a folder itself consigned to dust is now, should we wish, active and present in our lives. (2007: 27)

But within this unravelling, hidden within the depths of my archive there exists yet another location, the original site of my *lost* memory, (the accuracy of which, and the nature of its preservation, I discuss later in Chapter 2). It is to this location that I attempt to return to capture the elusive and the unattainable, and find the true source of discomfort.

Memory has become ever more malleable through increasingly refined technology and shifts constantly from the personal to the collective. Huyssen calls for productive remembering rather than productive forgetting to resolve this crisis. As such, my research claims what is "mostly chaotic, fragmentary, and free-floating across our

screens" (2003: 28), and re-frames it, autoethnographically, into an *ordered* representation to secure a different relationship with the future. "The past is not simply there in memory," Huyssen writes, "it must be articulated in memory" (1995: 2.) This work, this research is lived, and as such the memory, and the remembering is "active, alive, embodied in the social" - that is, in me the individual, with the potential to expand outwards in its new form (of moving imagery and sound) to "families, groups, nations and regions. These are the memories needed to construct differential local futures in a global world" (Huyssen, 2003: 28).

1:3 The Photographic Image

Having established the importance of the archive I would like to contextualise its role in navigating the traumatic space and explore the established links between photography and trauma. I re-visited the images that I had taken on that day, and the days after 9/11 and asked how photography could initiate my practice based research, and navigate the unknown traumatic space. I wanted to research how, through the utilisation of photography, I could avoid reducing the traumatic experience to a mere aesthetic concern? This is a question that pervades the work of artist's Broomberg and Chanarin, who examine how images can block any significant understanding of human trauma (2008), and Ruff who constantly questions the aesthetics of the photographic image.

My proposition: to reframe the use of photography within my art's research, as a means of not only representing 9/11 but also navigating the traumatic memory to better understand the ontology of trauma. I expand the concept of the photograph as that of bearing witness to the scene it depicts, capturing it and preserving it to incorporate an active and participatory role in 'shifting' meaning of traumatic events. For example: Broomberg and Chanarin, collaboratively, through their appropriation of images and

manipulation of scenes and materials, use wit and irony to interrogate assumptions and traditions in photographic representation and challenge the notion of photography.

In 2008, the artists were embedded into the British Army to document the war in Helmand Province, Afghanistan. Under the guise of journalists, they agreed to abide by the rules to not photograph the wounded, the dead, enemy fire etc. As an indication of what they were confronted with, on the first day of the embed a BBC fixer was dragged from his car and executed and nine Afghan soldiers were killed in a suicide attack. The following day, three British soldiers died, which was followed by a suicide attack on a group of Afghani soldiers killing all 8. On receiving the news of his brother's death in that ambush, another Afghan National soldier turned his M16 to his chest and pulled the trigger. The title of the project refers to the 5th day of the embed, the only day in which nobody was reported to have been killed, *The Day Nobody Died* (Broomberg and Chanarin, 2008) *(see fig. 5).*

The work was in response to each of these events, and to a series of more mundane moments, such as a visit by the Duke of York and a press conference to announce the hundredth fatality. Resisting the embedding process, the photographers took no cameras. Instead they carried a roll of photographic paper, 50 meters long, contained in a lightproof cardboard box, and turned the back of an armoured Land Rover into a darkroom. For each occasion in which a photo journalist would document the requested scene, they unrolled a six-metre section of the photographic paper and exposed it to the sun for 20-seconds. The resulting images are the inverse of traditional reportage and resist the notion of documentation described by André Bazin in which: "Photography enjoys a certain advantage in virtue of this transference of reality from the thing to its reproduction" (1960: 8). Their work interrupts the transference and offers up multiple readings, undermining what usually determines and gives power to a photojournalistic

image: composition, proximity to danger, value as evidence. Broomberg and Chanarin no longer see their role as 'authors,' having been removed from the process.

> The composition of these images are accidental: created by the temperature of light on that day, at that moment, in that place. As abstract, non-figurative images, they are useless as evidence. (2008)

Arguably, through the conceptualisation of the photographic process to function in another way, they become the instigators of a reframed and alternative reading of the imagery, thereby maintaining authorship. The theatre of 'taking' these photograms was accompanied by a video documenting the journey of the roll of paper. In which, the *British Army* unsuspectingly played the lead role by transporting the box of photographic paper from London to Helmand Province, through airport luggage carousels, from one military base to another. The box of photographic paper became an:

> absurd, subversive object, its non-functionality sitting in quietly amused contrast to the system that for a time served as its host, revealing its quotidian details, from the logistics of war to the collusion between the media and the military. (Broomberg and Chanarin, 2008).

The photographic images from *The Day Nobody Died*, are a mixture of abstract patterns and colour that fold back into black and white space. The photograms impart the searing heat of June in Afghanistan and capture the explosive nature of the violence, resisting the control of a sanitised version of the war. They are traces, modulated by the heat and the light of the Afghanistan sun. The artwork functions as a political statement, and asks the viewer to question their relationship with images of violence, culture, politics and morality. The performance of creating each image became a provocative and disruptive action that they describe as a "sort of Dadaesque stunt" (ibid, 2008). Their aim: to resist and interrupt the narrative and deny the viewer the cathartic effect offered up by the conventional language of photographic responses to conflict and suffering (2008).

In contrast, the attack on the Towers produced a spectacle so incessantly witnessed and photographed that almost instantaneously the world was awash with hundreds and

thousands of images, digital freeze frames and video footage telling and retelling the narrative of what happened on September 11th, 2001. The digital imagery, viewable seconds after snapping the shutter, occupied the same time and place as the event recorded and indelibly anchored the disaster in a specific time and place. With little delay between the event and the seeing of the picture or footage, the imagery ostensibly became part of the event.

Zelizer described one of the roles of the media on September 11, as one where "photography rose to fill the space of chaos and confusion that journalism was expected to render orderly" (2002: 48). Contradictorily, the constant flow of imagery could also be seen as perpetuating panic and fear creating fertile ground to elicit support for US retaliation. In the days and weeks after 9/11 news journalism from around the world focused primarily on the coverage of the terrorist attack. It was an unprecedented indulgence that seared the imagery into individual and cultural psyches around the world. For example, from 9am- to midnight on September 11 alone the BBC broadcasted the planes flying into the tower approximately every 3-minutes. It is impossible to measure the profound effects of consistently broadcasting such penetrating imagery under the auspices of breaking news, an attack that was also imposed upon a foundation already rich with imaginary disasters and threats as portrayed through Hollywood blockbusters. As Žižek writes:

> Not only were the media bombarding us all the time with the talk about the terrorist threat; this threat was also obviously libidinally invested—just recall the series of movies from Escape from New York to Independence Day. The unthinkable that happened was thus the object of fantasy: in a way, America got what it fantasised about, and this was the greatest surprise. (2001: 15)

For me, this raises the question of the responsibility of the news media in purposely perpetuating traumatic fields, and of generating the notion of an unstable future, as Huyssen writes: "the media do not transport public memory innocently. They shape it in their very structure and form" (2000: 30). It raises questions on the form I want my work

to take and where I want to situate my artwork. Baudrillard endows the images of 9/11 with a special kind of power:

> they constitute, like it or not, our primal scene. The images of New York, while they radicalize the world situation, have radicalized the relationship between image and reality. Amid the uninterrupted profusion of banal images and hyped events, the New York terrorist act has at once resuscitated images and events. (2002: 413)

Sekula claims that the documentary photograph has "contributed much to spectacle, to retinal excitation, to voyeurism, to terror, envy and nostalgia, and only a little to the critical understanding of the social world" (2003: 141). The over whelming amount of imagery from 9/11 was an overindulgence that supports this statement. It is important to differentiate here between the deluge of imagery in the media and for example the exhibition: *Here is New York* (2001), organised by photographer, Gilles Peress, curator Alice Rose George, photography professor Charles Traub, and writer Michael Shulan. In a storefront in Soho, downtown Manhattan, in the weeks after September 11th, 2001, images by amateur and professional photographers hung side by side. Perres saw it as a political statement, a democratisation of imagery, a refutation to the many claims of the exploitative, voyeuristic, alienating nature of documentary photography. Michael Shulan notes in the exhibit's accompanying catalogue how photography was the perfect medium to express what happened on 9/11 because of its democratic nature. He writes:

> To New Yorkers, this wasn't a news story: it was an un-absorbable nightmare. In order to come to grips with all of the imagery that was haunting us, it was essential, we thought, to reclaim it from the media and stare at it without flinching. (2005)

On September 11[th,] 2001, very much in shock, and confused at what was happening I remained outside of the event, watching from a distance, despite my close proximity to the attack on the World Trade Centre. The surreal and dream-like nature of what was unfolding before me was important to capture in this early stage of research, the quality

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of which remains to this day whenever I look at footage of the event, or look back on the memory. As Sontag writes:

> The attack on the World Trade Center on September 11[th,] 2001, was described as "unreal," "surreal," "like a movie," in many of the first accounts of those who escaped from the towers or watched from nearby. (After four decades of big-budget Hollywood disaster films, "It felt like a movie" seems to have displaced the way survivors of a catastrophe used to express the short-term unassimilability of what they had gone through: "It felt like a dream.") (2003: 19)

I took no photographs of the actual terrorist attack, but many of the streets surrounding the *Twin Towers*, the flyers of the missing that adorned the surfaces of walls and fences, and the neighbours, firemen and the community that I was part of at that time. So, I sought imagery of the planes flying into the *Twin Towers*, on *YouTube*, news outlets, on-line memorials, and the many collective archives devoted to remembering 9/11. I questioned how much information was needed for the image to function as evidence of the traumatic space, whether evidence of trauma was a necessity to impart the sensation of a terror attack, and what were the expectations of the viewer when regarding 9/11 imagery. Revisiting these internet resources was a way to embody the past and open the memory, a Bergsonian process of adjustment, where I prepared myself to receive the past event (2004: 171). I began my approach from the periphery, which for me were the clouds. On September 11, 2001, the billowing smoke, from the moment the towers were attacked to their downfall, left a lasting impression that I absorbed into my body on many levels. Obviously, there was the visual, but there was also the smell of the smoke, the way the dust of the smoke settled onto my skin and the surfaces that surrounded me.

The camera's position, close to the surface of my computer, provided enough distance from the screen, and therefore the imagery of 9/11 being viewed on the screen to create a safe place of reconciliation with the past. Through photographing the event from *YouTube* footage, I could adjust the speed of what I was viewing and therefore gain a sense of control over the remembering, (no matter how illusory). The fixed stillness of the camera on a tripod became an extension of my body, and symbolised the stoic

structure and position I longed to maintain throughout this process. The computer now stood in for the television screen, the technology through which the most of the world's population learned about the attack on the *Twin Towers* over a decade ago. I was unable to slow down or halt what was on the TV screen all those years ago, but now, due to increased sophistication of digital technology, I could pause, control or speed up what I was witnessing. Here, the shutter speed of the camera temporarily froze the events into a more manageable unfolding of the past.

In *Spectral Evidence* (2002), Baer, examines the relationship between psychoanalysis, trauma and photography through the work of Charcot. As early as the 1880s, Charcot was intent on using photography and the camera's flash to reveal something new in the field of psychiatry. He photographed mainly the female body in the throes of hysteria, where the camera stood in for the male, medical and objectifying gaze. A thorough criticism of Charcot's injurious practices, writes Baer, "must be grounded in an epistemological critique based on the reading of his photographs" (2002: 28). We, the viewer, must therefore confront Charcot's patients by critically deconstructing the camera's gaze, its staging, framing, freezing, and preservation of them against their will and beyond their death (2002: 28). The images promised to unravel the mysteries of hysteria where "the photograph was meant to exteriorise, make visible, and arrest the hysterical symptom to sever this symptom from the patient's intentions" (2002: 30). Photography was to produce order into the chaos of hysteria. Freud (Charcot's pupil) praises him:

> He used to look again and again at the things he did not understand to deepen his impression of them day by day, till suddenly an understanding of them dawned on him. In his mind's eye the apparent chaos presented by the continual repetition of the same symptoms then gave way to order. (1893: 276)

Charcot used the flash to surprise; his patients, unable to integrate the sensory experience, responded "belatedly, incompletely, possibly as shock" (Baer, 2002: 34),

their bodies further ruptured by the camera's intervention, which Baer refers to as "flash-induced catalepsy" (2002: 51).

Early in his writings, Freud picked up on this concept of making sense of the chaos and explored the relationship between the photographic process and thoughts or memories coming into consciousness:

> A rough but not inadequate analogy to this supposed relation of conscious to unconscious activity might be to draw from the field of ordinary photography. The first state of the photograph is the 'negative'; every photographic picture has to pass through the 'negative process' and some of these negatives which have held good examination are admitted to the 'positive process' ending in the picture. (1912: 2581)

In such exploration of traumatic events that remain outside of normal cognitive registering, Baer is interested, not in how photography might function to fill in the gaps of memory that experiencing trauma leaves out, but rather the structural similarities between photography and trauma.

> Because trauma blocks routine mental processes from converting an experience into memory or forgetting, it parallels the defining structure of photography, which also traps an event during its occurrence while blocking its transformation into memory. (Baer, 2002: 9)

I find Charcot photographs particularly engaging, for the trauma and the photographic process are embedded within each other, and within the culture of that time. To understand trauma:

> "its "immediacy" must be studied as it unfolds according to its own dynamic, at once *outside of* and yet *inside of* the same moment, as a kind of index of a historical reality - a historical reality "to whose truth there is no simple access." (Baer, 2002: 11)

Similarly, on 6th August 1945, just 20-minutes after a nuclear bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Fukada, a 17-year old student working at the Army Ordnance Supply depot in Kasumi-cho, photographed the atomic cloud hanging over the sky. Captured in black and white the three photographs encapsulate the destruction, absent from them is the explosion which would have rendered the photographer blind, and the garish colours: bright orange and pink, of the toxic cloud (Tate, 2013) (see *fig. 6*). The photographs were

part of an exhibition at the Tate: *Conflict- Time- Photography* (2013), that considered the conflict, violence and war of the past from different vantage points in time. The gelatine silver prints were small (25.9 cm x 21.7 cm), dense and dark. But nonetheless I found them shocking for what was absent as much as for what was present, and their size made me question the size of *Toxic Clouds* (2013) (*figs.1-4*).

I had selected the most abstract of the photographed clouds from the screened footage, and printed them 84 cm x 119 cm in size. The computer screen as the source, remaining evident in the ordered and balanced fine-lined grid faintly visible upon the surface of the smoke, which at times look like storm clouds on a rainy day. They are fragments of the past that, like Broomberg and Chanarin's images from *The Day Nobody Died* (2008), do not document the real world, even though *Toxic Clouds* stem from actual footage, rather they offer a sensation of the past, a notion of affect that requires a reframing of the photographic process. Any evidence that the *Toxic Clouds* impart of 9/11 is minimal and not my main objective in making the work. Rather, this part of my research was the first tentative traces of the traumatic field, a representation of my autoethnographic process to unravel a traumatic memory.

Thomas Ruff's *Jpeg* series (2004-2007) is another example of expanding the boundaries of the intention of the photographic image, in which he explores how much visual information is needed for image recognition. The image I am particularly interested in is *jpeg ny01* (2004) *(fig. 7),* which depicts the burning towers on September 11th, 2001, from a view above the Empire State Building. The original photograph was by Patrick Sison, from *The Associated Press* (2001). Ruff downloaded the low-resolution image from the internet, re-scaled and then recompressed the image before printing it up to 254 cm x 188 cm for exhibition. This increase in size created a hazy patchwork of grids and soft focused edges that upon close inspection disguises the original subject matter. The work calls to attention the manipulations that made the print possible exploring the levels to

which technology colours the viewer's perceptions.[9] The grid that surfaces through the transformation creates distance, a fog through which the event appears unreachable. Ruff describes the work in an interview with Joerg Colberg:

> Everything began with 9/11, the attack on the World Trade Center. That week […] I was in New York […]. I took many photos. When I got the negatives back from the lab in Germany, they were all blank. […] I finally downloaded a lot of images from the web. […] That was when I began to experiment with the 'jpeg' images […] The 9/11 images were iconic, but of terribly low resolution. With the […] jpeg structure and the results from work with image structures I managed to modify the terribly poorly resolved but still visually aesthetical images my way. 'Terribly beautiful' images they were. (2009)

For me, like Broomberg and Chanarin's *The Day Nobody Died*, *jpeg ny01* reframes not only the notion of photography but also the traumatic space and how the viewer reads the information. It confuses the looking, creates a place of uncertainty, and raises some of the same questions I am researching here about the relationship between imagery, trauma, and aesthetics. As an appropriated image, it casts doubt about its 'making' and questions the authenticity of the original source. The closer one looks, the less recognisable the imagery becomes. A decoding, or an unravelling of the process is necessary to locate the shock, the trauma of the event and fully comprehend the image. I believe Ruff's process calls to the tenuous state of mediating traumatic memory. In his steps of image retrieval, rescaling and printing he reorders the past and navigates a pathway through the overwhelming deluge of imagery from 9/11. Gerhard Richter, does something similar in his painting *September* (2005), which I explore in Chapter 2 (121). In his essay to accompany the exhibition *Beautiful Suffering, Photography and the Traffic in Pain* (2006), Mark Reinhardt suggests that through *jpeg ny01*, Ruff aestheticizes the suffering of others in "that an occasion of extreme violence became the subject of a photograph that insists that one pay attention to its formal features" (26). But it is exactly for this reason that it invites a critical engagement of the media's exploration of suffering,

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[9] A philosophy that results from Werner Heisenberg's teachings on quantum mechanics where it is believed that a particle is only observable within a range of variables that are reached through means of microscopic analysis (Marion, 2006).

particularly the role the media played in the narrative of 9/11. As Reinhardt goes on to write:

> It is not as if a photograph of human suffering could simply be without aesthetic properties, thus avoiding the employment of a visual rhetoric or the generation of thought and feeling through the interaction between - for want of better terms - form and content. (27)

In *From Guilt to Shame* (2007, Ruth Leys, (citing Brett and Ostroff), relates traumatic images to internal psychic representations; "mental contents that possess sensory qualities" (p 95), which are not simple replicas of an external stimulus but complex amalgams of memory fragments, reconstructions, and fantasies. Ruff's *jpegs* of the burning *Twin Towers* seem to answer this. He deconstructs the imagery, shifts their meaning, and creates a different outcome. Photographs of tragedy function to bring us close to the experience of suffering, but also have the power to anaesthetise us to the pain of suffering. In *The Cruel Radiance: Photography and Political Violence* (2010), Susie Linfield writes about photographs offering an immediate, viscerally emotional connection to the world. For her, photographs –

> illuminate the unbridgeable chasm that separates ordinary life from extraordinary experiences… In this sense, photographs teach us about our failure — our necessary failure — to comprehend the human. (xv)

In her reasoning, we do not turn to photographs to understand the cruel motives for genocide or the dilemma of global capitalism, we look to photographs for other things – "for a glimpse of what cruelty, or strangeness, or beauty, or agony, or love… looks like" (xv). In *Regarding The Pain of Others* (2003), Sontag writes:

> Transforming is what art does, but photography that bears witness to the calamitous and the reprehensible is much criticized if it seems "aesthetic"; that is, too much like art. The dual powers of photography—to generate documents and to create works of visual art—have produced some remarkable exaggerations about what photographers ought or ought not to do. (2003: 68)

Toxic Clouds were a gateway into a memory of a traumatic event, that could be said to be shrouded in ghostly clouds of smoke, that I, the artist, had to step into and traverse to convey to an audience something of the *affect* of remembering the experience. Stepping away from the notion of "temporal equilibrium," (Barthes, 1977: 44) I was

seeking to convey the *punctum*. As Barthes writes: "A photograph's punctum is that accident which pricks me (but also bruises me, is poignant to me)." "It is what I add to the photograph and what is nonetheless already there." It is the odd contradiction, the floating flash that acute yet muffled cries out in silence. (Barthes, 1981:27/53).

My decision to photograph 9/11 with a macro lens directly from the computer screen, rather than return to the photographs that I took on the actual day of the attack, was an exploration of the rupture in the temporality of remembering a traumatic event. Looking through a macro lens, the starting point is a fragment that is no longer visually recognisable in comparison to Ruff's process: downloading the image in its entirety and then enlarging, which distorts from a place of knowing. Through my action, I am closing the space, seizing, holding and containing the memory of the past before its enlargement. With this process, passing the image through its many processes, I am also exploiting the concept that trauma is a disorder of memory and time.

Benjamin writes: "To articulate the past historically does not mean to recognise it 'the way it really was' (Ranke). It means to seize hold of a memory as it flashes up at a moment of danger" (1999: 255). Such a rupture, carries within it a vision of the future, which has the potential to transport the viewer beyond their immediate time and place. My intention was to seize such a moment of danger through photographic representation, inscribe the event outside of time and hold it in disbelief. *Toxic Clouds* halts the process of the traumatic event. It freezes the moving imagery, which unlike the photographing of a real-life event, (where the photographer does not yet know the future or outcome of the photographic scene s/he has just captured), I know the outcome, and so does the viewer once s/he is alerted to the source of the clouds as originating from 9/11. My action shifts the reading of the imagery, and functions as an instigator for reflection and remembrance as well as vehicle to navigate a pathway back to the past.

This happens through a complex interplay of temporality or what Freud termed *Nachträglichkeit* (1895), which I address in greater detail in Chapter 2 of this thesis.

The photographs offer up a constantly changing discourse with the past, they hold the past in deferment, thereby postponing the outcome of the event, i.e. the falling of the towers, and contain the moment and therefore the potentiality of what is yet to come. The deferment creates the opportunity for a shifting relationship with the past; in effect, I am slowing things down long enough for the past to catch up. The photographs become a testament to a suspended reality, a symbolic act of halting the process of trauma. Capturing this moment in time is both meaningless, (in that I am not depicting the drama of the event) and meaningful, whichever way the viewer chooses to perceive the imagery.

In *Photography and September 11ᵗʰ Spectacle, Memory, Trauma* (2015), Jennifer Good quotes Virilio's use of the term *"Chronoscopic time,"* to describe a violent process of intense compression in which narrative time or temporal sequencing implodes, and "all that is left is an obsession fixation with the real-time instant: the exposure" (2015: 9). This is a particularly useful way to develop the structural links between trauma and photography, specifically in the photographs I present here. In *Open Sky* (2008), Virilio connects the camera to chronoscopic time through recognising the camera's ability to stop time. He writes that 'teletechnologies' are:

> killing 'present' time by isolating it from its here and now, in favour of commutative elsewhere that no longer has anything to do with our 'concrete presence' in the world, but is the elsewhere of a 'discreet telepresence' that remains a complete mystery. (2008: 10-11)

The 'chronoscopic': (underexposed, exposed, overexposed) (15), is the dark invisible world of censorship, or contradictorily the flooding, over-indulging saturation of news that eventually numbs through overexposure, and desensitises the viewer to the pain of others. Sontag argued that "while an event known through photographs certainly becomes more real than it would have been had one never seen the photographs, after

repeated exposure it also becomes less real" (2002: 94). This is the disconnect, or the *missing* of the Lacanian *Real*, that defines trauma, the cut-out consciousness, or the concept of the absent or dissociated self, the latter of which I explore later in this chapter.

Digitally photographed time (as opposed to analogue) complicates the flow of the temporal and therefore the concept of the *real* even further, for the 'stopping' of time, readily available just moments after pressing the shutter reinserts the digital photograph back into the event almost immediately. With no need to wait for the photographed situation or the experience to emerge from the shadows of the darkroom, it is immediately present as a reference. This was a peculiarity of the unfolding events of 9/11. Almost simultaneously the terrorist attack was filmed, photographed and reinserted back into the events of the day to be viewed around the world.

This *interruption* of time so close to the actual unfolding sequence of the event broke open the temporal surface to such a degree that we weren't sure whether we were witnessing the event, or the documentation of the event. Consequently, it could be argued that both the event and the photographing of it erupted time to such an extent that we have not yet caught up. This is the purpose of the photographs presented here: to re-engage the viewer to that collapsed moment, and thereby reintroduce the past. By reducing the spectacle of the event to the detail of a macro lens, and approaching the past, now twice removed *(i.e. the imagery of the actual event: stage 1, re-photographed: stage 2),* the intention is to navigate a pathway back, to re-frame, critically and *affectively,* the shock without the recoil or retraction that insinuates itself into our bodies and our psyches when we experience terror. The past is not silent. The words, images, and impulses that fragment following a traumatic event re-emerge to form a secret language of suffering that we carry within us, for nothing is really lost. The pieces, temporally out of sync, have been rerouted to compensate for the rupture.

1:4 - Installation at Karst Gallery

To understand and explore the resistance of remembering and thus the conflict in the making of work that comes from this resistance, there exists the tension between the wanting to remember, and either the inability or unwillingness to do so, and finding ways to trick the memory into giving up the information, memory's traces. For me, *Toxic Clouds* were always going to fall short of representing the event (9/11). They were, in effect, a seductive means to begin to unravel the trauma of the past, a form of 'reaction formation'[10] a phrase used by Huyssen, in response to the acceleration and proliferation of the representation of memory in the 21st Century to adopt the opposite and slow down information processing. He writes:

> Our obsession with memory functions as a reaction formation against the accelerating technical processes that are transforming our Lebenswelt (lifeworld) in quite distinct ways. [Memory] represents the attempt to slow down information processing, to resist the dissolution of time in the synchronicity of the archive, to recover a mode of contemplation outside the universe of simulation, and fast-speed information and cable networks, to claim some anchoring space in a world of puzzling and often threatening heterogeneity, non-synchronicity, and information overload. (1995: 7)

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[10] Psychoanalytically, 'reaction formation' is interesting for it references neurotic defence mechanisms, in which emotions, impulses and affects are so overwhelming, so traumatic that they become intolerable. As such, a person goes beyond denial and behaves in the opposite way to which he or she thinks or feels. By using the reaction formation Freud's id is satisfied whilst protecting the ego from one's true motives. Conscious feelings are the opposite of the unconscious. Love verses hate, shame verses disgust, or moralising as a reaction formation against aspects of our sexuality. As written by Laplanche and Pontalis:

> In economic* terms, reaction-formation is the counter cathexis* of a conscious element; equal in strength to the unconscious cathexis, it works in the contrary direction. (1946/1973:151/336)

Laplanche also noted that defence mechanism of reaction-formation can remain even when the perceived danger has abated:

> A reaction-formation constitutes a permanent counter cathexis: 'The person who has built up reaction-formations does not develop certain defence mechanisms for use when an instinctual danger threatens; he has changed his personality structure as if this danger were continually present, so that he may be ready whenever the danger occurs. (1946/1973: 151/336)

In *What Do Pictures Want?* (2005), Mitchell posits that:

> We need to reckon with not just the meaning of images but their silence, their reticence, their wildness and nonsensical obduracy. We need to account for not just the power of images but their powerlessness, their impotence, their abjection. (2005: 10)

Revisiting the past through the photographic medium was both a natural and an obvious choice. All those years ago, for those of us trapped inside the event, words seemed inadequate and photographs served the purpose of making the disaster real, anchoring it.

> Something becomes real to those who are elsewhere, following it as 'news' by being photographed. But a catastrophe that is experienced will often seem eerily like its representation. (Sontag, 2003:19).

Photographs here were the evidence of the tragedy taking place around me, as well as a way back into the traumatic space. As Luckhurst writes: "a piercing breach of a border that puts inside and outside into a strange communication' which 'opens passageways between systems that were once discrete" (2008: 3). At this early stage of the research I felt that without an accompanying narrative to presence these new images, they would remain cut out of time and unassimilable, they also lacked the conflict and tension that I associated with the remembering. Going back to the journal was a logical process a return to the scene through the words written at that time.

The photographic images of Broomberg and Chanarin's artwork, *The Day Nobody Died* (2008), were accompanied by a video that functioned to further reframe the role of imagery to depict trauma and violence. The video, 23 minutes in length, tracked the journey of the photographic roll of paper used in the photograms, from London to Helmand Province and back again. It is a clumsy and fragmented video, with the cameraman never more than a fixed distance of a metre away from the box. As their project evolved the artists came to think of this act of transporting a box of paper to Afghanistan as a performance. "The British Army, who helped us transport it, who loaded it into trucks, onto planes, onto helicopters and armoured vehicles, became unwitting

actors in this event" (Broomberg and Chanarin, 2008). What I found interesting about the video was the sound: the clank and heavy hum of machinery, the noisy planes, armoured vehicles, all of which registered the violence of war, an interesting discussion I pick up in Chapter 2 about the artwork, *Falling*, (136).

My first installation:[11] *Memory that I am, yet that I also wait for…* (2012-2013), was layered with sound and film and exhibited in 2013 in two separate locations. It included abstract digital film footage from September 11th, 2001, a woman's voice (my own) reading from the journal written at that time and a low bass drone of the wind from the top of the *Twin Towers* recorded in 1973 and layered over a held breath, (my held breath). For the visual component of the installation, I revisited *YouTube*, seeking out the original footage shot by the many witnesses to the event, on the day of September 11th, 2001. As earlier, 'collecting' the visual imagery required a constant return to the site of trauma on multiple levels: inside my body and memory and externally as the traumatic memory moved out of my body into and onto the screen. Navigating the remembering was an active physiological endeavour, emotionally monitoring the excitation and emotional responses when watching the footage provided insight into the subjective negotiation of the traumatic memory. Throughout this aspect of the research, flashbacks returned through dreams and intense moments of olfactory recall. As I witnessed how the past was surfacing through my system, my body functioned as a somatic bridge between the traumatic event and the present. "This uncertain, unbounded outward movement of trauma from its original wound" (Luckhurst, 2008: 4), was very apparent on the anniversary of September 11, my skin reddened and became inflamed across my arms, my face, my neck, mimicking the blisters from the acerbic and toxic wind in the days after 9/11. Dreams constantly brought me back to the event:

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[11] The title of this work is from Maurice Blanchot's 'The Last Man', (1987) Translated by Lydia Davis. *(See figs. 8-10)*

***18 June 2013:** I was on the top floor of Plymouth University with a colleague discussing 9/11, she asked me how well I remembered it and where was I when it happened. I looked out of the window as a tall building exploded and burst into flames, before crumbling and falling before my eyes. I looked back at my colleague: 'does everyone you teach know about 9/11,' I asked, 'I mean your students were kids back then, do they understand the impact that 9/11 has had on the world?' She said yes. I looked back through the window before asking her, 'do you not see that?' 'See what? She replied. 'I think I'm having a flashback' I said, 'a PTSD flashback.' She stood up and patted me on the back and walked away as I gripped the table, knuckles white and watched as if on a TV screen the whole of 9/11 happened all over again. An MA tutor came in behind me and reached for the camera by my side. I looked up at him, he apologised, 'I'm sorry, I thought you were asleep, I just wanted to see what the zoom feature was like on that camera.' I woke up.*

Controlling the speed of the digital footage provided some measure of containment as did the freeze framing of the footage on the computer screen or turning off the sound to keep the flooding, of the past, at bay. "Trauma also appears to be worryingly transmissible," Luckhurst writes: "it leaks between mental and physical symptoms, between patients (as in the 'contagions' of hysteria or shell shock), between patients and doctors via the mysterious transference or suggestion" (2008: 3). Tracing the pathway of trauma backwards through these levels of excitation challenged the protective shield that Freud writes about:

> Such external excitations are strong enough to break through the barrier against stimuli we call traumatic. In my opinion the concept of trauma involves such a relationship to an otherwise efficacious barrier. An occurrence such as an external trauma will undoubtedly provoke a very extensive disturbance in the workings of the energy of the organism, and will set in motion every kind of protective measure. (1920: 22)

Still pre-occupied with the periphery of the event, and therefore the edge of my memory, I returned to the hours of footage of the tower's burning clouds of smoke, seduced by the abstraction of colours from the many digital cameras used at that time, which coincided with the distortion of remembering that arises from the passage of time. I was aware of my desire to aestheticize or formalise the trauma, which I linked to the overwhelming need to avoid aspects of the remembering and reframe the past away

from a place of suffering. Once again, using a macro lens, I focused on the moving texture of the clouds, utilising the grid of the computer screen as a holding space, a level or horizon that one seeks out when feeling queasy. Freeze-framing the footage created a welcome distance from what was happening on the screen and held the events in suspension thereby delaying the full remembering. After hours of watching and re-watching footage I selected three sections of clouds and explored the slowing down of the speed of the footage, the first was from just after the explosion of the first plane hitting the *North Tower*, the second from the explosion of the second tower, and the final piece was of the collapse of the Towers, which was eventually exhibited as part of the installation.

The two sites of exhibition were the Karst Gallery Space *(Space 1)* in Plymouth (August 2013), and Plymouth Arts Centre *(Space 2)* (November 2013). The scale and nature of both places were very different. This added the unexpected notion of space to the artwork, shifting meaning and contextualisation of the installation and bringing into focus trauma as something present in the space or the field, which I return to later in this chapter, (91). *Space 1* was a large white sun filled space of approximately 3000 square feet – (279 sq. metres) with skylights and pillars. *Space 2* in contradiction a small, carpeted, almost domestic interior at the top of an old building. Both sites presented challenges for installation acoustically and visually, as did the transfer of the moving imagery from computer to DVD in which the imagery 'broke apart' and pixelated. The frustration of constantly returning to the corrupt file in *Premiere Pro,* exporting it numerously in various versions and burning DVDs repeatedly, became symbolic of an attempt to resolve the memory, which in this instance focused on fixing or making 'right' the footage. It drew upon my desire to take control and master the situation or as Caruth writes in *Unclaimed Experience* (1995):

> the attempt to overcome that fact that it [the trauma] was *not* direct, to master what was never fully grasped in the first place. For not having truly known the

threat of death in the past, the survivor is forced continually, to confront it over and over. (62, *bracketed words mine.*)

Finally, the choice was made to incorporate the *mistake* into both exhibitions by presenting the moving imagery on an older screen in *Space 1*, which distorted the DVD glitches into oblong shapes and in *Space 2* to project the imagery onto the white wall of the building.

In *Space 1* the DVD screen, positioned in an unlit alcove facing the main space entrance, was accompanied by two *Genelec* speakers installed on the floor just inside the doorway into the main gallery, a third *Genelec* speaker was positioned in the far corner of the gallery space on a stand placed intentionally just below human height to encourage the audience to lean down to the speaker, and into the narrated voice, to create the potential for a more intimate relationship with the narration. In *Space 2* the footage floated on the wall of the space through projection, the projector an extra object within the room, which blocked the direct view of the audience and emitted a constant low humming noise. Two *Genelec* speakers were positioned diagonally opposite each other, and four-smaller Gale speakers placed around the edges of the room.

The multi-layered sound component of the artwork, installed in both spaces, was the second recording of my voice for the first was too raw and emotional to use; composure became an essential part of the re-telling of the traumatic memoir to create a measured space between the words, the remembering and the sharing of the memory. The *drone*, made up of the WTC wind was *stretched* beyond recognisability and maintained the resonance of the towers. The held inhale, was an anxious breath, that through its rendering into sound and externalised from the body *moved* freely with the wind through the column laden space of *Space 1* and contradictorily seemed heavy and soporific in the dark interior of *Space 2*.

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The different layers of the sound installation (length: 25-minutes) were originally created in synchronicity, and like the visuals were to loop continuously, but when played on two separate operating systems the sound slipped. This misalignment became an important feature and the slippage set a precedent for an on-going notion of imbalance. Places where I would expect the drone to rise or the voice to meet the drone did not happen, the outcome created an insecurity within the space, adding to the audience's experience. The layering of the projected imagery onto the sound, and the misalignment of the voice and the drone, re-enforced the concept of slippages of memory, breaks in the temporality of remembering which disrupted the continuity and account of the story. Thus, highlighting the struggle of remembering and over time created more and more discord. The sound sculpturally dissected the space and questioned the body's relationship or orientation within the space, its presence and its absence setting up a complex interaction between the work and the audience, and marked the beginning of describing the dissociative space.

In *Space 1*, I left open the one set of doors into the large and expansive room. The installation was stripped back and minimal, black speakers against bright white walls and sunshine that poured in through the skylights. I played around with the volume of the drone, feeling the heavy bass move through my body, the effect over time was disorientating as it bounced off the walls and echoed throughout the emptiness of the space. I experimented with the voice levels, lowering it to such a degree that the voice was barely audible so the audience was forced to lean in close to the speaker. Throughout the day, the sun moved across the space, as bright as on the day the towers fell, a brightness that challenged and contradicted the deep and sonorous sounds, and the shadow of trauma.

Just outside of the main exhibiting space at Karst, beyond the open doorway, there was a point where all the components of the exhibition merged, a place where the words from the voice (my voice) vibrated in the distance and echoed off the walls, the bass of drone rumbled under my feet and the moving imagery was clearly seen. The voice seemed to be carried by the drone, and at times carved out a passage through the reverberation. The voice that recounted this past trauma existed temporarily as the externalisation of a memory, through which the experience of trauma became almost manageable. The doors were a symbolic gesture of containment, to be opened or closed. The weightiness of the sound of the *drone* seemed to anchor the space, creating a sense of balance whilst the audience waded through it towards the voice. A voice that was once mine, but now outside of me was just a woman's voice, any woman's voice. Its otherness, its separateness providing distance and therefore comfort. The organisation of the installation into three separate components mirrored the fragmented or disorganised self in response to the traumatic event, where disparate remembering returns in bits and pieces, at times colliding, creating friction. The voice in its dislocated and disembodied state seemed to move through the space. For me, the reduction of the memory into three components, floating in the vastness of the Karst Gallery space, created an escape from the chaos, from the infringement of others, from a mind full of clutter and the noise of the past. It also highlighted the echoing notion of separateness, and reinforced the disconnect of a body in trauma, framing the dissociative space outside of the self. Positioned on the periphery of the exhibition and looking in to the brightness of the space from the dark entrance, I realised there now existed an external part of me through my voice, a state that Steven Connor describes as the *'vocalic body,' the* "convivial deathliness of the half-lives emitted and reanimated by recording technology," which evoked a kind of quasi-corporeality (2011/2012: 5).

> Indeed, the separation of the voice from its source has often been represented as a wounding, or severance. Voices do not merely drift apart from their origins, it is suggested, nor are they inadvertently lost: they are ripped or wrested. A voice without a body suggests some prior act of mutilation: for every unbodied voice, it

seems, there is always some more-or-less violently muted body. (Connor, 2012: 1)

I experienced the hearing of my voice, as a part of me that had been disembodied but still retained life and affect. It left me feeling full and empty at the same time, separated and lost, and yet relieved, an odd sensation of simultaneously occupying the past and the present without having to remember. I was listening to my past being narrated but disconnected from what I regard as myself. It is me or was me. As Connor writes: a way of "being me in my going out from myself" (2000: 4). **"My voice defines me because it draws me into coincidence with myself, accomplishes me in a way which goes beyond mere belonging, association, or instrumental use"** (Connor, 2000: 7). So, upon hearing my voice fed back to me, recounting such a traumatic time, I felt divided, seeking substance amidst the echoes of my former selves. I was aware of all that had left me whilst simultaneously occupying my body, a body that was immersed in the sounds of the nearby church bells and the gulls, the noise of passing car tyres on the road. It was as if I was experiencing an embodied-disembodiment.

1:5 - A Discussion of Dissociation

Experiencing such an embodied-disembodied position led me to an exploration of the complexities of dissociation. Connor writes of dissociated voices that seem to "summon in their wake the phantasm of some originating body, effect convening cause" (2012). In *Archive Fever: A Freudian Impression* (1995), Derrida points to something hidden, Freud's surfacing death drive, or "instinct of destruction" (1995: 13-14) that functions in silence, resisting containment, destroying in advance the notion of an archive. *It* seems to sit outside of a frame of reference, inhabiting, if indeed *it* exists anywhere locative, the dissociated space. Yet, it seems contradictory to describe or write about the dissociative space, for Freud's elusive death drive avoids capture, existing only in the cruel and taunting simulacrum of itself. "It leaves no monument; it bequeaths no document of its own" (14). I imagine the death drive leaving a trace of the past, one that mocks and

haunts the body, a constant reminder of absence and presence, in that absence cannot be felt without presence.

It is this notion of absence that intrigues me, and pushes my research onwards. For example, within the absence is it possible for fragmented sounds or visuals to exist? And can such fragments of reality evoke what can only be described as the nothingness or the emptiness of dissociation: that which is no longer or was never there to begin with? In *Beyond The Pleasure Principle* (1920), Freud writes:

> *[consciousness]* must lie at the border between the external and internal; it must face out towards the external world, and simultaneously embrace the other psychic systems. (172-173, *italics mine*).

He was attempting to locate consciousness in relation to memory, where "consciousness comes into being at the site of a memory trace" (173), a fleeting fragment of recognising something that was once *known* but never fully experienced. Freud believed that: "becoming conscious and leaving behind a memory trace are processes incompatible with each other" (173). Rather, memory traces are often most powerful and most enduring "when the process that brought them into being never entered consciousness at all" (172), as in *memoire involontaire*. Freud was attempting to describe the relationship between consciousness and dissociation by drawing from Breuer's distinction between "*quiescent (i.e. already annexed*) and *free-moving* cathectic energy within the elements of psychic systems" (Freud, 1940: 65). (*Quiescent* as in *frozen* which is entirely different from the repressed energy of memories that we do not want to remember or that we block from remembering). So how do I unveil and reveal that which lies outside of consciousness or exists unknowingly within consciousness yet has no form, or no memory? In Freud's words, "consciousness… arises in place of a memory trace" (173).

The differences between repression and dissociation are a recurrent theme throughout my thesis. For Derrida repression was:

> Repression, not forgetting; repression, not exclusion. Repression, as Freud says, neither repels, nor flees, nor excludes an exterior force; it contains an interior representation laying out within itself a space of repression. (1978: 247)

Psychoanalytically, dissociation is a much more primitive form of defence than repression. To repress a memory, we must have first processed feelings in and around the memory to register the need for its suppression. Dissociation on the other hand precedes repression.

> Dynamic repression… an intra-psychic, internal world, whereas dissociation is often used to describe a more primitive form of splitting… Repression is seen as developmentally more advanced and linked to the Oedipal Complex because it signifies the ability of the client to experience internal psychic conflict . In dissociation, there is no storage of the unwanted material and no conflict, it is simply projected and split off. (Campbell, 2006: 60)

Freud first hypothesised about repression through an investigation of amnesia in his patients. He later differentiated between 'primal repression' and 'secondary repression'. Primary: the 'mythical' forgetting that was never initially conscious. Secondary: an idea once conscious that is expelled from consciousness. Repression does not destroy or erase memories, it confines them to a place of waiting, to return in dreams, fantasies, unconscious behaviours and physical ailments.

This is where the complexity arises: for the external events that innervate internal excitations can both be repressed and lead to dissociation. In *Inhibitions, Symptoms, and Anxiety* (1926), Freud notes:

> in the experiences which lead to traumatic neurosis the protective shield against external stimuli is broken through and excessive amounts of excitation impinge upon the mental apparatus; so that we have here a second possibility – that anxiety is not only being signalled as an affect but is also freshly created out of the economic conditions of the situation. (130)

It should also be stated here, that the repressing and therefore that which is repressed is dynamic, a force that both obstructs and pushes against the obstruction. For Freud, the undischarged affect associated with repressed memories of traumatic events gives

rise to *ideas* in the unconscious (1940), the goal is to bring the ideas to consciousness for abreaction. Freud clarified in his paper, *Repression* (1915), what is repressed is not the 'affect' (which can only be displaced or transformed) but the 'ideational representative' of the drive, i.e. the memory trace. Yet, earlier he writes that: "Everything that is repressed is unconscious; but we cannot assert that everything unconscious is repressed" (1907: 48). Hence the dilemma!

Dissociation is perceived as a shut off, or shut down mechanism to prevent overwhelm, or overstimulation; a disengagement from the surrounding stimuli of the external world. Ruth Leys, drawing from the work of Abram Kardiner, an American Psychoanalyst and Sandro Ferenczi, a contemporary of Freud's, writes: "For both authors in this mode, trauma thus involved a fundamental fragmentation, dissociation, or splitting of the ego, a mode of defence more primordial than repression" (Leys, 2000: 147). In *History Beyond Trauma*, Davoine and Gaudilliere, write of a dissociate truth, a "cut out consciousness" (2004: 47), which is distinct from the repressed, where the history of the trauma has been reduced to a state of 'nothingness.' Dissociation exists: "Because signifying speech was lacking, nothing could be inscribed, on this point, in the unconscious" (2004: 47). It would seem what is at stake here is the coming into being, the entry into existence, the arrival of a history that has been reduced to nothing but exists somewhere in the psyche, or the collective field. The essence of which Laub articulates in an interview with Caruth:

> The death drive is against knowing and against the developing of knowledge and elaborating, of capturing those free associations that are finally spelled out. And now they're lost again, and they're drawn into oblivion. (2013: 60)

In Winnicott's short paper *Fear of Breakdown* (1974), he states that:

> the unconscious here is not exactly the repressed unconscious of psychoneurosis, nor is it the unconscious of Freud's formulation of the part of the psyche that is very close to neurophysiological functioning…. In this special context the unconscious means that the ego integration is not able to encompass something. The ego is too immature to gather all the phenomena into the area of personal omnipotence. (177)

In other words, the traumatised must go on looking for the past detail that has not yet been experienced, a fragment of the past that has not yet happened, to bring it into being. For Freud, it is not the trauma or the event that must be *(re)*-experienced so much as the affect, the detail, the feeling that could not be tolerated at the time and was therefore not *lived*. "Recollection without affect almost invariably produces no results" (Freud and Breuer, 1893: 2).

In an essay written just after the start of World War I, Freud used the term 'plasticity' *(Plastizitat)*, to describe the enduring nature of one's psyche, particularly the imperishable 'primitive' state of the psyche where there remains the potential of a return of the behaviour of the primitive man and/or the child, towards destruction and/or regression.

> This extraordinary plasticity of mental developments is not unrestricted as regards direction; it may be described as a special capacity for involution - for regression - since it may well happen that a later and higher stage of development, once abandoned, cannot be reached again. But the primitive stages can always be re-established; the primitive mind is, in the fullest meaning of the word, imperishable. (1915)

Malabou asks us to consider 'destructive plasticity' as a modification to the Freudian paradigm of plasticity: "the relationship between destruction and the indestructible" (2012: 63), to an understanding that includes the pathological modification of cerebral connections, which "efface the previous form" (63). It is a place of irreversible damage that transforms the individual into another wholly different being, a state that Freud doesn't allow for or could not allow for at that time of understanding the science of consciousness, for he believed that there was something indestructible in the psyche.

More problematic here is the idea that this new transformation is in fact so closely related to the primitive ego that Freud believed existed in us all, and that lesions, damage, accident, trauma, illness lead us back to that primal state to survive. What I understand Malabou to be suggesting is that in this metamorphosis into *another,* the potential of a return to a 'former' state is removed, whilst Freud believed there was always an

unconscious at work and therefore the possibility of return. Destructive plasticity is the suffering caused by the lack of suffering. "Pain that manifests as an indifference to pain, impassivity, forgetting, the loss of symbolic reference points" (Malabou, 2012: 18). Where pain should be felt, there is absence, absence of feeling, of affect.

> Existing, in these cases - but, in the end, isn't it always the case? - amounts to experiencing a lack of exteriority, which is as much an absence of interiority, hence the impossible flight, the on the spot transformation. Consequently, the modification is all the more radical and violent; it fragments all the more readily. (Malabou, 2012: 14)

1:6 Installation at Plymouth Arts Centre

Malabou asks:

> How can we imagine this beyond the limits of transformation except as the work of destructive plasticity, which sculpts by annihilating precisely at the point where the repertory of viable forms has reached exhaustion and had nothing else to propose? (2012: 54)

It is a question that ties in with the notion of dissociative space as a place of nothingness, where the self breaks down so much that there is no-thing left to take its place. Which brings me to the second space of installation: *Space 2* - Plymouth Arts Centre, where the research began to delve deeper into aspects of the death instinct, the concept of an absence of the self and the conflict between *living* and *aliveness*, and the transference of trauma from site to site, with all its repercussions. This began within the space itself, and the chaos and problems of installing the work. It was as if the space was haunted, a feeling intensified by the coldness of the space and the wind rattling the windows, despite me taping them closed. Added to this, was the effort involved in installing the work in which was as demanding as the space itself and involved travelling numerous times back and forth between Plymouth University and Plymouth Arts Centre (0.6 miles apart) and running up and down four flights of stairs in search of the right fittings for the speakers. I had lived on the fifth floor of a tenement building in New York, climbing the stairs to install the work was a physical reminder of that time, and deepened my association with this event in the past. An association that came alive, somatically, in the exertion and the

build-up of frenetic energy and anxiety that resembled the heightened states of anxiety, on the day of and days after the event. I was as much part of the installation as the work itself, where the process of installing became a gesture to the physicality of this past trauma, a measurement of the storage of the event in my body. As such my exertion marked a pathway through the field of trauma, and its transportation, and therefore transformation from site to site.

Experiencing the installation in *Space 2,* even though it contained all the same components, was so different from the earlier installation in Karst Gallery that it was like walking into a completely new exhibition. To begin with, the door closed behind you, shutting the audience into the unheated dark and carpeted space. The size of the space (8m x 6m) was comparable to the size of the room in New York where I first watched the news of September 11, 2001. The darkness was broken by the projected footage that flickered on the wall with an impermanence that was fitting for the scene it depicted. The scale was disturbing, in that this huge event was now contained in a small square of projected footage far removed from New York; thereby questioning the nature of the transference of trauma from city to city and what form should it take?

In addition, the room smelled of my perspiration from the repeated running up and down the stairs with the speakers, sound equipment and the projector. It was as if my sweat, and accompanying tears, had somehow become embedded into the piece of work and the room. Intrigued by this very concept Theresa Brennan writes:

> rank with the smell of anxiety, I breathe this in. Something is taken in that was not present, at the very least not consciously present, before. But no matter how thoroughly my system responds to the presence of this new affect, it is the case that something is added. Whether this in itself makes me afraid, or whether I respond to fear by producing it within myself after I have smelled it around me. (2002: 68)

As in the early stages of research, the past was re-triggered in my system through the olfactory sense. I was leaking the tears and sweat of frustration of wanting to

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communicate this part of my memory clearly and precisely but feeling as if in some way the work was falling short of my intention, that the struggle to contain the chaos of this installation would prove too much, in effect symptomatic of the chaos of the past trauma. Through my bodily response to the physicality of installing this work I was being reminded of the toxic smell of the burning smoky clouds of September 11, 2001, and the foul acerbic dust and smoke that I breathed in on the days and weeks thereafter. But, interestingly, what I was newly aware of, through this olfactory transmission of the *affect* of trauma, was my immediate physical presence in the present. The scent of past trauma leaking from my body uncannily anchored me into each moment of exertion as I carried and placed the mechanisms in the room that would eventually transmit the memory of my relationship to this traumatic event to an audience.[12]

This attribution of sensation, from which an understanding of spatial extension is developed, creates the perception of my body in the exterior, a bridge from the past to the present through which the *affects* of the traumatic event are transposed. Here, the *extensity* of the affect also poses the potential for absence, through a recognition of the lost self, a return, in Lacanian terms, to the absence of the *real.* Absence, was very much part of the emotional and physical landscape of the terrorist attacks of 9/11. The lack of bodily evidence, the victims of the attack incinerated by the intense heat of the flames, or decimated by the fall from or of the towers. The huge crater left by the scooping out and removal of the debris of the towers in the clean-up of *ground zero,* the continuing

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[12] Massumi describes this well, in an essay in Ontopower, (2015) he writes:

Integral to each self-proposing commanding form is an affective tonality, a singular quality of experience, also proposing itself for the present. This makes for the intensity of the here-and-now as it self extends into the specious present: its action-packing with futurity packs an over load of affective qualities. From the loaded interval infinitesimally fissuring into futurity, there issues a fusion. On cue, a commanding form is synchronistically enacted with its present fill of affective tonality. Doubling the intensity, there emerges extensity. This is the synchronistic extrusion of the specious present's taking place. (2015: 137)

concept of the loss of safety, and the gap in taking responsibility for the events that led up to 9/11. Caruth describes this notion of absence as latency, when she writes:

> The historical power of the trauma is not just that the experience is repeated after its forgetting, but that it is only in and through its inherent forgetting that its first experienced at all. And it is this inherent latency of the event that paradoxically explains the peculiar, temporal structure, the belatedness, of historical experience: since the traumatic event is not experienced as it occurs, it is fully evident only in connection with another place and in another time. (1995: 8)

This opens a valid discussion of the locative nature of a traumatic past, or the originating site of absence. The labelling of the site as *ground zero* further complicates the concept of absence, as Richard Stamelman, writes in *September 11: Between Memory and History* (2003:11-20):

> a specific event that occurred on September 11, 2001; but at that same time the contemporary event it designates is encircled by the aura of atrocity belonging to its avatar; it both calls upon and calls out for symbolic support to the ground zeros at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, as well as […] sites of American atomic and hydrogen bomb tests from 1946 to the end of the 1950s. "Ground Zero," therefore installs Hiroshima (and other nuclear sites) in the heart of Lower Manhattan. It adds to the void at the World Trade Center a series of powerful associations, images, memories and ideologies that over a sixty-six-year period have enveloped and crystallised around the image of an urban landscape of total emptiness. (13)

Trauma defies understanding and breaches our comprehension of normalcy, time stills, space opens, a rupture, where the body, (society or culture) moves into an uncertain future dramatically marked by the unknown. The resistance of trauma to being placed within a narrative leaves an open-ended and unresolved relationship with a past that is constantly in motion through its insistent and recurrent interjection into the present. Brennan connects the Freudian notion of traumatic repetition with affect to describe the potential for contagion:

> Trauma, very directly, is linked to the transmission of affect. Some of its victims testify with extraordinary acuity concerning the experience of something infiltrating their psyches as well as their bodies. (2004: 47)

She believes that when trauma is unhealed the victim is open to the same affects: "(and attracts them from a variety of sources); there is something in trauma that permits such affects a permanent entry" (48) – or in this instance a permanent state of absence. Here,

the implication of selectively remembering the past and consciously or subconsciously not choosing to trace the fragments or traumatic traces to restore the memory to its 'rightful place' creates an open-ended relationship with the traumatic event that Caruth describes as a bridge between disparate historical experiences, of which the repercussions of ignoring such connections are great, she writes:

> In a catastrophic age, that is, trauma itself may provide the very link between cultures: not as a simple understanding of the pasts of others but rather, within the traumas of contemporary history, as our ability to listen through the departures we have all taken from ourselves. (1995: 11)

The installation in *Space 2* prompted the research into the nature of absence through discomfort, from the coldness of the room, to being shut into the remembering and the persistent repetition of the voice and the drone. To explain further: the words from the journal were emitted through four small Gale speakers arranged on the floor around the edges of the room, which created an effect of drowning or being swallowed up by the words. The voice did not so much speak to an audience as ask the audience to bear witness. It was relentless and reminded me of what it was like to be in New York back then, of what it has felt like to hold the memory at bay for all these years, where the constant repetition of the past became a disturbing annoyance. Rather than contain or assuage the voiced words, the drone permeated the repetition and increased the unease. What was interesting, in sitting with so many uncomfortable feelings, which wasn't evident in the *Space 1*, was an awareness of something missing, something left unsaid, an unknown that rested under the words and between the layers of the voice and the drone. Unsure of the nature of what was missing I searched backwards through my past, to my own memories, my own recollection to locate yet more lost fragments. What I was beginning to negotiate was the absence, the loss of self, or a part of the 'self' that left because 'it' could not cope or manage the traumatic situation.

Malabou describes a separate person, an-*other* who arises out of the accident, the trauma, that is neither ghost nor a version of the self, but a wholly different self, a stranger to become acquainted with. This would suggest the impossibility of piecing together the fragments of the past into a coherent narrative or a coherent self.

> The body can die without being dead. There is a destructive mutation that is not the transformation of the body into a cadaver, but rather the transformation of the body into another body in the same body, due to an accident, a lesion, an injury or a catastrophe. (Malabou, 2012: 34)

She draws upon Spinoza to further explain: "On the other hand, death occurs when the parts have their own, autonomous movements, thereby disorganizing the life of the whole and breaking up its unity" (Malabou, 2012: 31).

This notion of absence as dissociation, or the fragmented self as a place of death, is interesting because it begins to navigate the traumatic unknown. Neurobiologist Allan Schore has written much about the neurobiological relationship between dissociation and death in that the stressed individual (in his instance the child) will "foster survival by the risky posture of feigning death" (2011: xvii). This is reflected in the Derridean notion of Freud's death drive.

> As the death drive is also, according to the most striking words of Freud himself, an aggression and a destruction *(Destruktion)* drive, it not only incites forgetfulness, amnesia, the annihilation of memory, as *mneme* or anamnesis, but also commands the radical effacement, in truth the eradication, of that which can never be reduced to *mneme or to anamnesis*. (Derrida, 1995: 14, *emphasis original.*)

Winnicott writes of "phenomenal death," (1974: 179), in relation to the fear of death, or the experiencing of the phenomenon of death, rather than death itself. Here I imply that the experiencing of what it is like to *feel* as if one is dying brings me closer to understanding this place of dissociation as an absence or negation of living. Freud believed we were immortal in our unconscious and therefore unable to fully comprehend death:

> It is indeed impossible to imagine our own death; and whenever we attempt to do so we can perceive that we are in fact still present as spectators. Hence the

psycho-analytic school could venture on the assertion that at bottom no one believes in his own death, or, to put the same thing in another way, that in the unconscious every one of us is convinced of his own immortality. (Freud, 1915)

Leys called it: "a "*death imprint,*" consisting of vivid memories and images of death and destruction that were associated with extreme fear and anxiety" (2007: 102) Whilst, Ferenczi writes in *Diary* (1932), about abandoning the self through fainting or mimicking death, he called it: "*Aufgeben des Geistes,*" or "giving up the ghost." Importantly someone who *gives up the ghost* is physically more likely to survive the threat of death, but inevitably as a result a part of them remains cut off from living, stuck in the cut-out place of survival, where the dead parts wait to be remembered, or have life breathed into them.

> *I have experienced PTS (post-traumatic stress), the background details of which are irrelevant. It was temporarily lived and slowly resolved itself with support over a matter of months. In those initial hours of trauma, I lost the capacity to make informed choices; functioning purely on adrenaline, with no option of freezing I went straight into fight and flight. My ability to decipher a cogent understanding of what was happening around me was severely impaired. I lived entirely in the somatic realm, sucked into a black hole the event horizon became my only focus. I did not experience a black out or amnesia of any kind, rather I could remember every detail of the transformation, during and after, I was clear, precise, and concise but there was no rational thought as such and no awareness of time. Through tunnel vision my goal was to flee the situation, I was under threat, I did not know who by or where the threat was coming from, but I cut through my surroundings and focused only on escape. My senses were acute, heightened, I could hear the tiniest and the biggest of sounds, could smell the faintest of scents in the wind as I ran bare foot over cobbles, thorns, stones it didn't matter, I did not feel pain, the aim was to get as far away from the scene and as quickly as possible, after which I hid in the bushes, manically scooped out the earth and crouched down into the hole like an animal, and waited.*

This experience itself was not challenging, I had very little control or ability to regulate the affect as it was happening, it was the aftermath.[13] I was ashamed of my complete

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[13] When the body kicks into traumatic response it activates mammalian defence action systems in which the brain's limbic system sets the HPA (Hypothalamic- pituitary- adrenal) axis in motion, releasing hormones to ready itself for defensive action. The hypothalamus activates the sympathetic branch (SNS) of the autonomic nervous system (ANS) provoking it into a state of heightened arousal. Epinephrine and norepinephrine are released, respiration and heart rate

disintegration, my lack of ability to organise my thoughts.[14] The events that triggered it

were an accumulation of stressors that flooded my system which finally gave way. There

were no flashbacks of past events, there was no abreaction, there was only survival. For

all intents and purpose, I am a relatively balanced, functioning human being, who has

lived through some stressful situations outside of the norm, nevertheless I was ill-

prepared for this experience, and once the affect had *left* my body I was intrigued by the

level at which the reptilian hemisphere of the brain had stepped into being, or taken over

my being. To explain further, Schore writes:

> It is now known that there are two parasympathetic vagal systems, a late
> developing 'mammalian' or 'smart' system in the nucleus ambiguous which allows
> for the ability to communicate via facial expressions, vocalisations, and gestures
> via contingent social interactions, and a more primitive early developing 'reptilian'
> or 'vegetative' system in the dorsal motor nucleus of the vagus that acts to
> shutdown metabolic activity during immobilisation, death feigning, and hiding
> behaviours [125,157]. (2002: 16)

After the trauma did I return to the person I was before that episode? The answer would

have to be no! My system took weeks to calm down, 1-week later I had walled myself

with my bedding into a closet in my house. I look back on that time as if it was not me

and in a way, it was not, not the me that has the intellectual capacity to reason, to

understand and negotiate. There was a rupture, a schism that opened and with it the

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quicken, the skin pales, the blood flows away from the surface to the muscles and the body
prepares for fight, flight, freeze or submission (collapse). The reptilian part of the brain speaks
to ensure survival of the species, conscious choice is no longer an option - behaviour and
movement become instinctual. All our defensive strategies are programmed into this primitive
and highly effective part of the brain and when faced with survival issues the higher processing
brain areas become less activated, our behaviour becomes regressive we hook into our
evolutionary heritage of dealing with threat. Our endocrine system, our nervous system, our
muscles reach back and pull on thousands of years of survival and drive the body into an
automated response. (Walker, 2013)

[14] The feeling of shame is threaded throughout this thesis. I have chosen not to focus on this
aspect of trauma, a theory unto itself it deserves a lot more space. Ruth Leys' book: *From Guilt
to Shame, Auschwitz and After* (2007), was useful in addressing the relationship between, guilt,
shame and trauma. If for example the traumatic experience, and remembering it, triggers the
affect, shame is the response to keep the affect from moving through the system, the trauma
body is the body in affective *in-betweenness*, whilst the shame body is something other in its
separateness. Kristeva writes about shame in *The Powers of Horror* (1982). "The shame of
compromise, of being in the middle of treachery. The fascinated start that leads me toward and
separates me from them" (2). I am interested in how shame moves close to and then retreats
from trauma, and where it might be located, in and out of the body. I plan to develop post PhD.

realisation of a part of myself that I had thought non-existent, an aspect of my person that came alive, which absented another part of me and transformed me into a being I did not recognise then and find difficult to recognise looking back. The awakening of that wholly separate self and the knowledge of its existence prevents a return to any former self.

> Plasticity thus refers to the possibility of being transformed without being destroyed; it characterizes the entire strategy of modification that seeks to avoid the threat of destruction. (Malabou, 2012: 44).

I do not immediately recognise the experience recounted above as one of dissociation or what I am attempting to describe here as dissociation, mainly because I remember the events with vivid clarity. I was without cognitive abilities, perhaps inhabiting what Massumi called the gap between affective and cognitive registering of the experience. Affect theorists and neuroscientists have long shared this notion of a space between the somatic response to a traumatic event and the appraisal of the affective situation. In *The Autonomy of the Affect* (1995), Massumi explored the concept of these two different systems, one a 'conscious automatic' system and the other an 'intensity system' that exists outside of normal physiological sequencing, beyond narration, and therefore incapable of integrating into normal functioning systems. I was in a place of re-lived accumulative somatic affect. A place of neurobiological and chemical interaction, a hormonal meeting of the past and the present, a physicality of existence that came into being from an event or series of events from the past. In the reliving of the events there were no flashbacks, no memories linking the experience to specificity, there was just the rawness of the trauma. As Massumi described, it was: "the embodied event of a life re-gathering in recoil. [This is] life self-enfolding in *affective* vitality" (2010: 4). But I do not perceive this place as dissociative, rather it was present, and I was in the moment, amidst a conflict between the interior and exterior in which I fully embodied the affective physicality of my system. I was living a disembodied-embodiment. Extensity is, by implication, an active force, or a place of activity. Perhaps dissociation is then a place of

total absence, non-existence, which would also imply a lack of memory, or the lack of the inscription of memory. Winnicott posited that out of non-existence comes existence (1974:182), and coming into existence is necessary to remember. 'Nothing' would seem to be the place, or *a place*, though a difficult place to access for: "Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again" (Shakespeare, 1603: 1: 1). Could dissociation be absence reduced, as in reduced to nothing? This place of dissociation, this place of nothing or nothingness, is devoid of affect, is it not? "Affects are older than reason, and all cognitive mechanisms, even the most sophisticated, need to be rooted in emotion to be able to function" (Malabou, 2013: 30).

The dissociate space is a void, though not one of total negation, for every negation requires an affirmative to push against it to create a 'no' or a non-affirmative. As Malabou asks: "Is there a way for life to say no to itself?" (2012: 73). Is there the potential for "*negative possibility*?" (2102: 75). For Freud, there was no system of negation, "no doubt, no degrees of certainty," he believed there was a method of censorship between the unconscious and the preconscious, and that negation was a substitute, "a higher level, for repression" (1915). For him negation was a way of "taking cognisance of what is repressed" (1925) for in analysis "we never discover a 'no' in the unconscious and that recognition of the unconscious on the part of the ego is expressed in a negative formula" (Freud, 1925).

Certainly, as Malabou writes: "denegation is a thwarted affirmation, an up-side down affirmation. But it is also something else. It persists as negation despite its obvious dimension of admission" (2012: 77-78). And so, comes resistance, the conflict that pushes against itself, the transition between inside and outside that is neither and both. "Neither present, nor absent. Simply possible. It retains its reservation forever" (Malabou, 2012: 78). With resistance comes presence, and with presence there is no possibility of a void. For Malabou, destructive plasticity does not come from repression. "The accident

— trauma, catastrophe, injury — is not repressed. It is not relegated, not occulted, not admitted" (2012: 78). The affective coldness or dissociation is not a strategy of escape, it is a place beyond outside or inside, a space neither exterior nor interior, a place outside of being, outside of me, myself, and therefore outside of time. Malabou talks about consciousness as:

> an emotional reaction to the intrusion of the outside. Consciousness, at its most elementary, is the awareness of a disturbance of the organism's homeostasis caused by a repeated encounter with an external object. This is why consciousness is inherently emotional. It is an interested reaction to a disturbance. (2013: 30)

Whereas, dissociation is a disinterested reaction to a disturbance. Breaking this down even further: "Disturbance begins when the force or the impact of events are stronger than the brain's capacity to bear them" (Malabou, 2013: 27). But the system, the body, must at some level bear such disturbances, otherwise it would not survive, it would just disappear.

The exhibition in *Space-2,* through its installation in an attic room at Plymouth Arts Centre, out of circulation from the public in a cold dark room, symbolised the cut off place of the psyche, where such traumatic memories, if they were to be located, would reside. The task of visiting the exhibition required effort, the experience once the audience entered the space was uncomfortable and physically and emotionally demanding. But the space it began to access, underneath the discomfort of cold and relentless traumatic remembering, was an affective abstraction of absence that provided a turning point for me and the research and led me to a deeper understanding of dissociation and Caruth's notion of latent experiencing. For Malabou: "Plasticity means a new kind of exposure of the nervous system to danger and, consequently, a new definition of what 'event," "suffering," and "wound" mean" (2013: 28).

Seated in the middle of the darkened room, met by the sounds of the voice, the drone, the rattling windows in the wind and the noise of the projector, the footage of the clouds began to abstract and take on new meaning. The repetition of the footage triggered a whole deluge of falling memories. Occupying the space of both maker and viewer, I searched for the seam within the repetition to slow things down. The hypnotic imagery swallowing me up as I continued to wait for what was missing to be revealed. Connor describes the voice-confrontation experience as a "percept rather than as a mediator of expression, in which we may hear not only the results of the censoring process but what it is that we are attempting to censor" (2000). I waited. Faces began to appear within the imagery, ghosts, that seemed to increase in intensity in the accompaniment of the sounds of the drone, the voice coming in and out. It is, as Connor quotes Holzman & Rousey, a "complex confrontation experience' brought about by the 'loss of anchorage'… [and] loss of the cathected familiar" (1966, Connor, 2000: 84). The spectral was taking hold and demanding further exploration, leading me into the next stages of research. Falling deeper and deeper into the gap between Massumi's affect and cognitive registering I questioned not only the notion of a place but also the measurement of time. My body, like my voice, suspended, inhabiting an alternative world, a ghost.

Fig.14: Walker, A. (2014), Still from *Falling*.
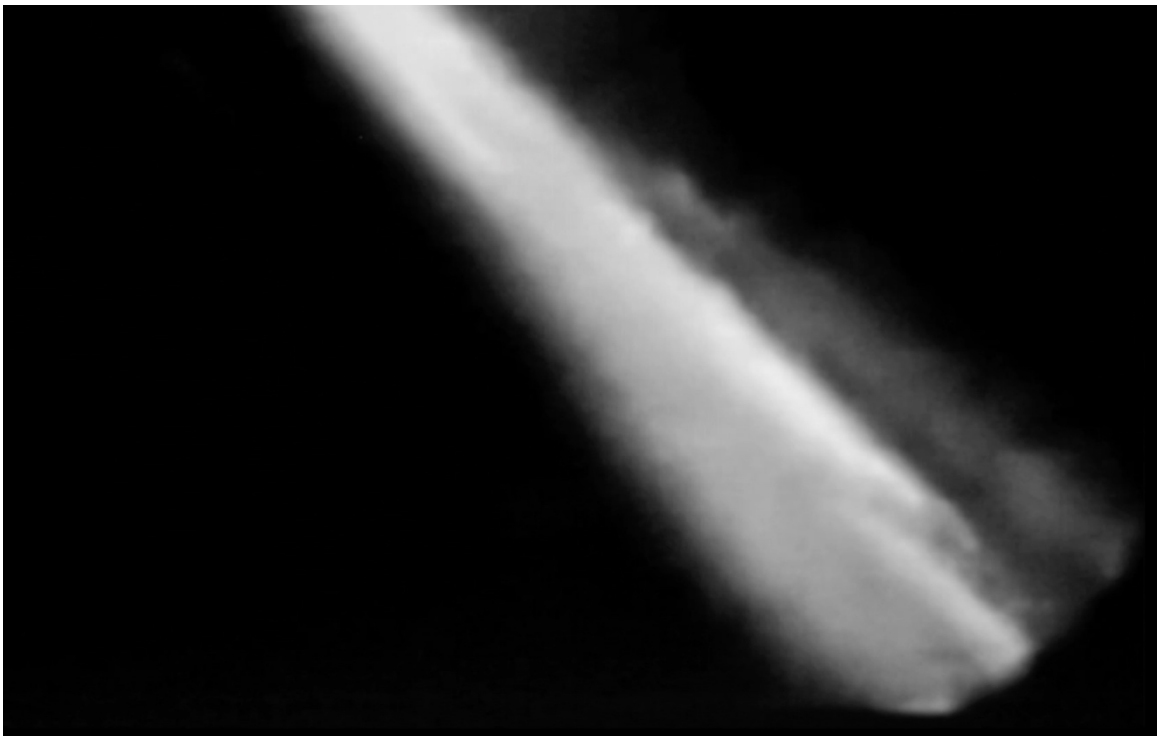

Fig.15: Walker, A. (2014), Still from *Falling*.

Fig.15: Richter, G. (2005)*, September.* Oil on Canvas. 52 cm x 72 cm.

Fig.16: Walker, A. (2015), Stills from *Ghost Walk.*

Fig.17: Walker, A. (2015), Stills from *Ghost Walk.*

Fig.18: Walker, A. (2016), Stills from *Ghost II.*

Fig.19: Walker, A. (2016), Stills from *Ghost II.*

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Chapter 2: Stage II

Six Fragments

2:1 Introduction

As mentioned in the Introduction, and *Stage I,* the starting point for the research was a personal remembering of 9/11 layered upon a well-established collective memory of the event. Deconstructing the journal and making work around it activated many levels: *i)* an exploration of trauma from the inside out where my memories and my body existed as a site of trauma; *ii)* The externalisation of trauma to further understanding of the collective memory; *iii)* a personal bearing witness to a global trauma that was *hijacked* by the media. Through reclaiming the past, I was mourning and memorialising, contextualising, remembering, and contributing to a wider epistemological discussion on trauma.

The gradual excavation of the memory through deconstruction was used to understand its affective nature and reflect on the implications of remembering when the cultural and global memory of the event is already so historically fixed and politically framed. *Stage II* of my research determined how fragmented a memory and therefore an artwork or body of text can be to engage and therefore communicate something of the affect. Through this work, I suggest that deconstruction can deliver a finding rather than being used as a substitute for such a finding (Schwab, 2008). This was a process that entailed an unravelling to return to a location, (i.e. both memory and event,) a site inside and outside of the body. Through deconstructing the original text, I was seeking what was hidden, what was being sheltered in my memory. As Derrida writes:

> The concept of the archive shelters in itself, of course, this memory of the name *arkhe*. But it also shelters itself from this memory which it shelters: which comes down to saying also that it forgets it. (1995: 11)

Six Fragments: the title of *Stage II* of my research was an exploration of the fractured remembering of the trauma event, an examination of what is held between the fragments of memory. The research, broken into 6-stages, was an exploration of my voice, sound and imagery to exploit the traumatic space. The aim was to further question the inaccessibility of the traumatic memory using sound and moving imagery to navigate and interrupt the dissociative space. It was an investigation of the potential for a 'full' remembering, and the establishment of an 'atmosphere' to resonate and transfer the affect to viewers.

Returning to Broomberg and Chanarin's: *The Day Nobody Died* (2008), as discussed in Chapter 1(77), the video component of the artwork explores atmosphere through the heaviness of sounds to implicitly address the trauma of conflict and war. Created in conjunction with the photograms, the video can be read on many levels. For me it conceptually achieves the artist's aims of pointing to the censorship of embedded journalism, and in their words "the theatre of war" (2008), but it failed to affect or engage me on a haptic level, registering the complexity of sensation for just moments at a time. One of those instances depicted Broomberg and Chanarin's brown cardboard box of photographic paper wedged into a tight space of an armoured vehicle. A young soldier, gazes out of the tiny window, his wedding ring flashing in the light as he repositions his automatic weapon between his knees. Watching this moment, I felt wedged into this tight claustrophobic space, aware of the danger, the metallic violence and the weight of the war. In my opinion, this could have been successfully expanded through reducing the footage from its rather long 23 minutes, bringing together more of those moments that succeeded in embedding the experience of being in Afghanistan into my body. Perhaps that's what war is: long moments of dullness interspersed with destruction and brutality. Willie Doherty's *Ghost Story* (2007) is a good example of an artwork that manages to achieve atmosphere through the haptic visual, this I discuss in greater detail in Chapter 3 (186).

Gerhard Richter's painting, *September* (2005) *(fig.12)* achieves *an atmosphere*, whilst also attempting to integrate a traumatic memory. Richter's descriptions of painting *September* connects me to my making process. *September* is not a big painting (52 cm x 72 cm) the size of a large television screen. Robert Storr (2010) writes that the size was Richter's way to find more meaning in a domestic, even democratic size (47). The painting's origin was a photograph of the second plane crashing into the *World Trade Centre* Towers. In 2011, in an interview with Nicholas Serrota, Richter described how he arrived at the painting:

> I was very struck by the images in the papers, I didn't think you could paint that moment and certainly not in the way some people did, taking the inane view that this most awful act was some kind of amazing Happening and celebrating it as a megawork of art (25).

It was important for him to find a way to explore the subject without making it spectacular, or exaggerating its incomprehensible cruelty and its awful fascination (26). Richter rendered his representation of 9/11 full of the flames and explosive power delivered by the hijacker's planes but felt defeated as an artist by the "failure of the work to measure up to the vividness direct photographic documentation of that collision achieved" (Storr, 2010: 49). He contemplated destroying the painting completely. It sat incriminatingly in the corner of his studio until one evening he took a knife rather than his usual squeegee or spatula and scraped and cut away at the flames, scoring back the paint to reveal the primer underneath. The finished painting exists somewhere between the abstraction of an image that is still decipherable behind the blur and an image that has become completely illegible having dissolved entirely. The flames from the explosion, having been scraped away from right to left of the canvas reveal a smoky ashen haze. The scoring of the top surface muddies the colours leaving behind a palette of dirty blues and greys. In a symbolic act, Richter was delivering the grey ash of death, making real what could barely be comprehended - rendering this act visually to confirm its reality, and

embedding the separation and the loss that so many experienced on that day. Through painting the attack as it was happening, "the painting acts, not as a stand-in for memory, but rather as an instigator for reflection and remembrance" (Schwartz, 2005: 1).

Richter has said of his early representational works "something has to be shown and simultaneously not shown, in order perhaps to say something else again, a third thing" (1995: 226). Like Forster, I believe, the power of Richter's paintings deliver a credible but wounded beauty,

> a beauty no longer opposed to the sublime, for it is both sublimatory and desublimatory; a beauty that foregrounds its own inability to deliver reconciliation or promise happiness. (2003: 128)

September hovers in a place of suspended reconciliation and holds the lingering promise of future disasters and therefore traumas, of future unresolved and irreconcilable narratives. I looked to achieve something similar in *Six Fragments*.

2:2 The Twin Towers

To begin to critically engage with the site of trauma I went back to the original site of the event, the *Twin Towers*, to determine the space they assumed before erasure, the absence that was embedded into their structure.

> At Windows on the World one could believe for a few instants one was equal to the gods. Image of triumph, soaring, jubilation, beauty, detachment. And: trembling. I only went there with a person I love. Fearing for life. (Cixious, 2001: 431)

For me, the *Twin Towers*, held a commanding position in lower Manhattan: 110-floors of glass and steel, four million square feet of office space. Like severed limbs they rose skyward, dwarfing everything else in their wake. In *What do pictures want?* W.J.T. Mitchell suggests that the *Twin Towers* assumed the role of "living images or animated icons," the moral imperative of which was "to offend the images themselves, to treat them as if they were human agents or at least living symbols of evil and punish them

accordingly" (15). For Mitchel, the concept of the towers as living objects is deeply rooted in our way of thinking about buildings, perhaps connected to the ancient analogy of the body as a temple for the spirit (5). In their status as icons, as "symbolic pillars of the New World Order" (Strauss, 1991), the towers were to be feared and despised for what they represented: globalised capitalism and America's desire for dominance in the world's economic market; but marvelled at for the sheer audacity of two towers tall enough to touch the clouds. Destroying them was as much symbolic as literal, an act so momentous that it shocked not only Americans, but the world. Baudrillard described it as: "the absolute event, the "mother" of all events, the pure event uniting within itself all the events that have never taken place" (2001).

In 1974, Joseph Beuys playfully and subversively baptised and named the newly built *Twin Towers*, Cosmas and Damian, after the wandering Arab Christian twin brothers. Patron saints of medicine, they were thought to be responsible for miraculous limb transplants, finally suffering martyrdom in Syria during the persecution of the Emperor Diocletian (Tate, 1984). A humorous gesture by Beuys, but nevertheless uncannily poignant in the unfolding narrative. Strauss writes that: "To Beuys, the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center were already a "death zone": rigid, cold, dedicated to the accumulation of money and world domination under Capital" (2011). I'm intrigued by the idea of what could perhaps be viewed as his shamanic call, whether pre-emptive or apotropaic premonition: "When I do something shamanistic, I make use of the shamanistic element--admittedly an element of the past--in order to express something about a future possibility" (Strauss, Beuys, 1999/1979:47).

As early as 1970, Lewis Mumford was writing about the skyscraper that represented the over-reach of a Faustian pact with the devil, the "purposeless gigantism and technological exhibitionism… eviscerating the living tissue of every great city" (1970), of which the *World Trade Centre* was a characteristic example. Such size brings exposure,

looming large and unprotected for all to see, nakedly positioned facing outwards past Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty, northward to the Empire State building and on. I visited the towers many times in the years I lived in New York and both loathed and revelled in their phallic mystery, fascinated by their size, the sheer scale and tremulous height, doubled, repeated, dwarfing the human body, my body, not once but twice over.

> And yet what caused the seduction of the T.T., the fascination they exerted in the entire world? Sexual ambiguity. The representation at once obvious and hidden of the mystery of the Phallus. The towers embodied phallic power in all its ever disquieting complexity: there is nothing as fragile as the erection, properly or figuratively. (Cixious, 2001: 431)

So, what did the complete destruction of the *Twin Towers* symbolise? Richard Boothby writes, from a Lacanian perspective, that: "Reference to castration serves to remind us that the cut that issues in the *objet a,* if it is primitively figured in the body of the other, is also a cut internal to the subject itself" (2001: 273). I believe the *Twin Towers* stood in for the other, upon which an attack elicited deeply personal responses not just from New Yorkers, but nationally and internationally. Beyond the feeling that the United States deserved this for past transgressions, there existed the deeper instability in the knowledge that this could very well happen to us! According to Žižek, this violation should not have come as a shock. In *Desert of the Real* (2002), he points out that: "the landscape and the shots of the collapsing towers could not but be reminiscent of the most breath-taking scenes in big catastrophe productions" (Žižek, 2002: 15), and posits that the real shock was that the fantasy of the unthinkable had become a reality. Layered into this shock was the psychoanalytical idea that the falling towers shattered symbolic certainties and triggered a primitive anxiety of obliteration, where the ash and debris raining down on the city signified not only castration but disintegration and annihilation (Kahane, 2002:112).

9/11 violated and shattered the confidence of the United States and challenged domestic and global notions of security. Threat that gave rise to the advancement of the 'War

against Terror' in which the United States fell back on its conventional projection of power, and the creation of the federal agency for *Homeland Security.* Danger was everywhere: "indiscriminate, coming anywhere, as out of nowhere, at anytime" (Massumi, 2015: 22). A scenario that created a widespread currency of post-traumatic stress disorder for New Yorkers, and US Americans; an outcome which unfortunately foreclosed on context and I believe, focused instead on the dramatic unfolding of events that stood in for the United States' deeper cultural anxieties and past histories.

Stage II of my research, picks up on the lingering anxiety of a future full of danger, and the notion of absence, or absenting something from memory. *Six Fragments* examines the consistency of my belief, contained within the journal and throughout the past 12-years, that the events on September 11, 2001, unfolded silently. Through the excavation of the memory I was to discover, or *re*-discover, the noise and loudness of the towers falling. It seems appropriate here to return to Freud's death instinct, as discussed in *Stage I*, which in its silence and obscurity mimics the unconscious desire and ultimately my unconscious decision, to expel the noise, delay the hearing of the falling towers until many years later. As Malabou writes negation has a "clear affective origin: rejection." Negation is not *non*-being but thrown *out* of being. "In this sense, the repressed or denied is ontological spit. A rejection from presence" (2013: 81). Delaying the hearing of the sound, not only pushes away or rejects the violence of the fall, but also staves off the eventual realisation of the destructive void that has the potential to take over once the sound has finally been heard, as Laub attests, in an interview with Caruth:

> Not knowing trauma or experiencing or remembering it [the traumatic event] in a dissociative way is not a passive shutdown of perception or of memory. Not knowing is rather an active, persistent, violent refusal; and erasure, a destructive of form and of representation. The fundamental essence of the death instinct that destroys all psychic structure is apparent in this phenomenon. (2003: 449)

Malabou's gesture of negation expands upon the idea of *nothing*, which I linked to repression and dissociation in *Stage I*. Her gesture begins to isolate the violence of the

void, or voiding, where *nothingness* is an active and moving force. In *The Aesthetics of Decay: Nothingness, Nostalgia and the Absence of Reason* (2009), Dylan Trigg writes: "In order for the Nothing to be experienced with greater force, it must arise from a context which violently disjoins with it," the nothing must be positioned outside, in the aesthetics of silence, before being withdrawn into consciousness (2009: xv). For Trigg, from a Heideggerian perspective, 'nothingness' is not outright negation, neither is it an active force which annihilates nor an absence of presence, but rather "a specific and temporal dynamic which relies on the context that preceded it." (2009, xvi). This connects to Žižek's suggestion that to truly forget a traumatic event, we must find the strength to fully remember, a paradox he accounts for because "the opposite of existence is not nonexistence, but insistence: that which does not exist, continues to insist, striving towards existence" (2001: 22).

The installation *Memory that I am, yet that I also wait for...* (Walker, 2012: 91) was the beginning of representing this realisation of language and sound, of tracing the absent into the present from the violence of the past. The drone, which was one of the sonic parts of the installation, marked the start of a noise from 9/11, though at that early stage the notion of a noise *lost* to the past was purely conceptual, and the suggestion that I had 'hidden' or 'missed' such an important aspect of this traumatic event made no sense. Seeking to understand this gap in memory and remembering and the provocation of something missing, I began with the written word before venturing to the voice, my voice, to express the ghostly remnants, to describe: "The remains of vociferation, the phantasmagoric intentionality, the phantom *phone*, the articulation of a death wish (a wish not lived by the living), the sigh" (Applebaum, 2009: 65).

It wasn't until the making of the moving image work: *Falling* (Walker, 2014), that I began to embody the silence, the breakdown of that silence, and the breakthrough of the alarmingly explosive sounds into the silence. *Re-living* the noise I became aware of the differing qualities and layers of silence into which I had rendered the loudness of the

falling towers. The ultimate destructive void is Freud's death instinct that he himself described as both: "a mythological phenomenon and as a biological force" (Laub, 2003: 2), and represents, for me, a useful means to navigate the inner contradictions of *re-awakening* such a traumatic aspect of the past. Through registering the noise of the past, I was also to acknowledge my internal and violent blocking of the sound, my rejection and spitting out of what I did not want to hear at the time of happening. In the discovery of such absence, I realised I must then *re*-discover not only the violence of the sound of the event, but the original violence that it took to void this aspect of the past. In other words, an inner stance of defence against the violence of the traumatic event is, in the fierceness of its safeguarding, a violence unto the self that on some level must be undone and relived to be integrated.

Six Fragments was also an opportunity to explore the Derridean notion of spectrality — the anachronistic spectre, outside of time and place that exists between life and death, absence and presence, "spectral *a priori*," writes Derrida "a trace always referring to another whose eyes can never be met" (1995: 84). Searching for the spectral was a way to navigate the evasive and subversive notion of trauma, a method of entering the space of dissociation as a witness rather than as one subsumed by the memory: use the persona of the ghost, assume ghostly qualities to see, hear or perhaps even capture the ghost. Challengingly spectrality has no fixed beginning or end, there is a constant returning and therefore repetition where retrieving comes in fragments. So, the artwork of *Stage II* exists in *Six Fragments* of interconnected moving image and sound works. It is a complex layering of voice and sounds that signify the breaking down of the 'full' memory written in my journal, into stuttering and disparate segments. The work engages with that which rails against being archived and refuses representation, that which halts, recoils and repeats. It was created between 2014-2016 and, following on from *Stage I* of this research, was originally conceived as an installation in a gallery, in which an audience would pass in and out of the moving imagery and sounds. But, in 2014, I gave

a paper on *The Trauma of the Flashback*, at Reading University, where their technology allowed me to experiment with creating a performance style delivery. I stood to the side of the audience and read my paper, simultaneously imagery from *Stage I*, interlaced with actual footage from 9/11, and abstracted stills from the movie *Flight 93* (2006), flashed up on a large HD screen that filled the entire wall of the lecture theatre. The affirming feedback from the audience led to the testing of *Six Fragments* in *The Jill Craigie Cinema* at *Plymouth University*, and my preference to experience the work seated in a darkened theatre. In both situations, the affective resonance was greatly increased by virtue of the audience being immersed in both the sound and the imagery, with no outside sounds to interfere with the watching or the listening. Thus, supporting Salome Voegelin's view that noise does not have to be loud, but exclusive, divorced from the sensory input external to its sound (2010: 43).

Also, the imagery enlarged from the computer screen to a cinematic HD screen accentuated the figurative aspect of the work. Now bigger than life-size, it dwarfed the audience and revealed a textural component that seemed to *knit* or *weave* the past into the present, which Laura Marks terms haptic visuality (2000), (I discuss the haptic in greater detail in Chapter 3, (192). Voeglin goes on to write: "In this way *Noise* expands *Listening* to an extreme and exaggerates the issues of communication" (2010: 44). I take *Noise* here to be both visual and auditory, where the exaggerated communication is the urgency or insistence of the past to emerge, to be heard and to be seen.

2:3 *For These are my Mountains*

The artwork *Six Fragments* begins with *For These are my Mountains* (Walker, 2015), a sound piece that *writes* the event (9/11) onto other memories and navigates the inaccessible**.** Here, the language of sound, word and song give rise to Brian Rotman's theory of a:

> clutch of interconnected discontinuities in the milieu of what preceded it: a
> disruption of the previous space-time consensus […] and an altered relation
> between agency and embodiment giving rise to new forms of action,
> communication and perception. (2008: 6)

The work, 6.59 minutes in length, is made up of my version of the afore named Celtic song layered upon extracts of the communications between air traffic controllers on the morning of September 11th, 2001, and specific sounds from my *archive*. The title of the song, *For These are my Mountains* is ironic, the artwork a memorialisation to my mother, as well as to the *mountainous Twin Towers* that no longer physically exist. As Terry Smith writes: "their sheer size, so much larger than anything else in sight, made them a marker of natural effects matched usually only by mountains of a considerable dimension" (2009: 29).

The song was recorded a couple of years after my mother died in 2006, and was one of the songs that she sang when pushed to sing something at family or community gatherings. For me it holds deep personal connections to the past, a song that I associate entirely with her. I became very emotional when recording the song, so this specific recording is pieced together from 3 versions, I had asked the technician to leave the room because I felt the shame of my voice breaking at the sadness of her death and of not being in tune. The resonance of these memories is entangled in the making of this sound-piece and remains in the re-listening. My mother's death also marked my departure from New York to London. Inserting the song into this sonic work, recorded so long after 9/11, symbolises for me not just the death of a loved one, but the loss of place and the idea of having to begin again, start afresh in a new country far from the scene of the traumatic event. A year after moving to London I experienced another terrorist attack, known also by a date 7/7 a year to the day before mom's death though I mark only her anniversary. I mention it all noticing the strands of connection that expand outwards from the centre of the trauma, held both in my body and outside of me, in the entanglement of events, memories and thoughts that are linked forwards and backwards in time, connecting to Serres' notion of the desmological, mentioned earlier in this thesis, (58).

Derrida asks: "What does it mean to follow a ghost?" (1994: 10). One event, unconnected at first glance, becomes the foothold or trace into the past to uncover the dissociated space: ghost trails so to speak. *For These are my Mountains,* marks the beginning of the search for the spectral. I pursue the missing, using the signs and symbols that arise internally through sound, language, and imagery, they are the impossibility of the intangible, the *un*-cognized or pre-cognized. Davoine and Gaudilliere, describe "an autonomous process without memory, since there was never a subject to carry a trace of it, even a repressed trace" (2004: 124). With no other body to transfer the unknown onto I am left with only my own as the site of trauma and therefore seek its externalisation through the work to feedback the hidden and the lost. Though this was not the first artwork made in the sequence, it falls at the beginning to open the door to the past for the audience. The process of making the sonic work was very much about discovering the *something* that lay beyond the noise. Difficult to verbally articulate, or express through words, the *something* remained unknown until I embodied the violence of the noise; it was only through taking the noise into my body, that I began to understand the qualities of nothingness. Simon Reynolds writes about noise as "a wordless state in which the very constitution of ourselves is in jeopardy" (56), "an eruption within the material out of which language is shaped" (2006: 57). Making, involved journeying through the archive, and required a constant returning to *sites* of remembrance: 9/11 and my mother's death. Such a repetitious method of collecting and selecting, before finally layering the sound pieces into its current form, already sets in motion Derrida's notion of *hauntology*: "Repetition and first time: this is perhaps the question of the event as question of the ghost" (1994: 10). "One cannot control its comings and goings because it *begins by coming back*" (1994: 11).

Enough time has passed since the event, 9/11, to allow my voice to speak from the silence. I am in search of the missing pieces to complete the past so I can forget, or at the very least for the past to be forgotten enough to not always be *there*. My mother is

dead. The song she used to sing, now sung through me awakens her in me. In the Derridean context, her name *Antoinette*, speaks through my name *Anna*, the first 'A' summoning up the acoustics of breathing, to which Applebaum refers to as both the sigh and the death rattle; 'A' "which retains a trace of the dative, that *to which* obedience is due" (2009: 95). In other words, through awakening her ghost, I enter another dimension in search of yet other ghosts, into a past that both insinuates itself into me yet remains elusive. "That *to which* lies on the far side of repression, hence, the obedience under discussion" (Applebaum, *sic.* 2009: 95).

I access the space through my voice, and call to what has gone before and as I begin the interference from the past interjects from across the airwaves. It is the sounds of air traffic-controllers, waiting, suspended in time, that return from that morning, as if it is all happening, now, in the present. The echo of my voice is the ghostly call, to which air-traffic controllers respond almost immediately from outside of time and space. Two different juxtaposed temporalities constructed through Schrödinger's concept of "potential simultaneity," existing in a "relationship of mutual non-interference without a link of cause and effect," a "spatiotemporal orientation that makes these events simultaneous" (Schrödinger, Francoise and Gaudilliere, 2003/2012: 188/149). The voice, my voice, now external and contained in the surrounding sound of the piece, is my accompaniment in traversing the terrain. "For voice is not simply an emission of the body; it is also the imaginary production of a secondary body, a body double: a 'voice-body'" (Connor, 2000: 35-42) tensed and braced with a kind of life (2004: 1).

The separation of the voice from my body serves to accentuate the liveliness of emotion that is now apart from me and still summons up the memory of my mother's voice and the emotion of recording. The deep rumbling bass as it moves from the ground upwards through my body is a reminder of the ground beneath my feet and alerts me to the potential of movement and therefore rupture. The celestial echoes and the breath are

spectral companions navigating the ghostly landscape in which time and form function contrarily. As the voice's strength increases in volume the past becomes more invasive, demanding to be in control and to be heard. The ensuing tragedy starts to build with the news from the air traffic controllers and in accompaniment the imagined voices of those lost on the flights and the call from those that did not survive the day.

The destroyed towers stood in for the unseen, the unidentified and *un*-photographed bloody corpses and limbs of the terrorist attack. As Susan Sontag writes in *The Pain of Others*, "sheared-off buildings are almost as eloquent as bodies in the street" (2003: 7). The destruction, represented as white powdered and sterile exists in stark contrast to the bloodiness of what followed in Afghanistan and Iraq, and the torture and humiliation of the bodies of *the other*, at Abu Ghraib. Those who fell and jumped from the *Twin Towers* on September 11, remained absent in the media, resisting identification, caught between life and death, liminal and therefore lost ghostly presences without voice, without agency. The images of the 'jumpers' were particularly controversial, and touched a nerve in American society on that day and in the ensuing years, triggering Draconian gestures of self-censorship throughout the media. As the unfolding events of 9/11 were largely directed through their visual representation, and the act of bearing witness was central to shaping a public response, this left a gap in the witnessing. As Redfield comments:

> Where there is censorship there is desire. The jumpers were at the Epicenter of a wider economy of ambivalence, within which frenzied representational activity coexisted with official and unofficial acts of negation. (2009: 32).

Of course, all this preservation in the name of dignity could be related to the shock of what took place, the knee jerk reaction to something that was too overwhelming; a symptom of the denial and disbelief that this was happening to us, to the US, "ontological spit" (Malabou, 2013: 81). This would also make sense of the lack of panic in the voices from the air-space controllers from that day, their matter of fact tone, despite what was

taking place. Was this part of their training, or was it disbelief at the events unfolding around them? The calmness they exude creates a false sense of security, a suggestion of normalcy that functions to contain all that is happening. In contradiction to the day's events I wanted to capture the complexity of such mundanity, to question what's happening inside the controller's minds as they negotiate the air space around them.

The high-pitched singing in this sound piece is the call of the siren, half bird, half woman, luring sailors to their deaths upon rocky shores, punished by Demeter for not protecting Persephone, doomed to eternal song (Homer, 6. B.C.). The song, *For These Are My Mountains,* references my childhood and the immigrant's longing for the illusory perfection of childhood back in their homeland, a place of freedom and potential, a time without responsibility, where nothing bad has happened, the idealised notion of a life that was simpler *back then*, not fraught with death, violence or global tragedy. When the planes do finally strike the towers, the sound of them *hitting* is absent and though the visual imagery is not present—being a sound-piece, it is nevertheless suggested and due to the media's coverage exists in our memory. This is important, for we carry a very fixed notion of what this tragedy should look like and therefore what the sounds should be, so the outcry from air-traffic controllers is almost comical: "*Holy Smoke! Wow! Oh My God! Another One Just Hit the Building! Another One! Holy Cow! No Shit!*" (Walker, 2015)

The repetition of phrases, sounds and the main song, *For These Are My Mountains,* holds the composition together as does the concept that once the sounds have been introduced they do not leave, they rise and fall but remain constant throughout the 6.59 minutes. The sense of this work existing 'out of time and place' is increased by the vague mention of a location as in the *World Trade Centre*, and then later *Bangor* - neither really serving to anchor the sound piece in a place.

The towers remain but as ghostly monuments, remembered on film, in photographs and in our memories. Gone with them are the many sounds they once emitted, the transmitter

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facilities of WPIX, as well as several other *New York City* television and radio stations destroyed in the attack.[15] Also lost were the sounds of life: people talking and moving through the building, the clang of elevators, the noise of the towers shifting and moving on their axes and the sounds that these huge buildings made as they cut and slowly moved through the sky as the wind, rain and snow circled around them.

2:4 *Falling*

Falling was an exploration of the hidden and the inaccessible, a trajectory navigated with sound and moving imagery. It was also research into developing a language outside of words to render what is indescribable, what is unspeakable. A moving image and sonic artwork, it follows on from *For These are my Mountains.* Just 1.12 minutes long and a component of the larger art piece, *Six Fragments,* it introduces imagery and sound embedded together. The artwork was a breakthrough in my research for it marked the discovery of a memory fragment. The footage, again filmed with a macro-lens directly from the computer screen, represents a visual rendering of the explosive noise of the towers falling, whilst the sonic component is an attempt to describe the uncontainable loudness of their disintegration.

The noise of 9/11, or more accurately my inability to remember the noise, became the focus in this part of my research practice. The event was noisy, loud and thunderous but I did not recall it, or had not until well into making work. The noise of the event had been contained, 'unheard,' until 2013, 12-years of keeping the loudness at bay. The notion of a sonic disturbance, a traumatic fragment of memory, that had existed *locked up* somewhere inside (or outside) me builds upon the complexities of repression and

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[15] Interestingly, WPIX's satellite feed froze midway into the live footage and the frozen image was broadcasted nationally for much of the day, until WPIX could set up alternate transmission facilities.

dissociation that I addressed in Chapter 1. Bessel van der Kolk (1995), revisiting Pierre

Janet (1894), lays out an interesting hypothesis: "Repression reflects a vertically layered

model of mind: what is repressed is pushed downward, into the unconscious" (1995:

168), where it can remain hidden and inaccessible. Whilst dissociation:

> reflects a horizontally layered model of mind: when a subject does not remember a trauma, its "memory" is contained in an alternate stream of consciousness, which may be subconscious or dominate consciousness, e.g., during traumatic re-enactments (Janet, 1894). (Van der Kolk, 1995: 168)

Freud moves freely between the concepts of repression and dissociation, but van der

Kolk states that traumatic memories cannot be both dissociated and repressed (1995:

169). This part of my arts practice led me back into the past to locate aspects of *myself*

located in the sites of repression and dissociation, and allowed me to track the

differences and similarities between these two sites of trauma memory.

When I discovered this aspect of the traumatic event it was shocking. Discovering or *re-discovering* the explosiveness of the towers as they fell, was a singular and alarming

auditory flashback that awakened *old* trauma in my body, accompanied by a rising heart-

rate and existential anxiety. With the trigger came the fading of the present into the

motion of the past and the desire in my limbs for flight. In the circumstances I found

myself in, and unable to follow through with the body's need for movement, the room

began to spin as I sought rational solutions for what was taking place. The past was still

in motion, my body was the site of the event, and alarmingly the memories were being

played out around me. 9/11 was happening all over again. An 'unsuccessful repression,'

as Derrida writes in *Freud and the Scene of Writing*: "The enigma of presence "pure and

simple": as duplication, original repetition, auto-affection and *differance*" (1978: 197).

Caruth writes about this delayed reaction, or repetition of the past:

> The experience of trauma, the fact of latency, would thus seem to consist, not in the forgetting of a reality that can hence never be fully known, but in the inherent latency within the experience itself. (1995: 8)

The somatic response to the trigger is what van der Kolk aptly refers to as the body keeping the score (2014). Reminded of what was forgotten, *the body* is prone to continue the action that was started, and prevented from completing when the trauma initially happened. The confusion was in part the idea that I was experiencing for the *first* time something that I had already lived through but had blocked from cognition. This *happening* took the research into an interesting place fully exploring what Freud termed *Nachträglichkeit* (1895) and Laplanche referred to as a time of latency or *afterwardsness* (2001), both of which I will come back to later in this chapter. I was also intrigued by remembering all that was visual whilst blocking the noise (that is until the trigger). I wanted to find a way to represent the movement in sounds that were both impenetrable and all consuming, or to be more precise, to explore if that was even possible. I was intrigued by the idea of how one cannot remember, or rather can block from memory, something that was so obviously loud. The event was incomprehensible but not remembering the obvious loudness was even more disturbing. In *Perception Attack: Brief on War Time*, Massumi writes about remembering the event:

> Memory and perception share the moment, entering into immediate proximity, while remaining strangers. Their disjointed immediacy syncopates the instant from within. We do not see now what we can never have seen, even as we watched: the enormity of the *event*. (2011: 75)

Or in this instance *heard* the enormity of the event.

The noise symbolises and represents the wound. In *Noise Matters* (2013), Greg Hainge uses Barthes concept of the *punctum* to understand noise. He writes: "For noise, much as we might try to contain it, reduce it, sublimate it, eradicate it, has the potential to affect us, to pierce us in this way" (147), and this could explain the not remembering, or the rejection of the noise of 9/11 for over a decade. For such a rupture has the power to conjure up a vision of the future, questioning the security of the present as it moves the listener forward perhaps to a place where the listener (in this instance me) does not want to go. The *punctum* of the artwork *Falling* calls upon the listener to remember, and in so

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doing continues to wound but justifies the wounding as necessary for it connects perception and cognition, which goes far beyond its representation. Noise creates an intensity and depth of image from which there is no escape. It constitutes a force beyond the parameters of film and sound, and awakens the whole event of the past in an instant. As Hainge writes:

> noise, like the *punctum*, can bring into being a similar phenomenological event, breaking the s*tudium*, dissolving the thetic, piercing the perceiving subject who is henceforth unable to contain it or sublimate this part of expression within an aesthetic or hermeneutic apprehension or appreciation. (2013: 150)

There is no voice in *Falling,* no speech and therefore no explanation just pulsating and elongated rawness of sound. Noise breaches the boundaries, with the potential to bring the listener deeper in to her body and paradoxically thrust her out. There is no choice now but to hear. *Falling* has neither a beginning nor an end, for once experienced the resonance of the sound effects everything that precedes it and follows. The imagery is shot in black and white and flickers from abstract glimpses of a body falling into a digital abyss of clouds, space and darkness.[16] The sound is an extended and manipulated recording of the *Twin Towers* collapsing, and was extracted from *YouTube* footage of the actual falling of the towers. The loudness of the sound interrupts the imagery and breaks it apart into further distortion, and still the body falls, never quite landing yet never fully breaking apart. Noise has pierced the boundaries of the past and the present, turning the body inside out as it tumbles into a future threatened by the impossible realisation of the past. The sound takes possession, isolating the listener, extreme in its loudness it engulfs and takes over, with the boundaries breached, the rupture takes hold. How long

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[16] The imagery for *Falling* was filmed from YouTube footage of Joseph Kittinger, *The Man Who Fell From Space* (1960). Before he leapt into the void, he is quoted to have said: "I am at 103,000 feet, looking out over a very beautiful, beautiful world. As you look up, it is a hostile sky. As I sit here and wait, I have realized that man will never conquer space. We will learn to live with it, but we will never conquer it. I can see for over 400 miles. Beneath me I can see the clouds... looking through my mirror, the sky is absolutely black. Devoid of anything. I can see the beautiful blue of the sky and above that it goes into a deep, deep, dark, indescribable blue which no artist could ever capture. It's fantastic" (Kittinger, Radio communication, 1960).

will this falling last? How long must this loudness be tolerated? The only choice is to give in, to listen. And no sooner does the listener relinquish, s/he is just as quickly ejected and thrown into the next experience.

It is a violent arrival and a violent expulsion in which one is forced to confront the violence of the event. It is, as Malabou writes, a "suddenly deviant, deviating form," it is "explosive plasticity" (2012: 3). This raises questions: should *Falling* lead somewhere? Can something new be created out of this disintegration? And if it can, what language is needed to convey the violence, the conflict between the falling apart and coming together, between self and other, inside and outside. It is a collision with the *real* that solidifies the space *in between*, a violent dehiscence of the symbolic in which *Falling* assumes the digital inscription of the *real* in time and space.

Voegelin describes noise's ability to force an interaction with the trauma of the *real*: "Noise is the autistic revelation of war, speechless but focused, producing a heavy weight in a fleeting time" (2010: 43). Noise musician, Merzbow, (b.1956, Masami Akita), comes to mind, whose work transgresses boundaries with ferocious dissonance, he has described noise as the "unconsciousness of music" (2004). Steve Wilson theorises that: "Merzbow's expressive noise pushes us beyond structure, beyond the Symbolic, into the realm of *jouissance* where we confront the terrifying and endlessly enticing unknowable beyond" (2014: 372, *italics mine*) For Voegelin "noise music" lives out the trauma of the beginning of the twentieth century: "Acknowledging the abject and contemptible consequences of the technological and societal advancements" (2010: 43).

I struggle with the knowledge of having maintained an aspect of *the event* in silence for the past 12 years; awakening to *the noise*, and therefore its repression over the years, was not only to accept the violence of the act and therefore the violence of humanity as more than a concept, but also my rejection of the *real* from presence, a rejection of the void – "the stench and corruption that always yawn like an abyss" (Lacan, 1986/1992:

231). The disintegration of the towers not only reminded me of the violence that had preceded this event but the violence that was still to come, how powerless I was to prevent it, how small, how impotent and how futile my efforts. It was a trauma, as Derrida writes, "whose temporality proceeds neither from the now that is present nor from the present that is past but from an im-presentable to come *(à venir)*" (2002, p.97). The idea that a worse trauma is yet to come defies mourning, and therefore resolution. "There is traumatism with no possible work of mourning when the evil comes from the possibility to come of the worst, from the repetition to come - though worse" (2002: 97).

Massumi also describes a similar threat. In 2004, in response to a comment from Republican Senator George Pataki and just before Bush was re-elected, he writes: "War is no longer punctual, like a battle. It's on low boil all the time. It is no longer localized, like an occupation. The heat is everywhere" (2004: 69). The rupture, created by the attack on the *World Trade Centre*, gave rise to a threat of war that was all pervasive, running parallel was an underlying sense of fragility, defended against by the extreme measures put in place after 9/11: from the bureau of *Homeland Security* to the colour-coded terror threat awareness, (green denoting low level threat, red, high level) (CNN, 2011).

In *Powers of Horror* (1982)*,* Julia Kristeva writes that: "Any crime, because it draws attention to the fragility of the law, is abject" (1982: 4). She repeatedly posits a connection between abjection and the border, where abjection is that which disturbs identity, system and order. The abject does not respect borders, positions or rules (4). *It* is outside of, literally what is thrown away or discarded. Abjection is ambiguity arising from the impact of a rupture. The abject is neither subject nor object, inside or outside, neither here nor there, rather it is "immoral, sinister, scheming, and shady: a terror that dissembles, a hatred that smiles" (4), "what is abject," she writes, "draws me toward the place where meaning collapses" (2). A place of incomprehensibility, in which the *contents* are actively

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being erased; and I ask, as Caruth asked Laub: "What does it mean to think about psychic trauma as an active erasure?" (2014: 59).

For me, meaning temporarily collapsed when the towers fell and were razed to the ground. Because of such violence, understanding is outside of comprehension, beyond the borders of language. Laub asserted that 9/11 was "an event without a voice," an "encounter with something that makes no sense" (2003: 204). The erasure of the towers symbolised negation and created a borderland on the edge of New York City, a site of destruction, an unrecognisable terrain. *Falling* brings this all into play. It creates a borderland of fractious noise and imagery, a loss of place in which everything falls apart until nothing remains and one's "entire body falls beyond the limit - *cadere*, cadaver," (Kristeva, 1982: 3). In *Falling* the emphasis is on the: "Imaginary uncanniness and real threat, it beckons to us and ends up engulfing us" (*ibid*). Freudian uncanniness: "that class of the terrifying which leads back to something long known to us, once very familiar" (Freud, 1919: 2). The *uncanny* that creates an impossible tension between the desire to reject: *ontological spit*, and the desire to consume or be consumed. Kristeva connects abjection to the fear and *jouissance*: "It follows that jouissance alone causes the abject to exist as such. One does not know it, one does not desire it, one joys in it [on en jouit]. Violently and painfully. A passion" (9). Voegelin acknowledges this abject and contemptible position and asserts that: "noise now, in its quasi inertia, is not about mass movement and progress but about private and isolated fixity: listening on a heavy spot and pondering that position" (2010: 43). The noise of *Falling* requires a heavy listening, for it anchors and casts out, isolates and embraces, "a burden both repellent and repelled, a deep well of memory that is unapproachable and intimate: the abject" (Kristeva, 1982: 6).

The title *Falling,* alludes to the 'Falling Man' a photograph taken by Richard Drew on the morning of September 11, 2001, of a man leaping to his death from the North Tower. The censorship of the 'jumpers' created a contentious discourse around Drew's photograph,

which became synonymous with my personal censorship of the noise of the falling *Twin Towers*. In *The Photographic Message* (1977)*,* Barthes, acknowledges that traumatic experience can bring about a "suspension of language" and a "blocking of meaning" which photographic representation can distance, sublimate and pacify. Drew's photograph isolated the falling man from the larger landscape of disaster. Its cropping negated the fire and the smoke emblematic of that day and reduced the magnitude of the event to a downward spiralling figure intent on meeting his end. In *Falling* it seemed important to do the opposite, to open the frame to the noise and chaos, to inhabit the falling, to face the physical cruelty of humanity and to be aware of one's own vulnerability. As Derrida writes: *"*So here, it seems, is what came about - what happened to them, then came down to us. And this was an event, perhaps an interminable event" (1998: 71).

I experience *Falling* and I am back there, re-experiencing 9/11 and the unfolding events of the day. I shut my eyes but the sound continues. Voegelin writes: "Sound is never about the relationship between things, but is the relationship heard" (2010: 49). Immersed, I become the noise, the sounds of the towers falling and within the noise I am falling over and over with every other being and object that fell from the towers on September 11. We are falling together towards some aspect of the other. *Falling* is my undoing, my corporeal annihilation. In it I lose myself, my separation from the past, swallowed up in the memory, my boundaries, the very skin that I rely on to cover and hold me collapses, and I try unsuccessfully to prevent the approaching ground rise to meet and crush me. In the realisation that I cannot fly, cannot pull up from this downward spiral I am constantly faced with the inevitability of my demise. *Falling* is a constant reminder that I am both the trauma body and a witness to the trauma body, it moves the trauma in and out of my body. I hear the sound, and become the sound as it violently enters me. When I eventually hit the ground by being subsumed by the past, I have no choice but to assume a ghostly existence.

2:5 *Walk II*

Falling gives way to the sonic work *Walk II,* in which the hungry ghost of the past begins

to take form. *Walk II,* length: 4.26 minutes, is a sound piece, which uses the echoing

voice, repetition of language and word games to explore the concept of flashbacks and

anchor the fragile position of those early stages in traversing the traumatic past.

Intentionally, overlapping language begins to make audible the idea that memory is not

linear and doesn't arise from a straightforward remembering, rather it meanders,

wanders and repeats. Verbal recoil, slippages of language, echoes and lost traces begin

to describe some of the *affect* of remembering the day of 9/11, and the days thereafter.

Exploring the traumatic event Foster writes: "the real cannot be represented; indeed, it

is denied as such, as the negative of the symbolic, a missed encounter, a lost object"

(1996: 141). Caruth argues for a traumatic narrative that must be spoken in a language

of disruption and fragmentation. As such, *Walk II* is made up of stuttering and disparate

segments. I use my voice to piece together bits and pieces of memory, to experience for

the *first* time something that I had already lived through but had blocked from cognition.

The work begins to grasp the difficulty of retaining the memory of such an event.

Walk II, and the accompanying works in *Six Fragments,* were made to be heard in a

large, darkened space, the echoing voices bounce off distant walls, encircling the listener

through the darkness. My intention was to create a ghostly quality through the echoing

and reverberating layers of words and phrases, to capture the feeling of a lost or fading

memory of the past, or of a memory forcing its way forth, unbidden from a nebulous and

unnamed location. The words spill from a disembodied voice, from the phantom walking

through the remnants of the past, leaving behind ghostly traces whilst stepping through

and over the debris of the event. The work is a navigation of a passageway through the

inner *noise* of the thoughts, the fears and the emotional response to the event.

Selectively pulling phrases from both the memory of 9/11 and from the journal is an

attempt to piece together fragments of a story without using the full narrative. Phrases such as:

> *The tears never far away fall like rain around me. I'm carried through a sea, a sea of other's tears. It carries me onwards. I walk again today, walk and walk... I turned and walked away, continue to walk - and I walked, walked, - I'm locked in - a man sits on the sidewalk, snowed upon by dust and shock - perhaps I should go back wipe it all away... I turned and walked away, continue to walk. (Walker, 2015)*

Each time I listen to *Walk II,* an increasing distance from the work opens but not necessarily from the event, rather I seem to drop down deeper into the memory. I no longer recognise my voice, which now outside of me, seems alien and foreign and with each hearing moves further away from the source of the making and therefore me. As Connor writes, I am a body bereaved of its voice struggling with the "voice's continuing power to animate, in the absence of a body" (2000: 12). As he continues: "It is not merely alien, but ugly, which is to say it is a disfigured or defiled version of what nevertheless seems to be some vital part of me, what normally gives me vitality" (12).

I anticipate an audience listening with no knowledge of the past that bleeds through in the transference from memory to sound. How will they absorb the sound? With no mention of the event *Walk II* relates to, will something of the understanding of trauma be imparted in the transferential affect? They will be hearing it for the first time. Seated in the *Jill Craigie Theatre*, unable to walk away without disturbing those around them, and so I imagine the audience will remain, at least for a while. For *Walk II* is not unbearable, not enough anyway to warrant its rejection through an immediate departure. My hope is the audience will begin to welcome the ghost into themselves, thereby becoming acquainted with the spectrality of traumatic memory. The sound work creates an atmosphere, which Bennett regards as an effect of the transmission of affect: "An artwork can fill out an affective topology in a way that facilitates recognition and stimulates a feeling of being there, in the moment" (2012: 61). And as Deleuze writes:

> Sensation has one face turned toward the subject (the nervous system, vital movement, "instinct," "temperament" - a whole vocabulary…) and one face turned toward the object (the "fact," the place, the event). (2007: 25)

There has been a notable transition from the chaos, noise and moving imagery of *Falling* to a *more organised* layering of words and phrases, echoes and sounds, to create a rhythm, not dissimilar to the fall and rise of the breath. Deleuze calls the relationship between sensation and rhythm the 'ultimate' (2007: 30). But from this place, there arises the question whether this sound work will bring any semblance of relief; or will the audience drop deeper into the past and further from the safety of narrative, "as the phenomenologists say: at one and the same time I *become* in the sensation and something *happens* through the sensation, one through the other, one in the other" (Deleuze, 2007: 25). For that is the intent, to lull the listener into and away from their own story. it is the practice of *deep* listening: "the ear hears, the brain listens, the body senses vibrations" (Oliveros, 2016).

In *Walk II*, repression and dissociation create the potential for the sound piece to trigger something deeply buried inside, something far away for each listener. The work plays with what is here, there and what is absent. The immediate danger has passed, (as in *Falling*), though no-one can quite be certain for the nervous system is still febrile and anticipatory. This is the *in-betweenness* of knowing and not-knowing, the instability of the borderland where nothing is certain and everything is in flux. "There, I am at the border of my condition as a living being. My body extricates itself, as being alive, from that border" (Kristeva, 1982: 3). The hollowness of sounds pulls me, the listener into the uncertainty where the hallucinatory whispers beckon. Here the transgressive nature of the abject is disguised in the lure of the *semiotic chora* as termed by Kristeva: the pre-symbolic space of affect before the desire for *the abject* has taken hold, which "apprehended through difficult reasoning… is lost as soon as it is posited" (1984: 32). Or perhaps this is the state after *the abject* has been introduced, in which the desire for a

return to the illusion of safety of the pre-symbolic takes over. The desire to go back, *'wipe it all away'* (Walker). It's all there right on the border, where:

> The semiotic is articulated by flow and marks: facilitation, energy transfers, the cutting up of the corporeal and social continuum as well as that of signifying material, the establishment of a distinctiveness and its ordering in a pulsating chora, in arhythmic but nonexpressive totality. (Kristeva, 1984: 40)

My listening functions on many levels, moving in and out of the hollow sounds, the ghostly whispers and dream like space, all the time trying to grasp hold of something. This is like Richter's painting, *September*, as he grappled with the reality of what he had witnessed. Even though we all know the outcome of the tragedy, Richter holds it in deferment – he postpones the falling, contains the moment and therefore the potentiality of what is yet to come. A deferment that creates the opportunity for a shifting relationship with the traumatic event. Richter slows things down long enough for the past to catch up, similarly that is the intention of: *Toxic Clouds*, and the sound piece: *Walk II*. His symbolic act of destroying the flames of *September* is the erasure of time itself. The painting is a testament to a suspended reality, and like *Walk II* holds back the full realisation of what has taken place. Richter's rendering of this moment in time, his delivery and distortion captures all moments and therefore none. Through the act of erasure, the painting becomes a fiction of the decisive moment refusing to embody the exact event, and so the viewer becomes complicit in its indeterminacy. In the blur of the thick grey ash that pours out from the tower, the boundaries and demarcations fall away to reveal the raw rupture of the psychic field. Scored down to the very bone, the raw vulnerable self, beyond the body's boundary, lost, stripped back and bare, Richter exposes the rawness of humankind, the fragility of physicality juxtaposed against the towering steel and concrete of the towers. The erasure is double negation: the obliteration of the flames destroys the exact timing of the event and halts the collapse of the towers. The blurred and fragmented score of knife across canvas slows down the onslaught of time, it does

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not freeze, or stop it the way a photograph does rather, Richter's action delivers the belief that everything is possible and everything is controllable.

In *Walk II*, boundaries bleed, the edges shift and move. Wave like, the ground trembles, not through any loud explosive rupture but by a gradual shifting. Through listening I attempt stability, lock down into defensiveness before being distracted by the references to tears, the sea, the rumbling tanks that move me in and out of bewilderment, before the desire to stop, rewind, wipe it all away, takes hold. Judith Butler describes: "a constitutive outside to the subject, an abjected outside, which is, after all, "inside" the subject as its own founding repudiation" (Butler, 1993: 3). I am propelled forward in search of an anchor, however fleeting. Kristeva asks: "Where then lies the border, the initial phantasmatic limit that establishes the clean and proper self of the speaking and/or social being?" (1984: 85). *Falling* has pitched me (as audience) into *Walk II* in the hope of respite, but aimless and directionless without a narrative to cling to, I am left with ambiguity where: "the speaking being has no space of his own but stands on a fragile threshold as if stranded on account of an impossible demarcation" (Kristeva, 1984: 85).

The words, lifted from the page of the journal and deconstructed into just phrases, have lost their essence as a narrative and are no longer wholly a response or a record of the day's events, they are now a fictional and abstract account of that same ambiguity. I wanted to capture the complexity of remembering in addition to retaining the *affect* of the event. I am not sure how far I have achieved this as the details of the event become entangled in the desire to escape the remembering. The work plays with the repetition of phrases, particularly the idea of movement and the representation of a very clear recall of needing to stay in motion, active, as if in some way this was going to prevent me from getting lost in the event and therefore stuck in the past.

I walk again today, walk and walk... I turned and walked away, continue to walk - and I walked, walked. (Walker, Walk II, 2015).

Walk II hints at Baudrillard's claim that 9/11 existed outside of experience: "Something like an additional fiction, a fiction surpassing fiction" (2002, 29). The 'symbolic,' problematic for Baudrillard, distances spectators from the spectacle, and from the 'reality' of the event, and with 9/11 being repeated over and over for all to see, the attack was occupying yet another time and space beyond the real. In essence 9/11 was creating itself as a flashback before it had a chance to organically become reality. "The terrorist violence here is not, then, a blowback of reality, any more than it is a blowback of history. It is not 'real.' In a sense, it is worse: it is symbolic" (2002: 29).

The perpetual and eruptive desire to go back in time and *wipe it all away,* brings me to flashbacks: noisy, dangerous, painful intrusions from the past that arise from the tension between the desire to forget, and the necessity of remembering. Van der Kolk and van der Hart, in *The Intrusive Past: The Flexibility of Memory and The Engraving of Trauma* (1995), write that:

> "[These] traumatic memories are triggered by autonomic arousal (Rainey et al., 1987; Southwark et al', 1993) and are thought to be mediated via hyperpotentiated noradrenergic pathways originating in the locus coeruleus of the brain" (173).

The locus coeruleus, the alarm centre of the brain, secretes noradrenaline and eventually endogenous opioids, which over time affect the hippocampus, the amygdala and the frontal lobes. Psychiatrist, Alan N. Schore writes that flashbacks were due to:

> A failure of orbitofrontal modulation of limbic arousal and an uncoupling of both the ventral tegmental and lateral tegmental forebrain–midbrain limbic circuits results in a cycling between intrusive hypersympathetically driven terrifying flashbacks and traumatic images and parasympathetically driven dissociation, avoidance, and numbing. (2001: 201)

Flashbacks arise from the inability to consign trauma to memory. They are not new creations, but repetitive replays of the past, displaced memories that fracture the present,

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reproducing traumatic events to attempt to master and integrate the past into "a psychic economy, a symbolic order" (Foster, 1996: 131). An experience that cannot be organised on a linguistic level is instead organised on a 'somatosensory or iconic level' (van der Kolk, van der Haart, 1995: 172), which cannot easily be retrieved into the symbolic language necessary for linguistic retrieval and therefore a narrative.

> The flashback takes the form of recurrent, intrusive images or sensations associated with the traumatic event, or of a sudden feeling that the traumatic event is literally happening all over again. (Leys, 2000: 241)

The acceptability of the accuracy of such flashbacks is questionable despite the term implying the photographic or cinematic possibility of reproducing a scene from the past with complete certainty. As Leys goes on to note: "The victim feels as if he has returned to the perceptual reality of the traumatic situation, and it has become orthodox to interpret such flashback experiences as the literal return of the dissociated memories of the event" (2000: 241).

Interestingly, Maureen Turim explores the etymology of the 'flashback' as a term that migrated into cinematic use perhaps from mechanics and physics, where flash, a brief interval of light, or "brief and violent consequence[s] of combustion" (1989: 1), leads to a flash back or a violent misfiring. For Turim, flashbacks are a privileged moment located within the permeable space where memory and history intertwine (1989: 1). Memory surges forward to strengthen and protect or alternatively repeat and haunt. She argues that if flashbacks give us images of memory: the personal archives of the past, they also give us images of history: the shared and recorded past.

The flashback upsets and interrupts the order of things. It ruptures the system and therefore the status quo, creating moments of conflict and danger. For Caruth, to be traumatised means to be possessed by the image or the event (1995: 5) in which the flashback functions as a foothold or trace back into the event, "a form of recall that

survives at the cost of willed memory or of the very continuity of conscious thought"
(152). She writes of *the traumatised* containing an impossible history, where: "they
themselves become a symptom of the history that they cannot entirely possess" (1995:
5). I perceive flashbacks as a necessary means to bear witness to a past that is both
subjective and shared, they are clues, glimpses of a traumatic event or events, and
though they create untold problems in their disruption, flashbacks also function to alert
us to the danger of complacency. For Bergson:

> the past to which he returns is fugitive, ever on the point of escaping him, as
> though his backward turning memory were thwarted by the other, more natural
> memory, of which the forward movement bears him on to action and to life. (2004:
> 94)

Embedded within the flashback is the urge to restore, to regulate and integrate the past.
Freud understood the flashback as traumatic repetition and linked it to the death instinct:
"a compulsion to reproduce that very experience of chaos and trauma" (Laub, Lee, 2013:
435). Conceptually, the flashback is a contradiction. The somatic desire to release the
past trauma through remembering is simultaneously defended against by not
remembering, thereby reproducing traumatic *affect* through the inevitable return of the
past through flashbacks. Further complicated because the death instinct is: "by definition,
considered to be silent, obscure, and resistant to clinical verification" (Laub, Lee, 2013:
435).

Through revisiting the shadow place of Freud's death drive or death instinct, I am forced
to contend with the borderland of survival, this is the state of *Nachtraglichkeit*, (1865:
13), an in between murky place where the trauma awaits revelation, a challenging space
of defence strategies and theatricality where life is lived on the outside to protect a
haunted interior. Laub and Lee write about the belated *relibidinisation* as the constructed
and reconstructed revisiting of the traumatic memory until a narrative can be established

to integrate the traumatic experience in the most meaningful and resolved way (2013: 447).

Nachtraglichkeit points one backwards to the trauma, structured through a sequence of anticipations and reconstructions:

> It may happen that someone gets away, apparently unharmed, from the spot where he has suffered a shocking accident ... In the course of the following weeks, however, he develops a series of grave psychical and motor symptoms, which can be ascribed only to his shock' (Freud, 1939: 84).

It is the belated experience constituted by the relationship between two-events or experiences of two competing impulses, that endows the memory rather than the original event with traumatic significance. This time of latency, or what could also be termed an incubation period is an interesting phenomenon. Jean LaPlanche (2001) translates Nachträglichkeit as *Après-coup/* or *afterwardsness*, a complex interweaving of double meaning and temporality.[17]

Afterwardsness is the repetitive insistence of the trauma's constant return in opposition to the flow of life, where the compulsion is to halt the re-experiencing of the traumatic event. Nachträglichkeit is an exchange between two moments, the second of which retrospectively determines the meaning of the first. As understood by Laplanche, it always takes two traumas to make a trauma, where one event is only registered through another in deferred action, which is occasioned by events and situations or by experiences that allow the subject to gain access to a new level of meaning (1973: 112).[18]

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[17] Is it not true that the logic of the after-the-fact (Nachträglichkeit) which is not only at the heart of psychoanalysis, but even, literally, the sinews of all 'deferred' (nachträglich) obedience, turns out to disrupt, disturb, entangle forever the reassuring distinction between the two terms of this alternative, as between the past and the future, that is to say, between the three actual presents, which would be the past present, the present present, and the future present? (Derrida, 1998: 80)

[18] The question of time as the experience of the outside world, which is linked to perception and to what he calls the system of consciousness… the biological aspect of time. And that aspect of time is very limited; it is immediate time, immediate temporality. But what Freud tried to discover, through Nachträglichkeit, is something much more connected with the whole of a life. That is another type of temporality. It is the temporality of retranslating one's own fate, of

Foster argues that we come to be who we are in deferred action (1996: 28), where the very idea of delay is present at the beginning. Massumi, coming from a different perspective, writes about an inverted relationship between space and movement. When the relation between space and movement inverts, so does the relation between ourselves and our experience.

> Experience is no longer in us. We emerge from experience. We do not move through experience. The movement of experience stops with us. And no sooner folds back on itself. (Massumi, 1998: 17)

When this flow is interrupted, movement stagnates and emergence is denied. Nachträglichkeit is that which steps into the space between the disruptive event and the repetitive rupture that returns to restore order, narrative and function. For Lacan it's the missed encounter with the *Real*, that can only be represented in its repetition. "Rather, repetition serves to *screen* the real understood as traumatic. But this very need also *points* to the real, and at this point the real ruptures the screen of repetition" (Foster, 1996: 132). Žižek points to the difference between the 'original' and its repetition' as the intervention of the "signifying network in which the event is inscribed" (2014: 114). It is only by passing through repetition that the trauma is 'recognised' and as such symbolised.

Building on this intricate temporal interplay, Derrida describes nachträglich as that which "turns out to disrupt, disturb, entangle" (1995: 52). The dual temporality and the latency period are essential components of the principle of Nachträglichkeit to facilitate new perceptions of the past. Flashbacks fill this space, they rise to make known or make sense of the trauma, make us witnesses to the traumatic event and our own survival. They remind us of our mortality, of the past we want to contradictorily remember and forget. Trauma unsettles and forces us to rethink our experiences. Its incomprehensibility

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retranslating what's coming to this fate from the message of the other. That's a completely different aspect of temporality. (La Planche, 2001: 11)

makes remembering difficult but forgetting impossible and any form of recollection insufficient.

This raises questions about the aesthetics of 'appropriate' representation: is it sensitive recollection, *accurate* witnessing, or Elgin's 'felicitous falsehoods.' With *Falling*, it was important to throw it all out there, to make the sound as loud as possible, the imagery as fractured and broken as possible. To instil the notion that something is not quite right, or rather that *all* is not quite right and that the abject can surge forwards at any time and transgress, corrupt and rupture. But with *Walk II* the aim differed, I was seeking a subtler version of the *something other,* that I had found through embodying the noise of *Falling*. In *Walk II,* the sequencing of the sonic work is measured and contained, it hints and circumvents without ever arriving, it envelops space and time, coiling it back in on itself. It randomly deconstructs, leaving no trace or foothold back into the narrative of the memory, rather it hints at something unresolved.

Likewise, *September*, Richter's painting, depicts the towers still standing tall in *their* burning aliveness and therefore still in the process of dying, never having fallen. He brings the past into being and galvanises an ongoing process, a place where memory builds upon memory and remembering is always present and always expanding. The work, as in *Walk II*, offers up a constantly changing discourse with the past. Similarly, Laub's incomprehensible past does not have an ending. He seeks new approaches to be "developed and employed in order to give form, structure, and intelligibility" (2005: 254) to the unimaginable. In his paper, *Truth and Testimony: The Process and the Struggle* (1995), he recognises three levels of witnessing: "the level of being a witness to oneself within the experience, the level of being a witness to the testimonies of others, and the level of being a witness to the process of witnessing itself" (61). In being the witness to a past that he was also a part of, he writes:

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> I observe how the narrator and myself as listener alternate between moving closer and then retreating from the experience - with a sense that there is a truth that we are both trying to reach, and this sense serves as a beacon we both try to follow. (62)

The difficulties in repossessing the past are evident in the two sound pieces: *Walk II* and *The Briefcase* (to follow). The complex layering of these two sound pieces was created from the collected sounds of the sites of the previous installations and the slowly fragmenting recording of the contents from the original journal. The latter involved a process of erasing and destroying, taking away the words, breaking down the sentences into spaces, sounds and stuttering phrases. *Walk II* was created a year after an earlier version *Walk I,* which upon listening to, after making *Falling* and *Ghost-Walk*, I decided it was too long at 11.36 minutes, a decision based on the desire to maintain a similar time frame for all the sonic and moving imagery pieces of *Six Fragments,* with *Falling* being the shortest piece. Remaking the sound piece a year later marked an important point within the research, and became symbolic of reworking the traumatic memory into a shortened, more compact representation of what I wanted to share with an audience. Between the making of the two versions, I moved from being swamped by the memory, to become both the artist and the audience, i.e. the *listener* of the work. It was a revelatory shift as both the owner of the memory and a witness to that memory. Rather than feeling as if the work was being done to me, or through me, where the trauma and the work were one and therefore carried forwards embedded in each other, I felt a conscious shift from the activity of *ontological spit* to a re-evaluation of the traumatic event. I moved from inside of the memory to the outside. In the re-making of *Walk II* there was a conscious decision to re-frame the past (symbolically) and therefore manoeuvre and shift my position from repeating the trauma, to witnessing the traumatic event. That is not to say I was traumatised in making the work, (not consciously anyway) or that my intention was to make traumatic work, rather I was following the flow of affect that superseded the emotional relationship to the work, exploring the emotionality in hindsight, making full use of the space of *nachtraglich* or *afterwardsness.*

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Less immersed in the remembering with a clearer notion of what the work should represent, the older version appeared technically and annoyingly unsophisticated. The repetition and the persistence of the drone seemed too effortful, and the stretched sound of the gulls from the previous installation assumed a sort of grating celestial introjection or presence. My desire to rework or even erase the sound piece was emblematic of the need to halt the repetition of the trauma, to interrupt the flashback and create a new relationship to the past. So, *Walk I* developed into *Walk II*, the former relegated to the archive. In the conscious archiving of *Walk I* and the earlier version of *Saturday* (an accompanying sound piece that has since been renamed *The Briefcase)*, the space was created for something other to take form, something new that I connected back to Derrida: "Thus to think the body without body of this invisible visibility — the ghost is already taking shape" (1994). This naturally flowed into the making of *Ghost-Walk* and *Ghost II*, artworks that essentially emerged from the absence of consigning pieces of work and therefore memories to the archive. Through the making of *Six Fragments*, what I became increasingly conscious of was the *affect that d*efined the work rather than the event. I was not consigning the event to the archive, rather a part of me that now externalised had a form that *could* be archived. Therefore, what left me empty was the excavation of the feelings towards the event, feelings that had accompanied me for over 13-years. In shifting and moving into the role of witness to both the event and my feelings I was emptying my body of the past and therefore I was forced into a position of contemplating the emptiness created by the absence: my grief.

Throughout *The Work of Mourning* (2001), Derrida admits to how difficult it is to find the right words, 'public words', to express the absence. "Speaking is impossible but so too would be silence or absence or a refusal to share one's sadness" (69). For me, this work is about finding a way or a method of representation that is not sentimental, or a replica of the drama of 9/11. It is about finding a method that delves into the complexities of remembering, the subtleties and nuances of how the traumatic event inhabits, and takes

up residence in the body, my body. Upon remembering and relating that memory and the process of remembering, what is being described is the externalisation of something private and subjective that changes the body, the memory and the relationship to the event, and therefore the past. Mourning: I approach the loss of the body, (my body), that existed before the event, the loss of the body to the event, I uncover the subtleties of remembering the traumatic event in making this work. The externalisation of the voice, my voice, through *Fragments* with all its separate pieces, opens the relationship between mourning and trauma for me.

2:6 *Ghost-Walk*

Ghost-Walk, follows *Walk II*. An artwork of moving imagery and sounds that directly speak to the ghosts of 9/11, 6.49 minutes in length it was completed in 2015. For this artwork I returned to the dissociative or disembodied space, where cognitive perception is obstructed and therefore narration challenged. I wanted to explore how traumatic traces can be represented, and the nature or quality of the transferential identification. Memories here become ghosts returning to haunt both the body and the field that the body occupies, the work addresses the *body in between*: in between life and death, inside and outside. It is a traumatic loss of self that assumes the status of non-presence, a body neither here nor there - a ghostly presence, signifying that which is outside of cognition or comprehension. It is the body consumed by the past, by the ghost that returns after the event: the spectral resonance held within the traumatic memory. A body that is already vulnerable to future hauntings. What is the affect felt by the body in-between? Massumi describes a body turned inside out:

> Brain and skin form a resonating vessel. Stimulation turns inward, is folded into the body, except that there is no inside for it to be in, because the body is radically open, absorbing impulses quicker than they can be perceived, and because the entire vibratory event is unconscious, out of mind. (1995: 89)

Ghost-Walk, depicts the aftermath of 9/11. It occupies the anxious stimulation folded into the body and the haunted exterior in which the body resides. The footage was shot in

black and white and moves from an underground subway in downtown *Manhattan* through the remains of the fallen *World Trade Centre*. The camera maps a pathway through the shock and confusion after the falling towers, weaving through the ruins, amidst the smoke and the debris. It scans the scene from various perspectives alerting the viewer to the aftermath of such explosive violence. This is the terrain of the fallen, inhabited by the dead and the bodies caught in between, struggling for survival. A lone-fireman dresses in his gear. Walkers leave the scene hands or scarves wrapped around their mouths. A couple hold hands. She carries a handbag, which seems such a mundane detail compared to the tragedy that has just taken place. Surrounded by white smoke and dust they walk into oblivion, emerging again into the unnamed ruinous remains. Lower Manhattan, its buildings and fire trucks are laden with the ghostly remnants and thick layers of dust from the towers, the dead and the planes. Figures blur, melt into the overexposed footage, and merge into the greying shadows. The camera pans backwards and forwards slowly, as if clumsily trying to 'get hold' of the scene to make sense of what is happening. At times the footage slows down to a crawl as shocked figures wade through the landscape, their limbs tired and heavy, pushing against an unseen force, repeated, doubly exposed. A man seated on the sidewalk reaches his hand upwards, is he asking for help? Passers-by either unseeing, or uncaring, fail to glance in his direction. He appears to be invisible. Perhaps he is the prophet of doom: *"'this is what happens when things go too far. When not enough attention is paid. When you're too busy making plans, making money."* Whilst another man shrouded in white dust, his white shirt pressed to his face emerges from the exposed wasteland.

What was important for me to convey, when making this work, was the preservation of a ghostly ambiguity that borders upon a dream world where nothing is certain and everything is awry. The footage, as previously, was stitched together from many anonymous sources on *YouTube*, which I enlarged and distorted on my computer screen

and then filmed segments with a macro lens, reversing Ruff's approach to his *jpeg* series (see page 88). It was as if I was burying into the imagery in search of clues, or glimpses of what I alternatively experienced and missed on the day of the traumatic event. I embody the role of the camera, the lens becomes my eye, through which I scan the computer screen for remnants of my past. This process of making took place over many months, viewing hundreds of hours of footage before selecting the final imagery. There was a constant process of selecting, archiving, and erasing before returning to each segment of footage, sometimes repeating the imagery, sometimes slowing it down until the desired effect was achieved. The moving imagery is accompanied by sounds from the footage of the day of 9/11 and the days thereafter, an auditory practice that followed a similar vein of selection, erasure and distortion to that of the visual. The layering of the text and the sounds trace the ebbing and the flowing of the unfolding events forwards into the present and the present future; they are the auditory and visual flashbacks, the intrusions from the past that rupture the present.

Here *Ghost Walk*'s ghostly quality plays with time and occupies an otherworldly space which had once existed as a slick urban cityscape. The body, caught between the affective and the cognitive registering of the traumatic experience, is a body in a non-linear process where resonation and affect continue to feedback disconnected from meaningful sequencing and therefore from narration (Massumi 2002: 25). Massumi describes a "temporal sink, a hole in time," a state of suspense with the potential towards disruption. This body, this site of trauma, is the body in between, a body in crisis caught up in uncertainty where the notion of safety is disrupted, and any organised existence made precarious, a body teetering on the edge haunted by the past. The anxiety in *Ghost-Walk* articulates Derrida's spectral threat:

> Why in both cases is the specter felt to be a threat? What is the time and what is the history of a specter? Is there a present of the specter? Are its comings and goings ordered according to the linear succession of a before and an after,

between a present-past, a present-present, and a present-future, between a "real time" and a "deferred time". (1994: 48)

The Twin Towers, which could have tied the footage to a place, have been erased, reduced to rubble, this lack of identification only adding to the anxiety. This could well be the end of the world. Without warning and within moments everything had changed. What happened was incomprehensible, shocking! One-minute people were heading to work, buying coffee, and muffins under a glorious blue sky and bright sunshine and the next they were gone or running for their lives and lower Manhattan was buried under a thick film of white dust. As the film nears its ending the walkers begin to move backwards, it is an attempt to rewind, to take it all back, to go backwards in time and rework the scene, create a different outcome, linking the footage to the previous sound work, *Walk II*. The futility of the action is marked by the footage coming to an end, bleaching out entirely to an emptiness that swallows up the landscape before returning once again to a black screen.

The repetition of sounds and imagery are memory's ghostly echo, perhaps, as Derrida writes: "to conjure away, as if by magic, the "thing" itself, the fear or the terror it inspires" (Derrida, 2003: 87), for repetition has the power to neutralise a hurt, deaden the past, distance a trauma. For Derrida, the spectral notion of trauma is that which is both inscribed on the body from the event and that which is yet to come; it is a body possessed. In *Of spirit* he writes: "I shall speak of ghost, of flame, of ashes" (1989: 1), where spirit is a ghost that returns, the material that is left within the traces of memory and representation after the event, or the resonance of an echo within the haunted space, within the accumulation of the fragments of traumatic memories. The ghost throws time out of joint, producing a "radical untimeliness" or "anachrony" (Derrida, 1995: 84) and as such the film is slow moving, in and out of focus and purposefully overexposed in parts so much so that details disappear completely. This is where the

past encroaches, breaks open the present and distorts the potential of the future into a series of irreconcilable scenes, multiple affects and feelings. The traumatic experience divided from the beginning is never just one event that is experienced, for trauma splits time:

> (being neither a 'then' nor a 'now') and meaning (being neither significant nor nonsensical); it is neither pure fact nor pure fantasy, it comes both from within the subject (the endogenous fantasy) and from without (the original scene of seduction, and the second, possibly quite banal event that recalls it). (Brown, 1992: 239).

This layering of time, the then and the now; the intertwining of the past, the present and the future was something I wanted to capture in this short film, as was the confusion of what is real and what is fiction, what is memory and what is fantasy. Here, the encroachment of the flashback is so disruptive that there exists the danger that the past will take over the present entirely, trapping the audience into a loop of repetition, as they helplessly attempt to undo a past, that by its very nature, cannot be undone. This is the haunted body, the body caught in between. It is also the body that cannot be located, that exists outside of a specific time and place, operating on many temporal planes, caught in a cycle of traumatic repetition.

For Luckhurst, the ghost embodies the idea of the persistence of traumatic memory; ghosts are signals of atrocities marking sites of untold violence; they signal the presence of a traumatic past whose traces remain to attest to a lack of testimony. "A haunting does not initiate a story; it is the sign of a blockage of the story… A hurt that has not been honoured by a memorializing narrative" (2008: 93). Inhabiting spectral moments that no longer belong to time, Derrida's ghosts are not confined to the past; they also occupy the present and a time to come, (2006: 6–7). Being *outside of time* (and consciousness) the spectre retains its invisibility, and from this place it witnesses our inability to see it, haunting us nevertheless. Unable to identify the ghost we have no choice but to fall back upon its *traces*: the sound or voice of the haunting to familiarise ourselves with all its

ghostly qualities. As Derrida wrote just five-weeks after 9/11 – 'we do not know what it is and so do not know how to describe, identify, or even name it' (2001: 94).

Using Derrida's spectral to navigate the traumatic spaces in *Ghost-Walk*, also negotiates a space between repression and dissociation, similarly creating a passageway for the transferential between the work and the audience. Freud's death instinct is fully active in the force of traumatic repetition in the compulsion to reproduce the 'earlier state of things,' it operates silently and unobtrusively. The goal: "to return to the quiescence of the inorganic world" (Freud, 1920: 336). In its silence it cannot be located, in its shifting shape and form it retains the elusiveness of the phantom. The traumatic experience is the constant return to a past that has not yet *arrived*, a ghost of or from the future, the ghostly effect of what was never present, or can only be present in ghostly formation.

Revisiting *Archive Fever A Freudian Impression*, Derrida discusses the difference between *Verdrängung* - repression and *Unterdrückung* - suppression, the subtleties of which arise in the German to Spanish/French and English translation (28).

Understanding the subtleties directly concerns the structure of the archive and touches upon the "location of the substrates of traces, on the subjectile of consignation, (*Niederschift*), from one system to the other." For unlike repression, which remains unconscious:

> suppression (Unterdrückung) effects what Freud calls a "second censorship" - between the conscious and the preconscious - or rather affects the affect, which is to say, that which can never be repressed in the unconscious but only suppressed and displaced in another affect. (Derrida, 1995: 28)

This for me is the notion of the *body in between* holding the event at a distance, creating such a conflict within the body that a phantasm of life is formed to live the life that is suppressed: the haunted interior that through its exteriorisation haunts the bodily system, the field, the lineage, the culture and so on. The ghosts in *Ghost-Walk*, not only inhabit

the suppressed memory, Freud's '*second censorship*,' but also point to the repressed memory and the dissociated space. Their shape-shifting ability permeates far beyond the spitting out or rejecting of all that is abject. Ghosts lead us to and through the haunted interior to the original scene of haunting. Compelled we follow, repeat the cycle pushing against all that is defended, all that is threatened and all that has traumatically past. In theory, ghosts can be laid to rest if captured: witnessed, heard, voiced, seen, made visible from the shadows. Until then, they offer warnings and reminders of a future that we must watchful over.

2:7 The Briefcase

The Briefcase is a sonic work, 6.10 minutes long, created in September 2015. It is the story of an event within *the event* that under normal circumstances would not have created the drama that ensued, but because of 9/11 suddenly this small event became very large and dramatic, and I found myself in the centre of it all purely by coincidence of location. The artwork plays with the site of trauma, and therefore the dissociative space, which I discussed earlier (100) as a disembodied space, that has the potential to exist both inside or outside of the body. There are two-versions of *The Briefcase* the former: *Saturday,* now discarded. The process of replacing one with the other, (as in *Walk I* with *Walk II*) was the demarcation of a notable shift in the research and therefore within the remembering. The original title, *Saturday,* was the date of the words taken from my journal written back in 2001, as - 'this was recorded on a Saturday.' This specific day was marked out by the oddity of a briefcase found on my roof, important because of its placement in time just weeks after 9/11, weeks distorted by the media, the rhetoric of violence and retribution and the looming threat of further attacks: anthrax and biological terrorism. Into this psychological landscape of fear and paranoia a closed or locked briefcase could easily be perceived as a threat. As Massumi writes post 9/11:

It may already be on the horizon, brewing like a recipe for disaster, or ominously looming like an unclear, almost-present threat. It carries an irreducible degree of indeterminacy. That measure of indeterminacy makes it as intangible as it is ominous' (2004: 2)

A briefcase, such as the one found on my rooftop, would normally be associated with white collar business men, professionals such as lawyers or accountants; an uncanny symbol of capitalism now armed with the potential of containing a bomb or anthrax. Here, I refer to Freud's uncanny, which:

undoubtedly belongs to all that is terrible—to all that arouses dread and creeping horror; it is equally certain, too, that the word is not always used in a clearly definable sense, so that it tends to coincide with whatever excites dread. (1919: 1)

I wondered at the time and still do, who alerted whom to the briefcase. I do not remember hearing the heaviness of footsteps above me but someone must have left the briefcase on my roof, and thereafter someone must have seen it. I am reminded of Don DeLillo's essay written just a couple of months after 9/11: "For many people, the event has changed the grain of the most routine moment" (2001: 7). The question therefore arises: was the briefcase left there by accident? An odd singular thing, a briefcase left on a tenement roof in *Little Italy*, in *Manhattan*, nevertheless its presence punctured the drama of the weeks succeeding 9/11 and ironically then became the drama. It marked out a space in time, something unforgettable slotted into a time that was already unforgettable.

The distance between the two sonic pieces, *Saturday* and *The Briefcase*, plays with the temporality of experiencing trauma. After completing all the other works of *Six Fragments*, *Saturday,* no longer *fitted*; the memory and its representation had been outgrown. Making the original (*Saturday*) had been a long drawn out process of reading the journal, recording me reading it, repeating the sentences that were too emotional, fluffed or rushed, and then slowly listening to each chapter, each page, before editing it down into a deconstructed version of what I wanted an audience to hear of my memory.

This was followed by layering the spoken phrases into a sonic landscape of sounds made up of distorted echoes and noise remnants of footage from 9/11 and earlier artwork from *Stage 1*. It contains the drone from the first installation (the wind from WTC), and the gulls and my breath both stretched, beyond recognition. The voice, (my voice), is intimate without any distortion and clearly sits on top of the other added layers. I am telling a story, or part of a story, which is multi-layered both in the telling and the remembering. Upon re-listening to the earlier version, I also struggled with the way it ended, the drone suddenly leaves, it was like losing a friend, the departure of which left me feeling ill at ease and out of sorts. A suddenness that denied me a space of mourning or transition, in that its abruptness left me without anything to hold onto. Over the passing of time and the many layers of work that were created in between, the sound piece assumed a slow-moving, sluggish representation and conjured up feelings of having to carry an unbearable weight. The original plan of research was to explore how far the narrative of my journal could be broken down and still retain the *affect* of the event, and in this instance the narrative still felt too complete. In *Saturday,* the story is clearly still there, so I decided to push further, explore whether the text could be broken down even more and still retain the essence of the narrative, so *Saturday* became *The Briefcase*.

The distance of the narrating voice, as it navigates a passageway through the accompanying sounds, conjures up the notion of trying to part the layers of the major event to make sense of this smaller event. *The Briefcase* is a lot more dramatic than *Saturday* as it builds slowly and gradually into a complexity of sounds. It is a soundscape or story-scape rather than a narrative, with sounds that suggest something ominous and ghostly, something that has happened that has caused some sort of crisis that could potentially descend into further deterioration. The memories rise and speak through the repetition, time is out of joint, and the question arises is it possible for order to be restored after such a traumatic event.

It has been effortful making all the separate works in Six Fragments, bringing each one to completion, its natural end. The desire is to pre-empt the ending, by suddenly cutting it dead. The person I was when I wrote the journal has matured to being the narrator of this tale the person I am now. I am relating a story from the past, mapping a pathway backwards whilst the older version of me pushes forwards in time reminding me of who I was, it is as if I am two people standing side by side. The words from the past move through me, activate yet more of my memories, and I am travelling between the bodies, the sounds, and noises, the past and the present and all the memories that have formed in between that bridge who I was with who I am now. This layered aspect of remembering moves through the new sound work, The Briefcase, as an echo of the past reverberating forwards and backwards from the spoken words.

The Briefcase begins with: "*Mom put down the phone in tears, I'm looking for my sense of humour, where has my sense of humour gone?*" And so, began the journey of trying to find something humorous amidst all the drama, both in the rereading of the journal and the making of the work about the contents of this journal. "*Mom put down the phone in tears,*" is a delayed echo of the voice. The echo—the lingering of that which is absent, is the return of the encounter that was impossible to assimilate back then. Now, slow to revelation, with aspects that remain concealed and hidden in the shadows, the echo asks is it possible to detect what becomes censored in the recording of my voice? As Connor writes:

> we conceal the monitoring from ourselves, in that the doubling of the operation of repression defined by Freud, in which we both censor and censor the awareness of the act of censorship. In speaking, we listen intently to our own speaking voice, in a complicated feedback loop, or duet of utterance and response; we eavesdrop on our own speech, but do not, as it were hear ourselves listening. (2000: 10)

The stranger to ourselves, *Es Spukt* as Derrida calls it. "It is a question of ghost and haunting, to be sure, but what else?" (1994: 216). To welcome, albeit apprehensively, the stranger of the past. "The impersonal ghostly returning of the "es spukt" provides an automatism of repetition, no less than it finds its principle of reason there" (1994: 217).

The echo is the repetition compulsion of the death drive, "das unheimliche," the uncanny (Freud, 1919:2).

Torsten Andreasen calls for a narrative to give meaning to the absence. And I am caught between the paradoxical desire to fragment the text even further, and the urge to make sense by piecing together a story for the audience, for I already know the story. Such is the conflict of the unassimilable encounter with the real.

> For Lacan, *tuché* is "*the encounter with the real*" (1978: 53), it is the shattering of the symbolic world as we know it by the manifestation of the lacanian real. The real is impossible to imagine and resists all symbolisation so in the encounter of *tuché*, the real manifests itself in the form of the unassimilable: trauma. (Andreasen, 2013: 3)

In the background of the sound piece, fragments from the media's coverage of 9/11 have been slowed down stretched and layered, they are the ghostly call of the past. A reminder that for those last 4-months of 2001, all of us resident in lower Manhattan were never far from *Ground Zero*, and therefore the event. We lived with the constant noise of an unfamiliar *silence*, in which the normal sounds of traffic, trade and life in lower *Manhattan* were replaced by the sounds of sirens from ambulances and fire engines and the rumbling of army tanks. We were accompanied by the smell that embedded itself into the walls of buildings, (my building) the wood, my clothes, and the visible layers of dust that I was constantly wiping from the surfaces, sweeping from the floors within my home, scraping off my skin when I returned home from being outside. I wanted to create something that was still being felt, still active despite the passage of time, something that got under your skin, *das unheimliche* (ibid: 2*)*. I wanted to actively welcome back the ghosts, as Derrida writes:

> To exorcise not in order to chase away the ghosts, but this time to grant them the right, if it means making them come back alive, as revenants who would no longer be revenants, but as other arrivants to whom a hospitable memory or promise must offer welcome- without certainty, ever, that they present themselves as such. (1994: 220)

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The notion of trauma, as that of a reaction to an encounter beyond representation, comes alive in *The Briefcase* through my obsessive and repetitive attempts to penetrate the "representative opacity" (Andreasness, 2013: 3). In this way the encounter, as a traumatic encounter, is eventually experienced. Listening reminds me. The subtle nuances of the day and the days thereafter emerge in the spaces between the words, the echo and the delay, nuances that I had forgotten until now, listening. Not even in the making did the affect fully reveal itself. My voice, 'amputated' from my body is also the sound separated from my visual memory of the event, the stranger to myself that arises from the unintegrated past to be exorcised all over again. Seeking to come to terms with all of this, is: "an attempt at a cure, an endeavour to reconcile the divided Ego – divided by the trauma – with the rest and to unite it into a strong whole that will be fit to cope with the outer world" (Freud, 1939: 125).

The Briefcase, is much more a work of mourning than the earlier version *(Saturday),* this is both its strength and its weakness. For with the rest of Six Fragments still to come, I wonder if mourning is premature. The breaking down of the text into phrases and gestures creates space for grief. Allows for the identification of what yet remains to be revealed. It is the desire to reveal the uncanny, the need to know '*who*' and '*where.*' "One has to know. *One has to know it. One has to have knowledge* [Il Faut le savoir]" (Derrida, *sic*, 2006: 9). Filling in the gaps, ontologising the remains, and the realisation of the nuances, all silence or exorcise the ghost. Do they achieve this, or merely invite further ghosts into the space? It is a fine balance that I am not sure I have executed successfully.

> There is also a mode of production of the phantom, itself a phantomatic mode of production. As in the work of mourning, after a trauma, the conjuration has to make sure that the dead will not come back. (Derrida, 2006: 120)

My experiencing of the event was not something that I talked about back then or indeed that I have spoken much about since. Everyone around me had experienced the trauma so there was a refusal to talk about it, not because I was afraid of appearing weak or vulnerable, though maybe for some that was the case. For me, outside of the shock, it

was more about not being unable to verbalise my experience. Also, as so many had experienced the event, and were actively talking about it there was little room for my voice to be heard above the drama and the noise. It was very loud outside, and I mean the shock and the affect rather than the actual event, so much so that it was easier to squash it, find a measure of control, a way to regulate the outside by locking myself in. So, it was only a matter of time before the ghosts started to leak.

The phrase "*I push it down and reassemble"(Walker, 2015),* lifted from the page of the journal and spoken aloud points not only to a representation of the traumatic revival, but also to the refuge of language as a means of protection from the traumatic past, it is a phrase that does not point directly to the event, rather it acts as the place holder or the trace that leads the subject, (myself and the audience), back to the moment of impact, to the trauma of 9/11. Alternatively: *"The area has been cordoned off, an unidentified briefcase has been located on my roof" (Walker, 2015),* is a sound and an actual object, both of which harbour the potential for danger and function as symbolic containers for the traumatic memory. Thus, protecting me from fully realising the danger of a briefcase on my roof, and the fullness of the traumatic event, i.e. the story within the story, the revival of one which leads to the greater trauma, 9/11.

> *I walk; I have begun to cry. I walk with nothing but tears to ...I have begun to cry, I want to be held, held down, contained, held in its all spilling out, little fragments, shards of flying moaning cells, dispersing, running for cover, flying high over me I'm disappearing and no one is noticing. (Walker, 2015)*

I remember for weeks after the event how the affect leaked out of me, the shame that took hold and the silence thereafter. Harboured within the shame, was the belief that I should be able to inhale it all, take it in and slowly exhale each particle of the trauma, each smoky toxic part of the memory, little by little, so as not to add to the larger drama that was unfolding or indeed add to the potential of future dramas.

Massumi asks:

> What are the existential effects of the body having to assume, at the level of its activated flesh, one with the becoming, the rightness of alert never having to be in error? Of the body in a perpetual innervated reawakening to a world where signs of danger forever loom? Of a world where once a threat, always a threat?

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A world of seriating menace –potential made actual experience, with a surplus of becoming, all in the instant?' (2010: 65)

Both *Saturday* and *The Briefcase,* seemed too full for the distraction of visuals; listening in surround sound and then stereo, in a large darkened space, the words and the sounds filled the darkness and allowed for the imagery from the previous moving image pieces, *(Falling and Ghost-Walk)* to perpetuate throughout the space, leaving an after-effect of floating black and white imagery. Within the entire artwork: *Six Fragments,* notably there are very few if any moments of silence. The breaks between the voice are filled with sound or imagery, and I wonder if there is a need for a space of silence in all of this remembering, or if the fact that I had *forgotten* or *misplaced* the loudness of the explosive noise of the towers falling for so many years makes it preferable to fill all the spaces with the onslaught of all noise.

2:8 Ghosts II

Ghosts II: length 3.21 minutes, is the final piece of moving imagery and sound and momentarily brings this piece of work: *Six Fragments*, to a close. (Momentarily - because the work will always be open-ended with the potential for new memories, new representations to be added, and the existing ones reedited)*. Ghost II* picks up where *Ghost-Walk* left off, the imagery has moved underground, and traces a trajectory further back in time, back to when the towers were built, to the destruction that preceded their ascension: the raising to the ground of 12-blocks in lower Manhattan to make space for the buildings, and returns to where I started this chapter of the thesis. Spectrality with no beginning or end, amorphously mapping a course back to the *birth* of the towers and forward into this work: *Ghost II,* and on, into the future, where *it* waits to take up other forms.

Embedded into the making of *Ghost II,* was the desire to further explore and understand Freud's uncanny and the notion of externalised trauma contained within architecture. In

the traumatic aftermath of the tower's destruction, it is easy to justify a case for the *uncanny*, in that the *World Trade Centre*: "invited its own obliteration, that prefigured it, even foretold it" (Smith, 2002). In *The Arcades Project* (1999), Walter Benjamin associated Freud's uncanny with the phantasmagoria of urban life, describing a disturbing presence in which: "the stone phantom takes possession of you for a few minutes and commands you, in the name of the past, to think of things which are not of the earth" (1999: 289). For Anthony Vidler, "the uncanny finally became public in metropolis" (1996: 6), as a generalised condition of modern anxiety where as a concept it found its metaphorical home in architecture within the haunted house, and in the city through the "spatial incursions of modernity" (1996: 11). Art historian Smith asks:

> Is it only the hysteria of aftermath that suggests that it may make sense to speak of buildings which, while designed as actual and symbolic destinations, as architectural iconotypes, have somehow also built into them a fate that is in some sense predestined? Is there, then, an architecture of predestination? (2001/2002: 30)

Terrorists first struck the *World Trade Centre* in 1993, detonating a truck bomb in the basement of the North Tower, killing 6-people (CNN, 1993). Was this action also a phantasm that uttered a prophetic warning about the future? Later on in the aforementioned essay, Smith poignantly quotes from Joseph B. Juhas' commentary on Yamasaki, (architect of *The Twin Towers*), in reaction to the 1993 bombing:

> In an allegorical sense, the vast, twinned double ghostly presence of WTC presents a sepulchre from which ghosts will not rise as on the day of cataclysm as the resurrected dead, rather as a tombstone it prophecies the raising of Golems and Zombies. Finally, its fortress-like separation in lieu of union, like the worst of the foods and drugs on which New York thrives, caters to addictions only. We are left with a white city that is dirty; a city in which cracks spew pollution rather than resurrect new life. (1994/2002)

Ghost II, is as much about the early signs and warnings, as it is about the collapse of the towers. The repetition of phrases, sounds, imagery and colours of the artwork, mark out Freud's repetition compulsion, and add to an open-ended and unformed concept of the future. Derrida points out that:

> In any case there would be no future without repetition. And thus, as Freud perhaps would say (this would be his thesis), there is no future without the spectre of the oedipal violence…Without this evil, which is also archive fever, the desire

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and the disorder of the archive, there would be neither assignation nor consignation. Because assignation is a consignation. (1995: 80)

Once again, the footage is shot with a macro lens pushed up close to the computer screen, the knitted grid of the screen clearly defined, as is the pixilation of the footage, two layers of texture that insert the spectral graininess of memory onto the imagery. It is the textural component that connects *Ghost II* to my body, that serves to mark the passage of time from the beginnings of the towers to their downfall: an indelible historic trace and the layering of that history that insinuates itself into my system. It is Laura Mark's haptic visuality, a term derived from the art historian Alois Riegl (1858 – 1905), and picked up by Deleuze (2002), which looks at the distinction between haptic and optical images as vision that is tactile, "as though one were touching a film with one's eyes" (Marks, 2000: xi), which I discuss in detail in Chapter 3. The lens of the camera, pressed against my eye, mimics the seeing and unseen phantom as it navigates a course backwards and forwards in time, as it captures the fleeting moments that culminate into form: the structure of the towers, before the cycle of their existence ends in destruction. Marks writes:

> Haptic criticism is mimetic: it presses up to the object and takes its shape. Mimesis is a form of representation based on getting close enough to the other thing to become it. Again, the point is not to replace symbolisation, a form of representation that requires distance, with mimesis. Rather it is to maintain a robust flow between sensuous closeness and symbolic distance, which we may also, following Pierce, call Firstness and Thirdness. (2002: xiii)

Pierce's postulation of *firstness* as the quality of feeling, and *thirdness* as distance and mediation, bridges the facts, the experience and the substance (Pierce, 1867: 287-298) of *Ghost II*. The ominous sonic interference hides against a background of moving abstracted forms and colours. Repetition is employed as a reminder that this haunting is not over: neither the remembering of the trauma nor the event. As Derrida comments about 9/11: "it comes from the to-come, from the future, a future so radically to come that it resists even the grammar of the future anterior" (2002: 97). In *Ghost II,* the spectrality is present in footage captured from the beginnings of the *World Trade Centre*. It points

to Freud's indelible traces: "The trace can be modified, deformed, reformed - but never erased" (Malabou, 2012: 43); and to Derrida's "symptomatic form of the return of the repressed" (1978: 247). The spectral brings with it the promise of a future, but one that is haunted by fear and uncertainty, for: "Traumatism is produced by the future, by the to come, by the threat of the worst to come, rather than by an aggression that is over and done with" (Derrida, 2002: 97).

The imagery of *Ghost II* is colour, the footage taken from a section of *Port Authority's* documentation of the construction of the *World Trade Centre*, which began in February 1967, and was completed with the last piece of steel placed on the North tower (*One World Trade Centre*) on December 23, 1970, and the South tower (*Two World Trade Centre*) in July of 1971. Port Authority had documented the building of the towers in film, a time before digital, before the internet, before globalisation. My intention was to retain the Kodak film hues from the seventies that had faded, distorted and degraded over time. I located a digital version of the original footage on line, which despite editing and digitisation had maintained the blurred quality of a handheld camera filming figures and steel in motion. I slowed the film down in the editing, stilling fragments of seconds into much longer, and over and under exposed the imagery. Purposefully included was the visual 'noise' that had been gathered in the transference, from film stock to its digital rendering and then to my camera and back to the computer. Scratches that were evident in the actual 70's documentary footage, dust on my computer and on the camera lens, light leaking in from the window of my house, my reflection briefly glimpsed on the screen, my hand on the camera. All of which helped to situate the event externally from my body, at the same time maintaining a sensory and tactile link back to it. The haptic, in this instance, navigates the relationship between the body and the machine, (i.e. the camera, and the computer), and through the digital positions *Ghost II* in the present. The artwork questions the utilisation of an artistic framework to describe the traumatic space and the balance between the traumatic experience and the aesthetic. Through distorting

the actual footage (using a macro lens) it reframes the past and builds upon the earlier artworks in *Six Fragments*, creating a visceral piece of work to engage an audience in a discussion about what they are seeing, and through its haunting sounds what they are negotiating in their bodies. The work creates the potential for the phantom of the traumatic past to insinuate itself into the audience's body and asks the viewer to make sense of the past, whilst questioning their relationship to trauma.

Ghost II tracks an underground train arriving into the *World Trade Centre*, perhaps for the first time, and repeats its arrival over and over. The footage abstractly marks out the pathway of the towers rising from the depths, of the dark foundations that had to be put in to place to withstand the weight and height of the towers. The idea of the gigantism of the towers is absent from the footage. I wanted to capture the hidden and much darker aspects of the towers as a metaphor for the towering capitalism that the towers came to represent. As such, glimpses of humanity are barely visible: a hand, a figure on the train, a voice. In his book W*arped Spaces* (2000), Vidler explores the psychoanalytical interpretation of architecture:

> Thus personified as the "other," architecture and its relationship to space may be, in Lacanian terms, figured as the mirror, and thence the frame of anxiety and shape of desire. (25)

He observes the role that objects and space play towards the creation of anxiety, "of agoraphobic and claustrophobic space as generator of fear" (26), the towers had the potential to encapsulate both extremes. It was impossible to take in the scale of the towers unless they were viewed from a distance, and looking up to the heights from below was a dizzying experience. Yet inside, enclosed into the elevator or stairwell, the experience of ascension or descent was alarmingly claustrophobic, added to by the speed of the elevators, the creation of nausea as the elevator soared to the top levels.

Through the layering of sounds, the breaking up the footage, and the repetition of both phrase and imagery, *Ghost II* explores the anxiety embedded into the towers. In between the fleeting glimpses of bodies, steel and light, of the rumbling sounds and interrupted voices, lies the uncanny spectral, present from the beginning, warning of the traumatic inevitability of their fall. The sounds for *Ghost II* are stitched together from: the footage of the falling towers, my voice, and odd snippets of life: such as exhibitions I had visited in 2013 -2014, sounds and noises layered and collected from the many sources that I had stored in the archive. The sounds allude to the eerie quality of electrical interference, or of turning a dial to locate a radio station. I have re-used the layering of the wind from the top of the towers, and an extract from the 9/11 clean up footage from *YouTube* that has been stretched, there are also the sounds of 9/11 emergency vehicles right after the first plane struck, and the hum from the earth heard from outer space. The spoken words have been reduced to just three short phrases:

> *And he turns to walk away*
> *Do you guys hear that?*
> *I push it down and reassemble (Walker, 2015)*

The journal, 9/11 and the memory have been reduced to an abstract smattering of leftover words, that isolated have little meaning, but are necessary to the sounds and the imagery.

In *Ghost II* the haunting of the past is so prevalent that the words, sounds and imagery are layered one within the other, to reduce or erase any layer would be to dispel the haunting and break the connection with the ghost and therefore the past, and the audience. The artwork, haunted by what is yet to come, is a commentary on what no longer exists in architectural form and therefore a warning to what may exist in its place in the future.

I wanted to capture the noise of the past, of the buildings that once creaked and shifted on their axes. The giant steel girders that once rubbed up against each other, the trains that noisily ran on the tracks beneath the buildings, unseen from above but there nevertheless, rumbling and moving in and out of the subway station. These were once the sounds of life, simultaneously happening on a multitude of levels and into which a man asks: *"do you guys hear that?"* A question that pauses the moment temporarily before the noise again swallows up the voice. He repeats himself: *"do you guys hear that?"* He is warning the listener that something is about to happen. The film could be perceived as a dream sequence, with flashbacks to a time before I arrived in N*ew York*, even before I was born.

> *I visited the towers many times in the 20-years I lived in Manhattan. For me, their hugeness was a constant reminder of a layered and complex history. Ghost II, reminds me of the hustle and bustle, the many people that had walked through the buildings before and after me. I carry that history inside me, and it constantly moves and shifts as I negotiate my relationship to the past. Fragments of memories flood my body, touching the elevator button, leaning against the marble wall, pressing my body up against the glass window at Windows on the World, the fear of falling should the glass give way.*

The many years it took to design and build the *Twin Towers* is now abstractly reduced to *Ghost II,* 3.20 minutes of moving imagery, the average length of a pop song. Ghostly forms appear from the shadows, shapes, people moving, changing form, reaching forwards from the past. It was a past into which trauma had already taken hold, a trauma that goes further back in history, much further back than I can comprehend as: "*I push it down and reassemble.*" The work is a memorial, a work of mourning, to 9/11, to the past, to NYC, to the person I was. *Ghost II* leaves *Six Fragments* open-ended, the artwork only temporarily resolved, if indeed it is resolved at all, and begs the question is there not more? And in what form should the *more* take? For me it is one of the most successful pieces of artwork of this research. Its abstraction, the complexity of layered sounds and

images contributes to a spectral aesthetic I was hoping to achieve to reframe an understanding of the traumatic space, and answers questions about the relationship between the traumatic space and the aesthetic. The artwork leads back to the first artistic markings of *Toxic Clouds* and creates a loop of repetition symbolising an open-ended cycle of trauma. It does not stall or arrest the traumatic event, it constantly brings it home, back to the body, my body, through the haptic visual resonance, the glimpses of my hand, my face in the visuals, the two phrases from my journal. The work allows me the opportunity to follow it, the trajectory and see where it leads.

Fig.20: Walker, A. (2014-2016), Still from *Remembering.*

Fig.21: Walker, A. (2014-2016), Still from *Remembering.*

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Fig.22: Willie Doherty, *Ghost Story*, 2007 (video still), courtesy the artist and Matt's Gallery, London/ Kerlin Gallery, Dublin, first shown at 52nd Venice Biennale, 2007

Fig.23: Willie Doherty, *Ghost Story*, 2007 (video still), courtesy the artist and Matt's Gallery, London/ Kerlin Gallery, Dublin, first shown at 52nd Venice Biennale, 2007

Chapter 3: Stage III

3:1 Introduction

Stage III is a moving imagery research piece entitled: *Remembering* (2014-2016)*,* length: 18.53 minutes, black and white moving imagery with sound. *Stage III,* is the final chapter of the research that takes the form of moving imagery, sound, and text; here, writing is the final layer towards understanding this traumatic space. The intention of the research at this stage is to find, if possible, an element of resolution or containment. Having navigated the traumatic trace through *Six Fragments* and discovered aspects of the trauma that I had blocked from memory, I wanted to research the qualities of mourning, and remembrance. *Six Fragments* unearthed the sound of the falling towers that I had inwardly silenced. Through the making of the artwork and supported by the theoretical, I made known what, up until this research, had been inaccessible. I found a way to critically engage with the lost, the hidden, and developed a language to engage with the past trauma. Now my main concern was to explore the power of transferential identification and haptic resonance. Examine whether it is possible to transfer the *affect* of experiencing trauma to an audience, and how autoethnographically I will be effected through the making of *Remembering*.

This stage of the research takes me much deeper into the relationship between trauma and affect, the paradoxical interrelationship between acceptance and rejection, repression and representation. Out of the fragmentation of *Six Fragments*, the desire was to look back and fully remember, re-engage with the notion of hard and soft memories that I wrote about in the Introduction (69), and discuss the importance of the artwork's focus on the enigmatic and the haunting effects of trauma. The trauma body, in its capacity *to understand* the affective nature of what is happening, delays the cognitive registering until after the event, until the body's ability to regulate, organise, and feel, can return to a functioning equilibrium, however fleeting or tenuous. The very

nature of remembering trauma is one of continual movement, where repeated remembering does not necessarily result in resolving the past, thereby keeping the past alive and still in motion. Deleuze writes in *Repetition and Difference* (1994):

> Freud noted from the beginning that in order to stop repeating it was not enough to remember in the abstract (without affect), nor to form a concept in general, nor even to represent the repressed event in all its particularity: it was necessary to seek out the memory there where it was, to install oneself directly in the past in order to accomplish a living connection between the knowledge and the resistance, the representation and the blockage. (1994: 18)

In the trajectory towards integration the body remains in a state of permanent flux and heightened awareness. A body out of time and of place, constantly folding back in on itself, caught in a repetitive cycle to free itself from the past. As Žižek notes, the traumas that we are not ready to receive or cannot remember haunt us more forcefully. He writes:

> When I miss a crucial ethical opportunity, and fail to make a move that would 'change everything', the very nonexistence of what I should have done will haunt me for ever: although what I did not do does not exist, its spectre continues to insist. (2002: 22)

When the failure to move incorporates a life and death situation, either for ourselves or for others, the haunting can be even more extreme, ever more forceful.

3:2 Ghosts

The ghosts of *Remembering* are different from the ghosts in the previous artwork: *Six Fragments*. For example, in *Ghost II* that immediately precedes this work, I explored the phantoms that occupied the *Twin Towers* from the very beginning of their construction and the prophetic warnings embedded into the structure of the towers. It could be said that it was through ignoring these warnings that an over-attachment to their symbolisation took hold: a distortion of mourning, or what Freud termed as melancholia. Goldberger writes about the importance of symbols: "We count on our urban symbols to be present. They are not supposed to evaporate. When buildings go away, they go almost as slowly as they came, piece by piece" (2001: 4). Destroyed within hours, it was not a luxury afforded to the *Twin Towers*. In total 1.8 million tons of debris were removed

from the *World Trade Centre* site during the clean-up and recovery operation that lasted just nine months. Despite the tower's total disintegration on September 11 2001, large recognisable blocks of steel and concrete survived. Some of this material was selected for preservation and kept at *Hangar 17* at *John F. Kennedy International Airport*, to serve as an archive and a testament to what had taken place. 7 tons of the salvaged steel was used to manufacture the warship *USS New York*, accompanied by the motto "Never Forget" (2008). It is a poignant example of the spectral and the death drive *uncannily* linked in the transformation of materials from one site to another, one symbol to another, to keep the ghost alive.

In the legend of 'the satori' (Davoine and Gaudilliere, 2004: 184), the hungry ghost reads our minds, and waits for us on a mountain path, weapon in hand, intent on destruction. *Satori* is also the Buddhist term for understanding, illumination or enlightenment, a connection that I am reminded of through Huyssen's link between the ruination of the *Twin Towers* and the two *Bamiyan Buddha* statues near the *Hindu Kush Mountains* in *Afghanistan* (2003). Built in 544AD, and destroyed by the *Taliban* in March 2001, just 6-months before the attack on the towers, the statues stood for religious tolerance and cultural syncretism. Huyssen suggests: "It was as if the dynamiting and collapse of the two statues… had been a carefully staged prologue to the attack on New York, symbolic actions both, intended to whip up support for Bin Laden's apocalyptic Islamism in the Muslim world" (2003: 162). A haunted trajectory that eventually led to the hunt, by those in power in Europe and the US, for weapons of mass destruction in Iraq. The spectral is evident as agents engaged in the pursuit of ghosts that were never found, ghosts that they might well have created through distorting the archive, by consciously and willingly betraying its content. The hunt for bin Laden followed thereafter, who had existed as a ghost until his assassination by US navy seals in 2011. But it did not stop there, for as implicated in the artwork *Six Fragments,* spectrality has no proper beginning or end. The

spectral, tracked through the six art and sonic works of *Six Fragments,* leads inevitably to the artwork: *Remembering.* This final art piece was an exploration of what is required to reframe the past to integrate the trauma, and mourn the loss, or question if that was possible.

As I have done throughout this research, the moving imagery of *Remembering,* was taken from the hundreds of hours of footage of 9/11 videos on *YouTube*, now archived on my computer. For the vocal, I stood in front of a microphone, alone in a sound-proofed room, remembering as much as possible 14-years after the event *(i.e. I recorded my voice in 2015).* This was a decision that arose from the gradual erosion of the journal text to just three phrases in *Ghost II*: "*And he turns to walk away. Do you guys hear that? I push it down and reassemble*" (Walker, 2015). I wanted to return the memory to its fullness. Despite the passage of time, and the brief exchanges of recognition that came from: *"Yes, I was there"!* this was the first time that I was remembering out loud, travelling backwards without rehearsal or the prop of a journal. Obviously, it was a remembering informed from the text of the journal, (as this was where the research began) but it was also an unlocking of memories that I had not written about. The moments that surfaced were personal and intimate and in the remembering seemed to find a resonance throughout my system, a re-visitation of the past rather than a fragmented layering of imposed memories onto the past.

In this way, similarly to the journal, and the archive described at the beginning of my thesis, the utilisation of my body and my memories served as a point of arrival and departure. Permission to create new pathways through memory was established by another form of remembering. It felt as if I was no longer carrying the text forward from the past as in *Stages I* and *II* – but travelling backwards to a fixed site geographically (*Lower Manhattan)*, and corporeally, (the site of my memory within my body). It was a leaning towards a certain form of closure that involved a process of exorcism, approaching it from the outside in, rather than the other way around: inside-out. Exorcism

as in dispatching the ghost for the last time. "The hope is, out of a zone of ontological possibility and beyond a work of mourning" (Applebaum, 2009: 36).

Remembering layers Derrida's notion of mourning, and the relationship between spectrality and cinema upon Marks' exploration of the haptic visual. The spectral for Derrida arises from the concept of a future absence. "To haunt does not mean to be present, and it is necessary to introduce haunting into the very construction of a concept. Of every concept, beginning with the concepts of being and time" (1994: 13). This notion of "hauntology" — a pun on "ontology"— links being and presence. Through the figure of the ghost, the past and present are indistinguishable. Embodied in the spectral the past is brought to life. For Derrida cinema is an appropriate medium for spectrality:

> Every viewer, while watching a film, is in communication with some work of the unconscious that, by definition, can be compared with the work of haunting, according to Freud. He calls this the experience of what is "uncanny" (unheimlich). (2015: 26)

In *The Skin of the Film* (2000), Marks writes about the mournful quality of the haptic visual: "for as much as they might attempt to touch the skin of the object, all they can achieve is to become skin like themselves" (192). In relation to a videotape by Brazilian artist Ines Cardoso, entitled: *Diastole* (1994), a short moving portrait of death, Marks writes: "The optical image dissolves into the intimacy of the haptic, in a reverent nonunderstanding in the face of death" (192). Making links between the haptic, death and mourning, might seem a stretch, but through *Remembering,* my intention was to bring the ghost of mourning to life, and 'touch' the audience, this I discuss in greater detail in section 4:4.

3:3 Willie Doherty: *Ghost Story*

A good example that combines the concept of Derridean 'hauntology' and Marks' notion of the haptic is Willie Doherty's video installation: *Ghost Story* (2007) *(fig.17-18)*. An unsettling artwork that addresses a traumatic memory. As Doherty writes:

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It has become a distant memory
Taken on the characteristics of a dream
At times I am unsure if it really happened at all (2013)

The camera tracks a deserted country path, intercut with short flashes of bleak rural locations and close-ups of male and female eyes that gaze past the camera into the distance, witnesses to something that I, the audience, will never see and therefore never fully comprehend. Doherty grew up in Derry in Northern Ireland and witnessed thirteen people being killed by British soldiers on what came to be known as *Bloody Sunday*, an event which continually informs his artwork. *Ghost Story* tracks the memory of a massacre that took place "on a bright but cold January afternoon" (2007). Narrated by Stephen Rea, with camera work by Seamus McGarvey, the video both haunts and is haunted. Rea's voice is a quiet and unemotional account of violent acts and half-remembered encounters, perhaps imagined:

My train of thought was interrupted by a further incursion of unreality. My eyes deceived me as I thought I saw a human figure. No matter how quickly or slowly I walked, the figure did not seem to get any closer (2007).

He describes returning to the scene of the trauma unable to locate the traces of what he first saw with his own eyes, for the ground has since been built on. If the narrator is unsure of events, then how can the audience trust the story? A sense of uncertainty reinforced by the repeated return of an isolated pathway that cuts through the grey landscape. Doherty's work addresses the accuracy of witness accounts and investigates history, trauma and responsibility, reflecting on the processes of remembering. In *Ghost Story* he utilises the concept of the traditional Irish ghost story as a form to allow for the expression of grief and to deal with the unresolved guilt or remorse that he describes as a kind of unhappy presence that needs to find a voice that conventional religion does not offer. This unhappy presence, Freud's uncanny (1919), is a preservation against extinction, found in the language of dreams. "But when this stage has been surmounted,

the 'double' reverses its aspect. From having been an assurance of immortality, it becomes the uncanny harbinger of death" (1919: 9).

The landscape in *Ghost Story* represents the scene of the crime. Doherty perceives his role as the artist to draw the elements of the crime out of the space, like a repressed memory to be teased to the forefront for integration, a memory that needs to be laid to rest (2007). For me, the video work suggests a series of possibilities but fails to offer any resolution or respite. *Ghost Story* portrays the relationship between the landscape and the traumatic memory as still very active and alive. For Doherty, one of the most difficult things about the post-ceasefire context is the question of how to deal with the aftermath of the trauma, its ghostly remnants. "How, as artists, do we begin to visualize it? Is there a kind of a role for artists to play in all this?" (Doherty, 2009: 9). His words very much tie in with some of the questions I have been exploring throughout my research. How close to the 'traumatic edge' can I stray and maintain an integrity to the past, i.e. not repeat the trauma yet allow space for the tension, the violence.

Upon viewing *Ghost Story*, I was struck by the challenge for the artist to find the balance between the subjective interpretation of events, the narration of the experience and the language of visual representation. For Doherty, it is to avoid the dramatic manifestations of conflict: "I wanted to slow things down a bit… I wanted things to be banal and restrained" (2007). He is concerned with the question of how history marks the terrain, of the persistence of memory in buildings and landscapes (2007). Embedded in *Ghost Story,* is the complexity of the fields of communication, the inaccuracy of memory, the conflict between the traumatised past and the present. All of which, I believe, creates a space for the spectral to take hold. The video-work successfully insinuates itself into me, the viewer. I am invited into the cinematic space through the lens of the camera, taken on a journey to a scene in the past that bears no physical traces of being the place where a crime has been committed. The disjointed quality between telling the story and the visual, and at times the distracting movement of the camera, interrupts the flow of the

narration. I find this unsettling, uncomfortable. At the time of seeing the work a Tate

security guard followed me into the darkened space and stood behind me just beyond

the doorway, shielded from view but present nonetheless. Alone in the room, except for

him, I began to experience the fullness of 'the uncanny'. The guard's presence became

symbolic of the uncomfortable spectre of what Doherty was trying to reveal and what I

would in turn like to integrate into my artwork. I am interested in the borderlines he

addresses, where psychological, physical and cultural boundaries blur and the past

infringes into the present. A past that continually returns to haunt the body and the space

the body occupies, in this instance, the landscape of *Ghost Story*.

The haptic in *Ghost Story* is present in the desire to touch the landscape, to lay my hands

upon the road. I want to slow things down even further: the trajectory of the camera,

Rea's voice, and lean my ear to the ground, to hear what took place in this landscape.

Alphonso Lingis describes the space between knowing and not-knowing in the cinematic

experience. In *Bodies That Touch Us* (1993) he writes about:

> a sort of bodily aphasia, a gap which sometimes may register as a sense of dread
> in the pit of the stomach, or in a soaring, euphoric sensation…Out of these
> tensions are generated a series of differences, gaps or discontinuities between
> knowing and feeling that sometimes sharpen into a sense of the uncanny. (162)

Doherty inserts faces, close-up, into this space, focusing on the eyes. For me these

sections of footage are a reminder of the close relationship between me the viewer, and

the artist Doherty, a witness to the atrocities of the past. I am thrown out of identification

with the crime scene, and thrust into the world of social responsibility. Jean Fisher writes

of Doherty's work that it:

> becomes less of a 'record' of the trajectory of Derry's socio-political history, and
> more a soliloquy on the efficacy of art as an interventionist and ethical practice in
> which what is knowable of an image, event or place, is never given but must be
> opened up to scrutiny (2014).

In G*host Story*, he links the spectral, uncanny and the haptic through a discontinuity that

"configures to make undifferentiated sense and meaning together" (2004: 76). Sadeq

Rahimi, in his short paper: *Ghosts, Haunting, and Intergenerational Transmission of Affect: From Cryptonymy to Hauntology* (2015), discusses ghosts and haunting and the need for a conceptualisation of subjectivity "capable of releasing subjective experience from its temporal moorings" (1). This is what Doherty's work does, it is a portend that doubles back on itself that presents the uncanny as obscure, and inaccessible *(unheimlich)*, whilst in contradiction accessing a version of it.

Remembering achieves the same. A sense of the uncanny seeks restitution in my work, it is a search for a necessary subjectivity to accommodate the multiplicities of voices and temporalities required to place meaning on this experience. In *Remembering*, the ghost: "the double (and its various manifestations such as mirror images, déjà vu, doppelgangers, out of body experiences, etc.)" (Rahimi, 2015: 3), neither claims to be nor is experienced as a replica or a representation of the self as Freud posits, but rather the "ghost disturbs by producing an uncanny version of the other" (3). This notion of haunting suggests the idea of an externalisation of the haunted interior, and creates the potential for a narrative to exist outside of the body as an alternative to negotiate not only individual trauma, but also intergenerational and collective trauma.

In *Spectres of Marx*, Derrida considers the conflict between presence and absence, inside and outside. He argues that the *true* logic of uncanniness is a phantom-logic, a necessity of learning to live with ghosts, phantoms, and spirits, because 'there is no Dasein without the uncanniness, without the strange familiarity [Unheimlichkeit] of some specter" (1994: 125). It is a state of *being* that is to be always and everywhere haunted by ghosts, phantoms or spirits: the "visibility of the invisible" (125). Spectral logic is the presence related to the otherness of the self, or the self that is found within the other (whether person, place or time). In honour of Barthes, he writes: "Ghosts: the concept of the other in the same, the punctum in the studium, the completely other, dead, living in me" (Derrida, 2003: 42). This ghostly *punctum* is linked to the voice of the other, it is the

"accompaniment, the song, the accord" (2003: 43). Derrida's ghosts are present in writing, and words, in Doherty's work they are the voices of the witnesses that give voice to the dead, the punctum that engages me in *Ghost Story*, that connects me to the trauma of the past.

This brings me back to *Remembering* to locate and translate the punctum and explore the power of transferential identification. I am testing out whether, through the cinematic, the sounds of the spectral can fully co-exist with the visual. Asking if it is possible to transfer the *affect* of experiencing trauma to an audience, or more accurately, in this final stage of the research, the post-traumatic, the essence of mourning.

3:4 *Remembering*

The footage for *Remembering*, shot with a macro lens reveals a close-up, distorted and abstracted perspective of that time that accompanies the stripped back simplicity of the speaking voice, my voice. The imagery is edited footage shot on the day of the event, (September 11th, 2001) and the days thereafter. Shot in black and white, layered with texture and digital pixilation, the camera tracks the planes flying into the *Twin Towers* and the clearing up of ground zero. The boundaries are suffused and the edges blurred, the planes melt into the towers, which in turn diffuse into the exploding flames. Rescue workers and firemen blend into each other and into their surroundings, survivors emerge from and return to the dust and smoke, questioning whether they were present at all, or are they bodies in-between: the walking dead! The abstract form spills out of the screen, it is a gesture that can no longer be read as three-dimensional space nor flattened into two-dimensional form. It creates a ghostly relationship with the past, the memory, and reaches out to the viewer to resolve the representing of the trauma and the chaos of 9/11. Here, the potential for the viewer to engage with all that is revenant is set in motion. It is work that does not produce the spectral per se but does allow for what is already

spectral to appear or reappear. In this artwork, the spectral is inscribed as a trace, a 'spectral memory,' and creates, as Derrida writes, the potential for:

> magnificent mourning, a magnified work of mourning. […] ready to let itself be imprinted by all the memories in mourning, that is to say, by the tragic or epic moments of history. It is thus these successive periods of mourning, linked to history and to cinema, that today "put in motion" [font marcher] the most interesting characters. (2000)

In *Remembering*, the "most interesting characters" are present in multiple forms, from the firemen and the rescue workers, to those that managed to escape the falling towers, and those that did not. The planes, transformed into flying human bombs assumed the identities of the terrorists and the broken, crumbling and falling towers stood in for the dead, especially those whose bodies and remains were never recovered. As Mark Wigley writes:

> The devastating spectacle of September 11 was a simultaneous destruction of body and building and the distinction between them. 'He became part of the building when it went down', as one distraught parent lamented. (2004: 3)

Beginning with an animated almost cartoonish replay of the planes flying into the towers, *Remembering,* suggests that buildings are our witnesses. This of course is premised upon a kinship between body and building.

> Not only should buildings protect and last longer than bodies, they must be themselves a kind of body: a surrogate body, a superbody with a face, a façade, that watches us. (Wigley, 2004: 3)

With the buildings erased so soon in to *Remembering,* similar to Doherty's *Ghost Story,* it is therefore up to the audience to assume this additional role of witnessing. Through the textural quality of the form of the planes, and their slow, juddering descent as they cut through the thickness of clouds the objective was to engage with the audience viscerally, to instil a relationship between what is being witnessed on the screen and what is being remembered by the narrator, (me). This was to understand the concept of transferential identification, and ask the audience, as they interact with the imagery and

the intimacy of my voice, that they too connect to the traumatic memory of the past and feedback through witnessing the work. In the transition from *Stage II* to *Stage III*, I was creating a softening of the memory, purposefully changing the hardness of traumatic grief into tender remembrance. I believe a measure of this was achieved, from the audience's feedback I received, my own interaction with the work and how it moved through my body in the making, and the re-watching. *Re*-listening to *Six Fragments* of *Stage II*, tracking the process through my system, I was aware of being pulled in and pushed out of the sounds and imagery, constantly brought to attention to experience, with *Remembering*, I was gently seduced by the voice, the imagery and its texture.

3:5 The Haptic Visual

Laura Marks emphasises the tactile and contagious quality of cinema as something viewers brush up against like another body. "The words contact, contingent, and contagion all share the Latin root contingere, 'to have contact with; pollute; befall'' (Marks, 2000: xii) The blurry close-up of planes and buildings in *Remembering* creates a surreal and eerie interaction. Despite the imagery taken directly from actual footage, I am questioning the reality of the experience and mimicking the fuzzy recollections of events in the past. The artwork starts with the darkened images of planes, black and pixelated the viewer follows their trajectory as they cross the screen and plough into the towers. This imagery functions on multiple levels, activating the memory of the event, a reminder of what the event felt like at the time of first experiencing it. Through a blending of existing digital documents and footage of 9/11 layered with effects and digital manipulations, my intention was to add to the existing memories that an audience has already formed of the event, connect the imagery to the bodies of the audience and repeatedly insinuate it into the physicality of the body. This was substantiated in how *I, (my body), took* in and received the digital footage. The hazy quality and broken pixilation of the footage haptically engages me, inserts itself into my dreams, takes on the form of flashbacks, all the time linking me back to the event. Since making *Remembering*, the black and white

grainy footage has replaced the hard, graphic *YouTube* videos that had once been my memory. I no longer see the explosiveness of the event, I now remember the animated close-up footage of my film. This is, as Marks describes, due to: "a bodily relation to the screen itself before the point at which the viewer is pulled into the figures of the image and the exhortation of the narrative "(Marks, 2002: 17).

In phenomenological terms the haptic is a form of the visual that muddies intersubjective boundaries (Marks, 2002: 17), whilst psychoanalytically it is an aspect of the visual that moves between identification and immersion. "The engagement of the haptic viewer occurs not simply in psychic registers but in the sensorium" (18). Haptic vision is the close-to-the-body form of perception of film as skin, which moves the work into "circulation among different audiences, all of which mark it with their presence" (Marks, 2000: xi), "the eyes themselves function like organs of touch," and "move over the surface of its object to discern texture," (62) thereby taking in, or absorbing the imagery into the body. The haptic visual does not depend on the viewer identifying with a recognisable figure or character but on a more sensuous bodily relationship between the viewer and the subject, "haptic images and haptic visuality encourage a subjective position of intimacy and mutual entanglement between viewer and viewed" (Marks, 2015: 227).

Marks' notion of the haptic is different from that of Deleuze, but draws upon the same sources: Henri Maldiney, and Aloïs Riegl (1858-1905). He initially used the term to define the link between the eye and the hand in relation to Egyptian bas-relief, and the notion of the eye moving over a surface, like the sense of touch. Deleuze's expansion of Riegl's concept, where the eye is polyvalent and transitory addresses the "pure presence of the body… visible at the same time the eye becomes the destined organ of this presence" (Deleuze, 2003: 37). In *A Thousand Plateaus* (2000) he and Guattari describe smooth

and striated space, where smooth space - the transformative space close to the viewer becomes difficult to navigate, so the whole body is engaged in haptic viewing. The eye moves over the texture of smooth space, privileging the material presence of the imagery in search of a place to locate the body, as opposed to striated or codified space where the sky and the horizon become landmarks in negotiating distance and therefore location. "Smooth space is occupied by intensities," "striated space, on the contrary, is canopied by the sky as measure" (*ibid*). In *Francis Bacon* Deleuze writes:

> It is characteristic of sensation to pass through different levels owing to the action of forces. But two sensations, each having their own level or zone, can also confront each other and make their respective levels communicate. Here we are no longer in the domain of simple vibration but that of resonance. (2003: 46)

The haptic visual resonates in such a way, "when sight discovers in itself a specific function of touch that is uniquely its own, distinct from its optical function" (Deleuze, 2003: 109). Layering the concept of the haptic visual onto *Remembering,* the work begins to function differently, it is not just about revisiting the past but a process of entering and feeling the past. The optical tactile space draws the viewer closer to the digital screen, it embraces the viewer, asks the viewer not only to remember the event, 9/11, but to position herself back in that space, at that time, within such proximity to the event that it feels like it is happening all over again. The positioning of the skin as a vast visual organ, sensitises the audience to witnessing the work from a plurality of perspectives. The engagement of the whole body as a tool for seeing shifts the gaze to inhabit an exterior as well as an interior space. In his book, *Touching* (1978), anthropologist, Ashley Montagu, writes:

> The skin, like a cloak, covers us all over, the older and the most sensitive of our organs, our first medium of communication, and our most efficient of protectors. The whole body is covered by skin. Even the transparent cornea of the eye is overlain by a layer of modified skin. The skin also turns inwards to line orifices such as the mouth, nostrils, and anal canal. In the evolution of the senses the sense of touch was undoubtedly the first to come into being. Touch is the parent of our eyes, ears, nose and mouth. It is the sense which became differentiated into others, a fact that seems to be recognised in the age-old evaluation of touch as the "the mother of the senses. (1971: 1)

I propose that the haptic visual space also has the potential to activate early *childhood* experiences of safety, which are subconsciously replayed in the engagement of the optical-tactile. It is Kristeva's lure of the semiotic *chora*, the pre-symbolic space of affect.

> Touch is the sensory mode that integrates our experience of the world with that of ourselves. Even visual perception is fused and integrated into the haptic continuum of the self; my body remembers who I am and where I am located in the world. (Pallasmaa, 2005, p.11)

Through accessing the haptic visual, we re-evaluate our relationship to space. Seated in a darkened theatre, with nothing but the screen before us, seeing becomes an active process of immersion, or a resistance to immersion through closing the eyes or diverting the gaze. As *Remembering* also accesses a traumatic event that is potentially known to many in the audience, the body evaluates the impact of remembering. Through the conscious engagement with the haptic visual the possibility is created for an increase in awareness of one's body, of its physicality, and the interaction with what is on the screen. As Marks writes: "Haptic images give the beholder a sense of being both physically and subjectively connected to the image source" (2015: 276).

The artwork brings the virtual and traumatic event into the actual to be freshly perceived, "recreated in higher expansions of memory and on a deeper strata of reality" (Marks, 2000: 48). Imagery and voice provoke introspection, an evocative remembering that weaves through memory circuits towards an "attentive recognition," and a "participatory notion of spectatorship" (Marks, 2000: 48). Re-watching *Remembering* asks me, the viewer, to rethink the past with my whole body. As I take in the footage, I occupy both the relational and the symbolic space. The artwork functions "desmologically" (Serres, 2002: 204), connecting what is being viewed and heard to current situations, whether personal, cultural or political. Marks articulates this well:

> If a viewer is free to draw upon her own reserves of memory as she participates in the creation of the object on screen, her private and unofficial histories and memories will be granted as much legitimation as the official histories that make

up the regime of the cliché—if not more. (2000: 48)

My intention in representing 9/11 in this slowed down and stylised way, with me, the narrator, drawing on my own personal memories, was to reposition the traumatic event in an alternative time and place creating the potential for personal contemplation. The event, now reframed, offers the possibility for *affective* consideration, which, according to Marks, is often a traumatic process:

> Attentive recognition is the way a perceiver oscillates between seeing the object, recalling virtual images that it brings to memory, and comparing the virtual object thus created with the one before us. In so doing we create anew "not only the object perceived, but also the ever-widening systems with which it maybe bound up" (Bergson [1911] 1988,105) (2000: 48)

3:6 The Mimetic

In *The Tactile Eye* (2008), Jennifer Barker writes about muscular empathy, where viewers empathise with the body of a film so much so that they can experience and "grasp," in their muscles and tendons, the exhilaration of the "close call" or the intimacy of a close-up. This she writes is:

> derived from similarities in the ways the human body and the film's body express their relation to the world through bodily comportment, and similarities in attitudes and projects that both film and viewer have in the world. The viewer's empathy with the film's body should not be confused with or reduced to identification with characters. (2008: 73)

Taussig insists that "what is crucial in the resurgence of the mimetic faculty" is precisely the "palpable, sensuous, connection between the very body of the perceiver and the perceived" (1992: 2). In *Remembering*, mimesis ties the perceiver to the event, where copy and contact are steps in the same process. In this instance, *copy* is the re-enacted or reactivated event of 9/11 that remains, despite the passage of time, embedded in each of our memories, and contact is the affective relationship to the footage. Each viewer has their own relationship to the event and their own response that gets replayed and/or triggered by the footage on the screen.

> On this line of reasoning contact and copy merge with each other to become virtually identical, different moments of the one process of sensing; seeing something or hearing something is to be in contact with that something. (Taussig, 1992: 2)

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Taussig also goes on to write about the depth and the complexity of the relationship between the image and the bodily involvement of the perceiver.[19] A complexity we too easily regard as non-mysterious with terms that simultaneously "depend upon and erase all that is powerful and obscure in the network of associations conjured by the notion of the mimetic" (1992: 2).

Film, or technological reproduction, paradoxically is a way to give back to "humanity that capacity for experience which technological production threatens to take away" (Buck-Morss, 1989: 268). Mimesis as an alternative way of being in the world.

> Through close-ups… through accentuating the hidden details of props that for us are familiar objects, through exploration of banal milieus under the genial guide of the lens, film on the one hand increases our insight into the necessities that rule our lives, and on the other hand ensures for us an immense and unexpected field of action. (Buck-Morss, 1989: 268)

The footage of *Remembering* depicts the past, it reproduces the shock of the trauma and returns it animated and softly focused: copy and contact. It supports Buck-Morss' notion that: "Within the enlargement, space is stretched out; within slow motion, movement expands," revealing "entirely new structural formations of matter" (Buck-Morss, 1989: 268). I propose here, that the artwork delivers *manageable* matter, something that is smoothed out. The black and white footage encompasses the depth of the shadows of Derrida's ghosts, they are faceless moving bodies, textured with dense blacks and milky whites. The grain: the pixilation, appears broken, as if transported over the passage of time, retaining remnants of the original trauma but now fragmented, blurry and in

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[19] Here, mimesis is arrived at through three considerations: alterity, primitivism, and the link between mimesis and modernity. This notion of resurfacing primitivism "as a direct result of modernity" is based on the assumption and the importance of mimesis to ritualistic practices of ancient societies; mimesis triggered by "the revelation of the optical unconscious made possible by mimetic machinery like the camera and the movies" (Taussig, 1992: 1). Shock is central to Benjamin's theory of modernity (Buck-Morss, 1995: 8). As such, Taussig suggests, mass culture: "both stimulates and is predicated upon mimetic modes of perception in which spontaneity, animation of objects, and a language of the body combining thought with action, sensuousness with intellection, is paramount" 1992: 1).

repetition. They are shadows from the past revealed after the shock has abated. *Remembering,* summons Benjamin's desire to turn back the clocks, but the futility of such a wish, as Buck-Morss notes:

> the impulse of children, whose mimesis of the inorganic world expresses the fairy-tale wish to awaken congealed life in petrified objects - and to undo the reification of commodities in the process. (1986: 32)

Remembering, offers the potential for a space to open, between the past and the present, and captures the longing of an idealised past that is unattainable. But the ghostly and mournful calls also harbour the potential for something new. Deleuze describes the absence of certain images, such as with a black or white screen, or an underexposed or snowy image, as having the *'genetic'* power to restore our belief in the world (1989: 200), create something new out of the ruins of the image. These images, which Marks calls 'thin' ask the audience to search for their own hidden histories.

Importantly, in *Remembering*, there is an abstraction of space and person that distorts the passage of time, the 'reality' of the past event, and thereby denying the opportunity to use the past event as a distinguishing historical marker. This allowed me to consider the possibility for my work to function as a form of memory integration, just as Richter's painting *September* had managed to achieve. The imagery is an embrace (whether welcome or not). Softened, the past event is no longer hard and fixed to be used as a political statement of terrorism and trauma. It becomes a place of mourning, a passage through time towards transition.

3:7 The Narrated Voice

For Marks, image and sound usually corroborate each other, but the sound can also be used to undermine the visual, and express the limits of what can be visually portrayed (2000: 30). In *Remembering* there are times when both concepts are active. For obvious reasons, there are only moments where the narrator's personal memory, (my story)

overlap with the visuals or the collective imagery from *YouTube*. Mostly, the narrative of *Remembering* flows through, over and under the imagery, separated but connected, portraying the extent and the limit of each facet. I recall Doherty's narrative of *Ghost Story*, the actor Rea's tones that take me backwards into his memory. For most of Doherty's video the voice follows the journey the camera makes, jarring only when the imagery shifts to a close of the face. The Interruption of the visual narrative also disrupts my reading of the hypnotic narrative of the voice. I believe that was his intent, not to be complacent or lulled by the peace that currently exists in Northern Ireland.

The sound for *Remembering* is my narrated voice, which was initially recorded in one take of 28-minutes, but due to external noises, because the room we recorded in was not entirely soundproofed, I was forced to re-record the voice. I had planned to edit the two together, but chose to go with the second version, which was much shorter and a lot less emotional. To date *(December 27th, 2016)* I have edited the footage and narrative five-times, each version becoming tighter and shorter in a concerted effort to reduce the narrative and therefore contain the memory, questioning whether it is possible to bring such a momentous historical event to an *end*, at least for me. This proposition assumes Derrida's concept of the traumatic event being one of continuous motion, an event cut out of time that is neither past nor present but is still to come (2002: 97), and supports Caruth's belief that:

> Indeed events, insofar as they are traumatic, may be defined, in part, by the very ways in which they are not immediately assimilated: by the manner in which their experience is delayed, split off, or subjected to social and political denial. (2014: xiii)

The editing of the narration has tested me; a process that has felt, at times, as if I am erasing parts of my memory, parts of the past. At every step, I have questioned whether this is now the time to let go, forget. As I cut out words, and phrases I reduce the memory, closer and closer to bare facts. I choose what to leave in and what to take out by whether my voice grates, or annoys me, by whether the phrase is correctly spoken. These are

personal choices based on how I will be perceived and how my voice will be received, rather than the subject matter or the activity of remembering. As such I question: its legitimacy as an archival record, the authenticity of the polishing up and the editing down, and whether such an edited version, veers too far from the nervousness of remembering such a traumatic event. Through reducing the narrative to a 'slicker' version, will my position or relationship to the event be questioned? In other words, can I retain, in fewer words, how it was to live through something beyond comprehension, and the weighty endeavour of its remembering. Thus, bringing the research back to the questions that I began with, namely: *i)* is it possible to both describe the traumatic space, and balance the traumatic with an aesthetic? *ii)* In striving for integration between arts-practice and theory, where one feeds into the other, do I risk sacrificing the fractious and disruptive nature of trauma?

They are tremulous memories that rise from the past and leak from my body into this verbal representation, replete with the anxiety of moving backwards in time without notes, or a journal, without an anchor, as if once again I am free falling. Marks writes about the uncanniness of sound, impacting the listener in ways that are not easy to explain. Sound too can be haptic, she writes, (2000: xvi) it comes into "play insofar as it is experienced kinaesthetically; for example, the booming in the chest caused by deep bass tones, or the complex effects of rhythm on the body" (Marks, 2000: xvi). There is no booming bass, or rhythmic beat in *Remembering*. There is however my voice, and the audibility of the breath as I navigate a passageway through the memory. Reduced now to 17.20 minutes in length, I recall as best as I can, the moments preceding the first plane flying into the towers, and the proceeding weeks and months after the event.

Each listening creates a wider distance from the source of the memory, it is as if I am hearing another person speak, another person's memories. Thus, building on Connor's *vocalic body,* which I addressed earlier in this thesis (144), he writes: "My voice is,

literally, my way of taking leave of my senses. What I say goes" (2000: 1). Each listening reveals the nuances that were not evident at the beginning. For example, my voice seems so laboured, as if slowing it down will somehow change the memory. The repetition of words and phrases distances the memories, holding within them the desire to return to an inorganic state, or rather, as Adrian Parr writes:

> a return to the unhistorical out of which we discover an Untimely memory, a memory without a point of origin or a primary visual field, a memory that doesn't define who we are and what we will become. (2008: 86)

Here, the pauses appear thoughtful and searching rather than spacious. Similarly, the tightness of a held breath seems to contain all the effort of reaching for the fragments of the memory to make sense of the past. Building on the concept of slippages between words and imagery, which was a feature in *Stages I* and *II* of this research, the voice, clearly out of sync with the imagery, creates dissonance: the detached feeling of something (the imagery) moving at a different pace, outside of oneself, beyond one's control.

Remembering occupies two trajectories. The potential to distance oneself from the past through repeated watching and listening, creating a dream like relationship to a traumatic event without becoming the memory all over again. Or, *Remembering,* represents the difficulty of integrating or completing a traumatic event, the imagery and narration in a constant loop and at odds with each other, implying that reconciliation of such an event is almost an impossibility. Politicians would have us believe as much. As Massumi writes:

> The present tense where memory and perception come disjunctively together is the time of the event that is like a lost between of the towers and their ruins, an interval in which life was suspended for an instantaneous duration that was more like a stilled eternity than a passing present, comprehending reflection gone AWOL. (2015: 63)

For me, there is a seeking in the artwork. An overwhelming desire or longing that sits on the periphery, just at the edge of perception. It exists in the space between the fuzziness of imagery and the clarity of narration, between the transition from one to the other. It is

a space that offers the potential for restitution and challenges the impossibility of trauma. As Deleuze writes: "there are no ultimate or original responses or solutions, there are only problem-questions, in the guise of a mask behind every mask, and a displacement behind every place" (2004: 132). There have been so many traumatic events layered upon 9/11 that illustrate an open-ended and on-going response. For example: the invasion of *Afghanistan*; the Iraqi war in search of weapons of mass destruction, which resulted in the downfall of *Saddam Hussein*; the many terrorist acts in response to the war on terror, waged by *George W. Bush* that continue today; the *Patriot Act;* the *Homeland Security Act*, and on. The list seems endless. So, what seems important when considering *Remembering*, is what *can* be reconciled.

3:7 The Haptic Scent

There is a spoken phrase in the artwork where I recall the smell of 9/11. As I uttered the words, and upon re-hearing them, I clearly remember the smell, feel the wrinkling of my nose as if the overpowering odour emitted by the terror attack on the towers, was back in the room, on my clothes, embedded in my skin. The phrase from *Remembering*:

> *I remember the smell. The smell was foul. The smell invaded my skin, my nostrils, my body. The smell invaded my house. The smell was everywhere. I lived with the smell for weeks, months. It was acrid, chemical, fuselage, and asbestos, and flesh, and death. It smelled like death, it is the smell that I have come to associate with death.' (Walker, 2016)*

They are words spoken through a nasal inflection, as if holding one's breath to avoid smelling the surrounding air. For Marks smell provokes individual stories, "calling upon a semiotics that is resolutely specific" (2000: 113). For Benjamin:

> The scent is the inaccessible refuge of memoire involuntary. It is unlikely that it will associate itself with a visual image; of all sensual impressions it will ally itself only with the same scent. If the recognition of a scent is more privileged to provide consolation than any other recollection, this may be so because it deeply drugs the sense of time. A scent may drown years in the odour it recalls. (1968: 80)

I referred to the olfactory sensation of making work in *Stage I* of this thesis (105), and quoted from the writing of Theresa Brennan. In the *Transmission of Affect* (2004), she posits that:

> pheromones are "pollenlike chemicals that when emitted by one creature have some effect on other members of the same species. One detects pheromones by touch or smell, but smell is more common. To smell pheromones is also in a sense to consume them. But the point here is that no direct physical contact is necessary for a transmission to take place. Pheromones are literally in the air. (69)

The hypothesis here is that all it would take is one member of the audience to generate the scent of fear, triggered through a re-living of traumatic memories, and the pheromones would ripple invisibly across all of those present spreading the affect of fear and trauma. Though controversial (Marks, 2000, Panksepp, 2010), the connection between pheromones and hormones is well established: a pheromone in one may 'cause' a hormone to be secreted in the blood of another (Brennan, 2004: 69). Pheromones speak directly to the most primitive part of the brain, the hypothalamus, "without ever making contact with consciousness" (Marks, 2000: 115). Marks, in her notes on The Logic of Smell, writes;

> Science popularisers argue that pheromones are received by the vomeronasal organ or Organ of Jacobson, high up in the nose. These substances produce effects more profound and intractable than any collectively understood image. (2000: 228)

Most recently, *The Stowers Lab*, have produced research that would indicate some value in the above hypothesis:

> The second class is specialized and activates neural circuits "pre-programmed" with meaning, as is the case for pheromones. The sniff of specialized odors has a high probability to generate the same behavior across individuals, with limited flexibility (sic). (Stowers and Logan, 2010/ 2016)

Marks likens smell to Deleuze's concept of a fossil image, or the kind of an image that contains within it the material trace of the past (Marks, 2000: 114). Smell is a powerful

means to connect to the past, when we smell something familiar we give our bodies over to the past, to memories that often cannot be comprehended in any other form. Smell acts on our bodies before we're even conscious of it. The sense of smell requires physical contact with the world, and forces not only a sensory communication between bodies, but also a dialogue with our own body in the interaction. This aspect of affect was important to impart in *Remembering*, the smoky, dust filled streets of post 9/11 had a smell, a nauseating, overwhelming stench, that at times was suffocating. The substance of that smell was a thick white toxic dust that existed in layers not just for days after the event but for months. For all of us that lived in downtown *Manhattan*, it pervaded our homes, even our beds. The thick textural quality of the imagery of *Remembering,* in contrast to the stripped back voice, is to express what it was like to live in and with this thick white odorous texture and desire for something cleaner and builds on a notion of shame. Hearing myself exclaim how toxic the smell was, reminded me to remind the viewer how deeply embedded the trauma, and how far into the depths of memory that *Remembering* travelled to represent the after *affects* of 9/11. The blurry imagery that accesses the haptic space mirrors the physicality of the smell through the fading comings and goings of figures: hands, scarves or shirts clasped tightly to their faces. The expression of the deplorability of the stench from that time was to encourage the viewer to get close to the event, to my memory of the event, and though the audience will never be able to imagine the taste of the acrid smoke of 9/11 (unless of course they were present at the time) I wanted to somehow express through my sneer and wrinkled nose that the toxicity smelled and tasted awful, like death.

Smell is so closely intertwined with the processing of traumatic events and thereafter the remembering (Vermetten and Bremner, 2003: 202), physiologically speaking scent hits the olfactory bulb, where some neurons travel to the thalamus and others travel straight to the cortex and the limbic system, the parts of the brain that demand instinctual and immediate responses. One of the implications is that "smell has a privileged connection

to emotion and memory that the other senses do not" (Marks, 2000: 120). The symbolisation of smell requires cognitive discrimination, which involves the language centre of the brain (Marks, 2000: 122). That is what *Remembering* does, it reminds the viewer visually and audibly that 9/11 had a distinctive odour that very much requires a language of expression, and through the sharing of the awfulness of the scent, the artwork begins to insinuate into the minds of the viewer a deeper more intimate relationship with this event from the past trauma and so with death. This has the potential to create a cognitive registering of the *sense* of the work and impact the audience on a multitude of levels. As Brennan writes:

> Discernment begins with considered sensing (by smell, or listening, as well as observation)-the process of feeling that also operates, or seems to operate, as the gateway to emotional response. When we do not feel, we open the gates to all kinds of affective flotsam, being unaware of its passage or its significance. We cease to discern the transmission of affect. (2004: 96)

3:8 Mourning

For Marks, life is served by the ability to come close, retreat, and come close once again. She comments in *Touch* (2000) on the erotic implications of the haptic:

> What is erotic is being able to become an object with and for the world, and to return to being a subject in the world; to be able to trust something or someone to take you through this process; and to be trusted to do the same for others. (2000: xvi)

I believe this is what *Remembering* can offer to the dedicated viewer; the choice to move in and out, come close and retreat. The haptic space of *Remembering* connects the viewer to the sensuality of the imagery, encourages entry into its foggy textures and fragmented nuances, opens the space for the ghosts of the past. The clarity of the stripped back narration creates intimacy, the voice reaches across the darkened theatre to each audience member. The narrative grounds the personal, carving out a space from the overwhelming deluge of the media coverage and collective cultural experiences of 9/11, and reminds the audience of their interpersonal relationship with this event. This

has the *affect* of laying the past bare for consideration. The black and white footage with the colour drained from it, the voice with all external sounds and noise stripped away, is the closest or clearest depiction of my memory from that time. It is here that the distortion of suspended time, the cut-out consciousness and the ghostly echoes have permission to simultaneously exist.

The ghosts of *Remembering* do not just appear they return. Through each edit, which involved the removal of yet more words, images, and therefore fragments of the past, the ghosts are not so much erased as backed into a corner. To be haunted by a ghost is a reminder of something you have never lived through, the memory of a past event that has never quite taken form in and of the present, and as Žižek writes:

> For this reason, the true choice apropos of historical traumas is not the one between remembering or forgetting them: traumas we are not ready or able to remember haunt us all the more forcefully. (2002: 22)

A memory that has not or cannot be fully remembered and therefore lived through cannot be mourned, and when a memory cannot be mourned it cannot be integrated. Freud regarded mourning as the ability to take the dead into oneself, to internalise and assimilate.

> Mourning is regularly the reaction to the loss of a loved person, or to the loss of some abstraction which has taken the place of one, such as a one's country, liberty, an ideal, and so on. In some people the same influences produce melancholy instead of mourning and we consequently suspect them of a pathological disposition. (1917: 243)

The internalisation is an idealisation, where death and the dead are accepted. But a mourning that is stuck out of time and place, that is outside of understanding, refuses internalisation and therefore, as Abraham and Torok suggest, 'incorporation':

> In these special cases the impossibility of introjection is so profound that even our refusal to mourn is prohibited from being given a language, that we are debarred from providing any indication whatsoever that we are inconsolable. Without the escape-route of somehow conveying our refusal to mourn, we are reduced to a radical denial of loss to pretending that we had absolutely nothing to lose. (1972/1994)

Derrida also talks about this phenomenon where the dead are taken into us but do not become part of us, rather they occupy a specific place in our bodies, speak and haunt the body, even ventriloquize our speech. The ghost, enclosed in the crypt that is our body.

> Grief that cannot be expressed builds a secret vault within the subject. In this crypt reposes - alive, reconstituted from the memories of words, images and feelings - the objective counterpart of the loss, as a complete person with his own topography, as well as the traumatic incidents - real or imagined - that had made introjection impossible. (Abraham and Torok, 1980: 8)

Such a body becomes a graveyard for ghosts. Derrida goes as far as to suggest:

> A ghost can be not only our unconscious but precisely someone else's unconscious. The other's unconscious speaks in our place It is not our unconscious it is the unconscious of the other which plays tricks on us. It can be terrifying but that's when things start to happen. (2014: 3)

Which raises the question, when a trauma like 9/11 is involved, for whom do I need to mourn? Who, or what lives inside me? I clearly remember feeling slightly mad on the days and weeks after 9/11. Closely involved in the clean-up at *Ground Zero* there existed the overwhelming feeling that if I stopped or stood still I would be inhabited by the other. There was no rationality for such a thought but unable to quell this inner voice, I never stopped moving, and later when I finally succumbed to the sleep of exhaustion, I woke to make sure there was nothing hiding under the bed. Such was the power of the lurking traumatised ghost.

So, is *Remembering* an impossible work of mourning? As trauma continues to perpetuate body and site, traumatised spaces are haunted spaces in which memories reverberate backwards and forwards trapped in a place of unassimilated narrative. I see this work as a response not of melancholy but a return to the theme of loss through presence and absence, creating the possibility of a reordering of the past. Experiencing trauma demands a constant return to complete the cycle of memory but I am still left with the question - what form does this completed cycle of memory take? What does integration feel and look like?

Though there is no limit on how long mourning should take, I seem to have arrived, perhaps precipitately, at questions about memorialisation. As complicated as the mourning of trauma is memorialising it is even more so. This was never more evident than in the extensive debate surrounding the appropriate response to 9/11 and the cost and the length of time that it has taken to build and finally complete the 9/11 memorials. *Remembering* moves through the ruinous landscape post 9/11, populated by workers and machinery, a demolished space that existed for many years. The ensuing conflict about how to replace the towers and honour the dead seemed a symbolic process of coming to terms with such a trauma. Trigg's assessment rings true here. He applies Derrida's notion of hauntology to the place of ruin.

> Outside of time, in the ruin, we are simultaneously aware of the foundation of time "mutating." The ruin haunts, and is haunted. The residue of violence in the ruin, made possible because of the dynamic silence that encircles the cessation of activity, throws a distorted light on what ordered space conceals. The marginalizing of ruins thus coincides with the attempt to outlaw the ghosts of the city-site. Finally, the linear enclosure of the past, evident in plaques and static memorials, comes undone in the ruin as a more malleable and exposed history is created. (2006: 136)

One cannot escape the nationalism that echoes throughout the official commemoration of the attacks, from the *National September 11 Memorial* and *Flight 93 National Memorial* to Bush's official designation of September 11, as *Patriot Day*. Despite the politicisation of remembering certain events, there remains the need to bear witness and to translate trauma as two functions of the memorial. The aim of the *Memorial Museum* (as written on their website) is to serve as the country's principal institution for examining the implications of the events of 9/11, "documenting the impact of those events and exploring the continuing significance of September 11, 2001." Yet it failed to find mention of the many thousands of innocent people killed in Afghanistan and Iraq in response to 9/11. "As of 2011, estimates run from 80,000 to over 1.2 million deaths in Iraq of non-combatants" (DeLappe, 2011).

The 9/11 Memorial features two enormous waterfalls and reflecting pools, each about an acre in size, set within the excavated remnants of the original *Twin Towers. The National September 11 Memorial Museum* evokes the ruins of the *Twin Towers* in a deconstructed form whilst the bombproof concrete podium attests to a post 9/11 world of paranoia and fear which seems to support the lingering promise of future disasters and therefore traumas. Future unresolved and irreconcilable narratives, the notion that the worst is yet to come, is a state Massumi has described as an "anticipatory reality in the present of a threatening future. It is the felt reality of the non-existent, loomingly present as the affective fact of the matter" (2010: 54).

Paul Gough, in his *Four Short Observations on Places of Peace, Trauma and Contested Remembrance* (2006), included mention of the proposal from artist Mierle Laderman Ukeles. She suggested commemorating those who had died in the attack by recognising the quiet, the low-paid, the humble, and the overlooked office workers, cleaners and porters who had been many of the victims that morning. As such, on the anniversary of September 11, it would be expected that the executives, the bosses and the managers be kind to the menial labourers who are the invisible cadre of urban commerce. "Better than any angular memorial, or garden of remembrance, it would be those thousand acts of small kindness and humble recognition that would act as a living and appropriate memorial" (Gough, 2006: 44). But how does one measure such acts of kindness? And how does one mark a day that was claimed would never be forgotten? As Casey writes: "its futurity was assured from the start, even without speeches or monuments" (2007: 3). Returning to his notion of public memory, Casey concludes that public memory is comprised of two basic characteristics.

> It signals a major event in time that is a turning point for a given group of people; and it bears on particular places in which that event occurred and is remembered… combined, they form an external horizon that provides a spatio-temporal framework for what is to come in the public realm: whether these be acts of overt commemoration or covert histories of suffering. (2007: 10)

Places 'hold' memories, as graveyards hold the dead and *Ground Zero* holds the loss of both the towers and all the lives lost in their destruction. Place secures the memory, so that our bodies do not assume the role as graveyards for the dead. This might be a way to answer what Rahimi has described as, the need to understand the ways in which ghosts and haunting are associated with the very fabric of selfhood, at both the experiential and the social domains of subjectivity (2015: 5). The Memorial place is the dis-placed space, the necessary space created outside of us to house the ghosts so we can mourn fully, externalise the process, and return when necessary to that place of loss

> Such a memory, coming from such a place, is never fully and finally made; it is always in the making, giving to us the care and vigilance so often lacking at the site of the initial trauma.
> To conclude in two lines:
> Public Memory: still a mystery, but we are gaining on it...
> And the Ethics of Place? In the end, there is no other. (Casey, 2007, p.27)

Exploring the transition from mourning to memorial, from *Stage II* to *Stage III* of my work*,* I am aware of the loss at the separation from a place that I had considered home for 20 years, for I have not returned to New York since 2006. *Stage II*, the arts-practice *Six Fragments*, was an investigation of the dissociative space, an attempt at locating the missing traces of memory to piece back together the narrative that became *Remembering*. The deconstruction of text, the breaking down of sound and the pixilation of imagery that made up *Six Fragments*, represented a conscious and subconscious attempt at erasing the past, I believe a necessary unravelling to arrive at the place of mourning that *Stage III* explored.

Remembering functions as both memorial to 9/11 and to the many years I resided in New York, to the many memories I formed, and the trajectories travelled to arrive here at this place in time and space. It is a critical engagement with the past, a past that now arrested and recognised is as such disrupted and disturbed. As in Doherty's video work: *Ghost Story*, *Remembering,* isolates a time and place, and secures it outside me, my memory

systems, my body into an external archive. Massumi writes that our experiences aren't objects, rather:

> They're us, they're what we're made of. We are our situations; we are our moving through them. We are our participation — not some abstract entity that is somehow outside looking in at it all. (2002:11)

There is comfort in making such an internal process external to be looked at by me, and by others, and thereafter archived in the form that *Remembering* takes. *Stage III* of this research was very much about exploring the power of the transferential identification and whether it is possible to communicate something of the *affect* of experiencing the post-traumatic space. In what ways does the transference connect or link the audience to their own experiencing of trauma? Findings, framed around verbal responses from audience members and how the re-watching of *Remembering* moved through my body would suggest that simply—yes it is possible to communicate the affect and the emotional responses of 9/11 through the methods that I have engaged.

Doherty's artwork: *Ghost Story*, was useful to contextualise my research and raise questions about the responsibility of the artist in narrating the trauma of the past, and evaluate my decision to make work about 9/11. In a review of his most recent exhibition *Unseen* (2013: 205), the claim was made that Doherty is in "a rut and ought to find fresh material" (Higgins, 2013), in response Doherty replied quite simply: "It's not finished." For me, 9/11 was a relatively obvious place to begin to research trauma, due to the global experiencing of the traumatic event (as discussed in Chapter 1), and because I was present to simultaneously witness the event in reality, and on TV. This complex interweaving of witnessing created the opportunity to research the traumatic event from two places, the intersubjective and through the vast collective archives of visual and textual documents from that day. An autoethnographic methodology permitted the tracking of the event and the trauma through my body, and theoretically through the many texts about 9/11 and trauma. *Remembering* encapsulates both, layering my personal memories onto the collective, reclaimed from an archive of footage shot on the day of

and dates thereafter September 11th, 2001. This stage of the research completes a cycle

of inquiry about the post-traumatic notion of grief simultaneously creating new pathways

for a deeper investigation into the intergenerational tracking of trauma, the transitory

traumatic field, and a desire to re-visit mourning and melancholia.

In *Navigating Movement* (2002), Massumi writes:

> You have made a transition, however slight. You have stepped over a threshold.
> Affect is this passing of a threshold, seen from the point of view of the change in
> capacity. (3)

He uses the word 'affect' as an expression of hope: 'affect' as a way of talking about that

margin of manoeuvrability, "where we might be able to go and what we might be able to

do" (3).

Conclusion

The aim of my research was to release what is essentially an alienating and distancing experience of trauma to one that was mediated through affect from my body to the bodies of others. Massumi describes the passage from affect to intensity as something other than simply a personal feeling or emotion. Rather the capacity for the body to be manoeuvred, changed (2002: 3), where the body assumes the role of an organ of potential. As I discussed in Chapters 1, 2 and 3, this was achieved through sharing and exhibiting the artwork, creating an interplay between the personal and the public, where affect was a means to explicitly and implicitly impart an understanding of trauma. Research questions focused on: what role do I, as the artist and the owner of very specific memories from that time in history, play in the transposition of this event, i.e. the exchange of this event from the past to the present, from private to public space, and remembering to forgetting. Conscious of Jarzombek's claim that trauma "possesses its own economy of production, its own politics of protection, and its own aesthetics of desire" (2006: 260), I have engaged a critical language throughout my research to develop an understanding of trauma whilst balancing the personal with the intersubjective.

I employed autoethnography as a methodology for this epistemological discussion; a process for investigation that involved scooping out the contents of 9/11 from my interior, in which the ghosts of many traumas had firmly lodged themselves. Autoethnography opened a method of transferential inquiry from my body to the bodies of the audience, from my memory to the memories of each viewer. This evolved over three stages of research that I investigated theoretically, biographically and in my arts practice through photography, moving imagery and sound; all of which functioned to unravel the remembering of and therefore the potential for forgetting a traumatic event. My intention was to lift the discourse on trauma out of the confines of the psychoanalytic and reframe

it in a more democratic space where the affects can be more widely addressed, answering questions on affect, transference and contagion. A 'desmological' (Serres, 2002: 204) reframing of trauma, rather than an ontological reading, that allowed for a mediation of trauma and a tracing of traumatic events across time and space. Bennett writes of "creating new circuits, intensifying relationships… to reorder the field," where: "thinking beyond what is actually given is a creative intervention" (2012: 30-31).

In addition, I wanted to effectively bridge the gap between repression and representation and explore methods of engaging with the *no-thing* space of dissociation. Seeking a method to understand and reframe the rupture of trauma opened a discussion about how to navigate and represent the space of dislocation and conflict. It was to answer the return of the repressed and the magnified *affect* of the trauma of 9/11. This began with my journal, written on the day of and days after 9/11, as a point of departure and arrival, which in hindsight functioned well to frame and contain the research. From there, research developed in to amassing an archive of images, words, sounds and moving imagery, which anchored the navigation of a trajectory backwards into traumatic remembering. *Stage I* focused on the periphery of the event, it was a successful easing in, a backwards glance whilst establishing the ground beneath me. As Bergson writes, an act of '*sui generis'*, detaching myself from the present and placing myself, my body, back in a certain region of the past. Photography was my method to track the relationship between the deluge of evidential images of 9/11 and my experience of the trauma of the event. For me, the unravelling of the complexities of reading a photographic image both contributed and confined the traumatic space of remembering. It was the 'vocalic body' (Connor, 2000), that pushed the research into new directions and functioned to access the hidden parts of the past, making them more accessible. The process of speaking the words of my journal out loud not only demanded that I listen closely and continuously to what I was saying but also to what was absent.

The installation of *Memory that I am and all that I wait for* (2013) at *Plymouth Arts Centre* suggested the notion that perhaps not all my traumatic memory was accessible. Such an act of concealment was a disturbing realisation, as was the required censorship of the past and the rejection of an awareness of censorship. Hearing my voice replay the events of 9/11 began to unravel my defence systems and reveal what I was censoring from myself. It was through the externalisation of my voice that I began to answer questions on dissociation and trace a pathway through the space of nothingness, giving permission for the lost and the unknown to take form. My main question as to the site of trauma and whether the dissociated space existed in or outside of the body remains an on-going dialogue, I believe that is the nature of traumatic memory. To find some measure of assimilation for the purposes of my research, I treated it as both, and explored the space externally to affectively meet the internal, (and vice versa). In the Derridean context, researching the dissociated space gave permission for the event to arrive. "An event [that] is traumatic or it does not happen, does not arrive *[Un événement est traumatique ou il n'arrive pas]*" (Derrida, 2002).

Using my voice, and imagery to navigate the dissociated space is an important contribution to an ongoing discussion on the differences between dissociation and repression, similarly transcribing this experience adds to a deeper understanding of how our bodies respond to traumatic circumstances. Making art from this place was a means to address the *place* of nothingness, describe its quality and texture. But it was through exploring Malabou's texts that I came closest to answering questions about the dissociative space, particularly in her essay: *Ontology of An Accident* (2013).

The end game was never intended as a cathartic disclosure to secure an empathetic response, but rather to reduce the distance from my experience of the past to the viewer's experience of the same event, 9/11, and thereby eradicate or at the very least, reduce the distance

between me and the audience, and therefore my memory, the past, and the present. I believe that I came closest to achieving this in *Six Fragments* of *Stage II*, especially *Falling*. It was certainly the most shocking of the art pieces, and, for me, contained the potential to *thrust* the event into the bodies of the audience. *Falling* was the beginning of artistically tracing the unknown. It achieved the balance between the rawness and violence of the traumatic experience and meeting my aesthetic objectives. Locating the sound internally and externally was a huge turning point within my research, it shifted the meaning of the work that preceded it to such a degree that I went back and re-made 2-sound pieces, which became *Walk II* and *The Briefcase*.

In *Practical Aesthetics, Events, Affects and Art after 9/11* (2012), Bennet raises similar questions about the relationship between representing trauma and its aesthetics, and argues for a renewed understanding of aesthetics. Immediately after the terrorist attack, artists, writers and theorists rushed to fill the void found at Ground Zero, the absence, the 'hole in the Real' that Lacan describes as "the Real but always represented by an emptiness, the nonthing, *l'a chose*, the nothing, a hole in the Real from which the Word, the Signifier, creates the world" (Lacan, 1960). For Žižek, it was "the traumatic void against which the process of signification articulates itself" (1997), but it was an outpouring too soon to be memorial or remembrance, and as James Elkins rightly articulates: "What does it mean… that visual culture has so little to say about an event so overwhelmingly important and so overwhelmingly visual?'" (Elkins, 2003; Bennett, 2012). Back in 2001, pressed up so close to the event in time as well as space, it was impossible for me to represent the meaning of such a momentous event. It has taken over 12-years to balance the meaningless with the meaningful, by which I mean transition from one state to the other, to make sense of an event beyond comprehension.

My research has provided the opportunity to relegate a traumatic event from the past,

reframe it and in its newer form return it to the past for me - the artist, the reader of this text, and the viewer of the artwork. The allocation of a voice, my voice, to remembering was a vehicle to reveal what was hidden, and I believe hearing my memories take form outside of me, my body, led to the discovery of the missing, the absent sound of the falling towers. Locating the missing sound prized open the trauma, the repercussions of which further enhanced the affect. Derrida, when he speaks of the traumatised body, refers to that which must 'bare' an uncertain future, a constant ghostly return of the events from the future, (for they have not yet been experienced as past), a return of what has never been fully lived or experienced, that can only come from the future. Derrida's spectral was an invaluable tool to narrate the dissociated space and in *Stage II* of this research I explored the temporal disruption, fragmentation, violence, and the breakdown of any mastery or unity when tracing a pathway to trauma. To engage with the conflict, it was necessary to experience that which refuses representation, that which rails against form. Making sense of my voice, now external to me with all its ghostly echoes, created a new way of viewing the past. It also engaged a means of representation, combined with other memories and events, what Bennett refers to as "sensory perception and a sense of the particular" (2012: 50). A virtual event that might, 'desmologically,' find resonance in other events. My intention was not to represent what had already occurred but to "generate a set of aesthetic possibilities" (Bennett, 2012: 51) and open the potential for manoeuvrability.

The final *Stage III,* moved away from the flashbacks and fragments of *Stages I* and *II,* and began to embrace the notion for the potential of resolution. I do not mean here laying the traumatic memory to rest, but rather finding a method of reclaiming my personal relationship to 9/11 and therefore my remembrance of it. So, began a process of mourning. But as I discovered the work of mourning is complicated when the trauma remains to come; for how does one integrate what has not yet happened. Through

deconstructing the collective archive of remembering this specific event, I deconstructed my own memory and through owning it, at times stealing it from other's recollections (in the use of found footage), I refashioned the remembering and transformed it into one of total recall, *(at least for the moment, meaning we can only remember what we remember when we remember it!)*

Through all the Stages of research I was interested in exploring the power of transferential identification, answer whether it is possible to transfer the *affect* of experiencing trauma to an audience, and whether the transference connects the audience to their own experiences of trauma? There was a constant flow of feedback from friends, colleagues and a wider audience that supported the notion of a transference of affect, where affect acts as the catalyst for intensity, emotion and reaction. This I embedded into my practice, each Stage leading on to the next. Their feedback and desire to relate where they were when the planes flew into the towers, and what else surfaced as a result were supported by well documented theories on the contagion of affect, and the tracking of my own bodily responses in the making and reviewing of the work. What I was most interested in was how this would affect me, the artist, and whether it closed the loop of traumatic remembering, rather than leave it as an open ended, irreconcilable process. The feedback moved the work along, and reflected an emotional interaction of unanticipated exchange. This included the witnessing to my remembering, and a constant sharing by viewers of their own traumatic experiences, where they were, who they were with, how it affected them. These responses were not elicited but offered up, graciously, in a method of sharing and interaction with what was being witnessed, I would suggest through a subtle and empathic resonance that permeated from art work to viewer.

The event, 9/11 was witnessed and *felt* globally through new forms of mass communications, where people were "made to share the same terrified spaces" (Seidler,

2013: 45). Rich in emotion, the affect inhabited "the space between the visceral body and consciousness" (Bennett, 2012: 21). My intention was to touch into this space, re-activate the process of remembering and through my artwork contain its power and transpose the memory to an alternative, or other space of occupation. It was a process of creating connectedness across disciplines and more importantly across bodies. A creative and productive method of interaction that informs and endows each body with new information about the experiencing of the past, the traumatic event. In this, my work achieved its intention of tracing the past forwards and creating a pathway to travel backwards to the event, to reframe it and perceive it anew. My research occupied the Freudian notion of working through a trauma rather than acting it out and enlivened a representation of a traumatic event in such a way as to trigger a transferential relationship to the past to be engaged with critically, rather than just re-enacted. Not enough to "track an image from picture to meaning to text" (1995, 97), as Morrison describes, rather, my work describes the traumatic trace held in the dissociative space, and rendered it into another form for an audience to experience its affect.

Interestingly, Good suggests that whilst it is natural to make recourse to pictures when approaching 'unspeakable' experiences, for true recovery to happen these visual fragments must be assimilated and made subject to a narrative (2015: 13). I do not fully agree, it is not only a narrative that is needed, but a process of feeling the affect, remembering with the whole body, with all the senses. This work was never intended as a therapeutic process of healing but of recovering the lost or hidden aspects of a memory, and through its recall a traversing of the traumatic interruption, a mapping of the rupture that through remembering reframes the event, not just for me the artist, but also for the viewer. It is a sharing of affect, a transmission for a specific purpose. Like Doherty's and Broomberg and Chanarin's work, the purpose of my research was to readdress and reframe the representation of the traumatic event, and critically engage a specific language to suggest a dialogue of trauma and its representation.

Throughout my research, its repetitive nature was a reliving of the past in its various forms, necessary to uncover what was hidden or had disappeared. The repetition was important, as Deleuze writes: "If repetition makes us ill, it also heals us; if it enchains and destroys us, it also frees us, testifying in both cases to its 'demonic' power. All cure is a voyage to the bottom of repetition" (1994:19). However, I was also conscious of not wanting to replicate the traumatic event, of not falling into, as Parr writes, the fetishisation of the lost object (2008: 83). The search for, and what I hope was eventually the establishment of, a critical *middle voice* functioned on multiple levels but especially to curtail or at the very least reduce the fantasy over the lost object of signification (Parr, 2008: 83). My fear was that in unlocking the dissociated space, a repressed response would come into effect, thereby contributing to and actively engaging in an endless cycle of repetition, and mourning that would lead to melancholia. It was a challenge to be with the rawness of remembering whilst finding ways to represent my memory with an aesthetic that could be 'read' by an audience. Through the development of Bennett's 'practical aesthetics', my intention, and resulting contribution to knowledge, was to harness my own personal relationship to trauma, reclaim my memories of this 'spectacular event' and firmly place an integrated process of remembering trauma across disciplines and into a discussion of trauma, affect and aesthetics.

The End

Glossary of Terms

I: Archive – in its broadest sense is a place where documents and other materials of public or historical interest are preserved i.e. library, museum, etc. For this thesis, I've included the term *archive* to incorporate:

a) A collection of data: film, sound, text and other digital documents stored on my computer, the presence of which functions both as a practical resource, as well as a gesture towards emotional containment, in that memories can now exist external to my internal memory systems and as discussed in page 51 of this thesis, perhaps provide a measure of relief.

b) I was also heavily influenced by the Derrida's *Archive Fever, A Freudian Impression,* in which he proposes a psychoanalytical reading of the archive. For Derrida, the archive juxtaposes two conflicting forces, the death drive — (the primal urge for destruction that is "archive destroying") and the other — the desire for conservation that is inextricably connected to the pleasure principle (Derrida, 1996: 11). In this instance, the archive incorporates the past, present, and future; through preserving the records of the past (i.e. Freud's letters, papers etc.) it embodies the promise of the present to the future — "the concept of the archive must inevitably carry in itself, as does every concept, an unknowable weight" (Derrida, 1996: 29). Equally important, is the notion that – "The archivization produces as much as it records the event" (Derrida, 1996: 17).

c) In addition, I reference Hal Foster's concept of the archive from: *An Archival Impulse* (2004: 3–22), in which he writes that "archival artists seek to make historical information, often lost or displaced, physically present" (ibid: 4).

II: Dissociation & Repression

Freud used dissociation and repression interchangeably but over the years the terms have come to mean two different processes related to traumatic remembering. I too have dealt with them as separate reactions to the experiencing of traumatic events. *Dissociation,* refers to the absence of the inscription of the traumatic event on memory schemas due to the inability to 'take in' what is happening. This is also regarded as an early stage of developmental difficulty in the child, in which the faculties for understanding and assimilating certain forms of information have not yet been formulated due to a disruptive attachment relationship with the main parental figure. (See Allan N. Schore for more on this topic, particularly his book – *Affect Dysregulation and Disorders of the Self* (2003)).

Repression is a 'taking in' of the traumatic event that is coupled with a conscious or subconscious decision to reject what is happening, thereby 'burying' the memory. The differences between dissociation and repression, are underlined by Bessel van der Kolk, and Otto van der Hart, in *The Intrusive Past: The Flexibility of Memory and The Engraving of Trauma (1995:158–182)*, drawing from the work of Pierre Janet (1894).

III: Jussive & Sequential

Jussive and *sequential* are terms used by Derrida in *Archive Fever, A Freudian Impression* (1995: 1) to denote two different approaches to recording and recalling information from the archive. *Sequential* is the classification of *all* information back to the origin, *jussive* is the commanding or hierarchical structure of the archive that tells us what we can and cannot say. For example, Geoffrey Bowker describes the jussive nature of the archive as that which can and cannot be remembered (2008:12). In my thesis, I argue that the jussive aspect of the archive is a selective process of remembering from a given point in time, therefore one that is constantly changing.

IV: Spectrality

The spectre is a visible incorporeal spirit, especially one of a terrifying nature. It has many guises: ghost, phantom, apparition, revenant, shadow. The notion of spectrality, employed throughout this thesis, comes from Derrida's use of the term in *Spectres of Marx* (1994), in which Derrida uses the term 'hauntology,' (1994:10) to describe the spectre that defies the framework of ontology. He writes about the difficulty in defining the spectre as it is so embedded in our material presence, in our here and now, for example it is impossible for us to view the present without getting caught up in the invisible and intangible webs of the past, and of thinking about a future without thinking about death.

V: The real and Real

The *Real* is a philosophical concept that refers to the authentic, unchangeable truth. For Lacan, it was the primordial experience, the state of nature, out of which we move into language. Located beyond the symbolic, the *Real* is sometimes regarded as the sublime. The Lacanian Real resists representation, it is the place where words fail. When the real is impossible to imagine and articulate, it is also impossible to integrate into the symbolic order and is therefore perceived as traumatic. As Lacan writes in his *Seminar on The Purloined Letter* (1956), the real is experienced as traumatic – 'the real, whatever upheaval we subject it to, is always in its place; it carries it glued to its heel, ignorant of what might exile it from it.' In, *For They Know Not What They Do: Enjoyment as a Political Factor (Phronesis) (2002),* Žižek breaks the Real down into three modalities: the symbolic real; the *real real*: a horrific thing; and the imaginary real—an unfathomable something that permeates things as a trace of the sublime (xii). I build on this in my thesis and view trauma through the lens of both the Lacanian *Real*, and the real. I argue that trauma creates a conflict with the *real* in that trauma is both a recognition of the sublime *Real* and coming into contact with the real — i.e. the abyss, or as Žižek writes the *real real*. Trauma highlights the primordial experience, whilst

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creating a relationship with the realization of what is *real* —i.e. the cruelty of humanity and subsequent suffering.

VI: Transferential Identification (Walker, 2017: 157)

Transference and counter-transference are initially psychoanalytical terms for the exchange of, or projection of, feelings between analysand and psychoanalyst. The concept of transference was first described by Freud, in *Studies on Hysteria* (1895), where he documents the intense, and often unconscious feelings that sometimes developed within the therapeutic relationships he established with the people he was treating. Transference is also very common between people outside of the therapeutic space. An interpretation of the transferential situation can make something that was unconscious conscious. Transferential identification is in essence an identification with what is being transferred. It can be an unconscious identification, for example feeling angry or fearful in relation to another and not knowing why, or conscious in that the root of the transference is recognised.

My aim, within the arts practice of my thesis, was to explore the transference of traumatic feelings from my experience and my memories of the trauma through the work, and research to what extent the audience identified with the trauma. German philosopher, Ernst Cassirer, describes this well in *The Philosophy of Symbolic Forms: Mythical Thought Vol 2* (2009), when he writes:

> All alchemic operations, regardless of their individual type have at their base the fundamental idea of the transferability and material detachability of attributes and states – the same idea which is disclosed at a more naïve and primitive stage in such notions as that of the scapegoat (66).

Appendix A - List of Images

Stage 1:

Walker, A. (2013)*, Toxic Clouds. All Giclée Prints,* Size: 594 x 841 mm. *Figs: 1-4*

Broomberg, A. and Chanarin, O. (2008), *The Day Nobody Died,* Installation. *Fig: 5-6*
Available at: http://www.broombergchanarin.com/the-day-nobody-died/

Fukada, T. (1945) *The Mushroom Cloud, 1-2.* Gelatin silver print. 25.9 cm x 21.7 cm. *Fig. 7*
Available at: http://www.tate.org.uk/whats-on/tate-modern/exhibition/conflict-time-photography

Ruff, T. (2004) *jpeg ny01*, C-Print, 256cm x 188 cm. *Fig. 8*
Available at: http://athanormag.tumblr.com/post/107465143566/thomas-ruff-jpeg-ny01-2004

Walker, A. (2013), *Memory that I am, yet that I also wait for…* Installation images. *Figs: 9-12*
Available at: http://www.anna-walker-research.com/memory-that-i-am---installation.html

Stage 2:

Walker, A. (2014), Still from *Falling. Fig: 13-14*

Richter, G. (2005)*, September.* Oil on Canvas. 52 cm x 72 cm. *Fig: 15*
Available at: https://www.gerhard-richter.com/en/art/paintings/photo-paintings/death-9/september-13954/?&referer=search&title=September&keyword=September

Walker, A. (2015)*, Stills from Ghost Walk. Fig: 16-17*

Walker, A. (2016), Stills from *Ghost II. Fig: 18- 19*

Stage 3:

Walker, A. (2014-2016), Still from *Remembering. Fig: 20- 21*

Doherty, W. (2010), Stills from *Ghost Story. Figs: 22 - 23*
Available at: http://williedoherty.com/work

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Appendix B1

BST JOURNAL

EDITORIAL
PAPERS
PERSPECTIVES
REVIEWS
PERFORMANCES
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JOURNAL LIST

02.

PAPERS

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ANNA WALKER

FALLING (1)

Abstract

'The Falling Man', a photograph taken by Richard Drew on the morning of September 11th 2001 has accompanied me throughout the past 12 years. The journey of this photograph: the discourse around it and the continuing attempts to censor the imagery, has become synonymous with a personal censorship of the visual, symbolic and actual noise of the World Trade Towers falling. This paper links interrelated themes into an examination of the tension where trauma meets memory and is the first of a series of investigations balancing the auto-ethnographic with the critical, utilising personal experiences to facilitate a greater understanding of trauma and its wider cultural implications.

'Headlong, free fall [...] he was a falling angel and his beauty was horrific' (Delilo, 2007: 222).

Background

On September 11th 2001, at 8.46am, Flight 11 crashed into the north face of the North Tower of the World Trade Center. The Boeing 767 ploughed through the building core between the 93rd and 99th floor and severed all of the three encased stairwells. Fox 5 News (WNYW) televised the first report of the incident at 8.48am, and from 8.51am until 10am over 200 people jumped to their deaths primarily from the North Tower - exact numbers remain unknown. Present at the scene, Richard Drew pointed his camera upwards and photographed as many of the jumpers as he could until the Towers collapsed and he was forced to run for safety.

FALLING (1) Anna Walker

Abstract: 'The Falling Man', a photograph taken by Richard Drew on the morning of September 11th, 2001 has accompanied me throughout the past 12-years. The journey of this photograph: the discourse around it and the continuing attempts to censor the imagery, has become synonymous with a personal censorship of the visual, symbolic and actual noise of the World Trade Towers falling. This paper links interrelated themes into an examination of the tension where trauma meets memory and is the first of a series of investigations balancing the auto-ethnographic with the critical, utilising personal experiences to facilitate a greater understanding of trauma and its wider cultural implications.

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When he revisited the photographs from that morning he found the sequence of one falling man. One frame highlighted for him the catastrophe of the day's events, a striking image of a figure dressed in black and white soaring downwards headfirst like a bullet, one leg bent almost casually against the other, his white shirt billowing outwards from the violence of his descent. Drew had captured the last beautiful and shocking moments before a man's death, before a body lands and disintegrates, a wingless body mid-flight, diving to its demise against the stark graphic composition of the light and dark the steel and glass of the huge tower that was to crumble fall and disappear moments later.

The following morning on September 12th, the image was published on the front page of the 'Morning Call', page-7 of the New York Times and in newspapers around the world. Its appearance caused a public outcry, quickly this image and others depicting *the falling* were removed from the public gaze, and many US papers were forced to defend themselves against the charge of exploiting a man's death. In the most photographed and videotaped day in history, the images of people jumping were the only images that were censored. The expression of outrage from America at its publication and the ensuing dialogue from many New Yorkers since, has secured this iconic image's place in the telling of the story of the collapse of the twin towers.

In 'What Do Pictures Want?' David Mitchell (2005:10) writes: 'We need to reckon with not just the meaning of images but their silence, their reticence, their wildness and nonsensical obduracy. We need to account for not just the power of images but their powerlessness, their impotence, their abjection.' So, what does this picture of *The Falling Man* want? And what was it about this image that Americans found so offensive they censored it?

Outside: The widely-shared belief that words have been replaced by visual images, as the principal method of expression in contemporary culture was never more apparent than in the days during and after September 11th, 2001. As Barbie Zelizer writes 'photography rose to fill the space of chaos and confusion that journalism was expected to render orderly' (2002:48).

The attack on the Towers produced a spectacle so incessantly witnessed and photographed, that almost instantaneously the world was awash with hundreds and thousands of images, digital freeze frames and video footage telling and retelling the collapse and destruction of the day. The digital imagery, viewable at the moment of taking, occupied the same time and place as the event recorded. With little delay between the event and the seeing of the picture, the images ostensibly became part of the event. The sheer volume of testimony and photographs on that day and in the months that followed directly interconnect the documentation with the disaster, documentation that both anticipated a future looking back and anchored the disaster in time, the

ephemerality of which was too fleeting to grasp hold of as it was happening. With so much of the imagery of 9/11 fast flowing and horrific, the brief insertion of *The Falling Man* into the public domain managed to slow down and stop time. The image cut through the noise of the day's disturbance and provided an alternative version of 9/11, a perspective that was quickly rejected.

Does this image resist meaning that would justify its exclusion? In the documentary 'The Falling Man' (2006) the director, Henry Singer, breaks up the narrative using freeze frame photographs of the falling for dramatic effect. David Campany argues that, 'while the freeze frame may show the world at a standstill, it cannot articulate the experience of such a state. Faced with the freeze the viewer is thrown out of identification with the image and left to gaze upon its sudden impenetrability' (2008: 57). This photograph isolates the falling man from the larger landscape of disaster - it negates the fire and the smoke emblematic of that day, it reduces the magnitude of the event to a downward spiralling figure intent on meeting his end and it asks us to renegotiate the unfolding events of the disaster.

The timing of the publication of the image, the environment in which it was seen, and the context in which it was placed increased the complexity of *The Falling Man* as evidence of a traumatic historical event. This image and others depicting the *jumpers* so touched a nerve in American society on that day and in the ensuing years that it triggered Draconian gestures of self-censorship throughout the corporate media. 'Where there is censorship there is desire', wrote Redfield. 'The jumpers were at the epicenter of a wider economy of ambivalence, within which frenzied representational activity coexisted with official and unofficial acts of negation' (2009:121). The unfolding events of 9/11 were largely directed through their visual representation, and the act of bearing witness was central to shaping a public response.

Photographs can only offer us evidence that is selective and incomplete, fabricating and confirming preordained myths and arrangements (Sontag, 2001:220). Soon after the catastrophe of 9/11, there was a conscientious interjection by the Bush administration to control the parameters of witnessing the disaster, and its representation in the media. A rhetorical framework quickly reverberated throughout the US media that the events that took place were 'an attack on freedom, American values and [their] way of life' (Ryan, 2004:16). Photography was used as a 'facilitator for achieving strategic political and military aims' (Zelizer, 2002:49) and the imagery published during and after the disaster 'enhanced the notion that the dialectic of violence and counter-violence began on September 11th'(Ryan, 2004:8). Within days Mayor Giuliani of New York had issued an executive order banning amateur photographs of the World Trade Centre, stating that the site was a crime scene not a tourist attraction and flyers were posted around the site: 'WARNING! NO cameras or video equipment permitted! VIOLATORS will be prosecuted and equipment seized!'

For those of us trapped inside the event, when words seemed inadequate, photographs served the purpose of making the disaster real. 'Something becomes real to those who are elsewhere, following it as 'news' by being photographed. But a catastrophe that is experienced will often seem eerily like its representation' (Sontag, 2003:19). Photographs were the evidence of the tragedy taking place around us, evidence that simultaneously flowed out into the newspapers, on to gallery walls and on to the TV screen for the rest of the world to see. *The Falling Man* became symbolic of the surreal

nature of the experience, the power of which was the images' ability to still and order the chaos and reject all that was happening outside of its frame.

We are so used to looking at the horrific that we have become immune to it, yet we expect it to describe the indescribable (Sontag, 2003). So, when presented with something that does not follow the prescribed formula of representing horror with all of its violence, blood, and decay we reject it. *The Falling Man* does not fall into the category of the disturbing imagery that we associate with war, with terror, with trauma. The image is outside of any logical understanding or frame of reference. It is still, a captured frozen moment of grace that poetically breaks open the horror of that day and settles quietly into the gaping hole of the absence of presence, which experiencing trauma can create. The man does not look real, for experiencing the actual events did not feel real. They were just like scenes from a movie and he was a circus acrobat somersaulting, a flying man, a photomontage.

Can we describe *The Falling Man* as beautiful? The arch of the leg, the flare of the shirt, the naked vulnerable head – exposed. This photograph blurs the boundaries – which is both exciting and unsettling. For 'society is concerned to tame the photograph, to temper the madness which keeps threatening to explode in the face of whoever looks at it' (Barthes, 1981:117). In the shameful excitement of looking there exists a desire to censor, to repress the madness, for how can we feel excited about bodies – people-leaping to their death. Unlike many photographs that describe moments of terror we know what is happening outside of the frame of this photograph, we do not need to imagine or dream up the before or after, we do not need to fill the empty space of the off-frame with our own version of events and so we allow it to close-down the noise of the outside, we allow it to speak to us about the poetry and the symmetry of falling to one's death.

'It is this element which rises from the scene, shoots out of it like an arrow and pierces me,' Barthes writes. 'A photograph's punctum is that accident which pricks me (but also bruises me, is poignant to me).' 'It is what I add to the photograph and what is nonetheless already there.' 'It is acute yet muffled, it cries out in silence. Odd contradiction: a floating flash.' (Barthes, 1981:27,53) This rupture carries with it a vision of the future, it flashes up at a moment of danger, moves the viewer forward perhaps to a place the viewer does not want to go. The punctum of *The Falling Man* calls us to regard our pain as well as the pain of others; it wounds and justifies the wounding, connects perception and cognition and goes beyond representation. It constitutes a force and intensity beyond its frame or even the intended perception of the photographer. This is both its weakness and its strength, for when an image directs us to a place we have no desire to go and yet we find ourselves there, perhaps we have no choice but to reject.

It is the photograph that brings us close to the experience of suffering. In 'The Cruel Radiance: Photography and Political Violence' Susie Linfield writes about photographs offering an immediate, viscerally emotional connection to the world. Photographs 'illuminate the unbridgeable chasm that separates ordinary life from extraordinary experiences… In this sense, photographs teach us about our failure – our *necessary* failure – to comprehend the human' (Linfield, 2010: xv). In her reasoning, we don't turn to photographs to understand the cruel motives for genocide or the dilemma of global capitalism, we look to photographs for other things – 'for a glimpse of what cruelty, or

strangeness, or beauty, or agony, or love… looks like.' We look to photographs to uncover our reactions to otherness and to others. (Sontag, 2010: 22) Is it that we experience too much suffering from *The Falling Man*, or that we do not learn enough? This photograph is not of a man in distress, it does not evoke repulsion, horror or shock, in fact quite the opposite. The term pornography is often used in relation to photographs of war and of terror to conveniently explain the exhaustion of empathy but for Linfield the word 'explains' without actually explaining the shattering of the body's dignity.'(Dean, 2004; Linfield, 2010:41) This man's body in flight is not without dignity and the capturing of it in motion seconds before erasure is to truly bear witness to a flashing moment of his life on his journey to death and we cannot look away. Should not look away.

Photographs can't explain the way the world works. Photographs present us with 'scenes of catastrophe but can do nothing to explain their histories or causes.' (Sontag, 2003:19) In justification of The Falling Man, Richard Drew was not offering us a story with a coherent or even discernible beginning, middle or an end. Despite his experience as a war journalist he was probably as incredulous to what was unfolding before his eyes in New York on September 11 as was the rest of the world. He was not aiming to reveal the inner dynamics of an historic event, not consciously anyway. He was using his camera to separate him from what was unfolding. Forced to contend with the limits of technology, the motion of the towers, the distance from the subject he was photographing and the closure of the shutter, Drew would have been protected from seeing the horror of *The Falling Man* in his downward dive. The images on his computer screen were evidence of what *he* had just witnessed, making believable what he knew had taken place but what had been obscured by the camera lens. Drew's photograph slows things down, halts the descent - 10 seconds to fall, his photograph momentarily stops the onslaught of death, stops the noise which on one hand is blissful, on the other a reminder of one's ineffectiveness, one's actual inability to shift or bend time, one's absolute powerlessness to stop the falling.

Inside Trauma: Photographs 'present us, to each other, and ourselves as bodily creatures. Photographs reveal how the human body is the original site of reality.' (Linfield, 2010:39) 'Where is your Rupture?' Warhol asked (1960). The Falling Man disrupts me and in so doing points me inwards. A lone falling man frozen in flight seconds before death, against a backdrop of perfect symmetry, his figure is the fixed point of reference, and I am forced to contend with my own body in response. This body that I inhabit is my primary truth, my inexorable fate. I glance down and I am reminded of my own falling and my own desire to reject the falling, I am this man, this body crashing to its demise, to the inevitable day of death. This photograph shows me how easily we are reduced to the *merely* physical, how easily one's body can be 'maimed, starved, splintered, beaten, torn and crushed.' (Linfield, 2010:39) This photograph presents us with the physical cruelty of life and our vulnerability to it. This image with its lack of brokenness, its lack of blood, war and terror does more than shatter our sense of what it means to be human it describes how small we are, how impotent, how futile our efforts. It describes the very essence of helplessness against a background of such sheer industrialization and capitalism that we are powerless to stop its evolution even if we desired. This is the very thing Walter Benjamin anticipated in the advent of the Industrial Revolution, the 'shocking' arrival of modernity with its imperialism, consumerism and fascism, and with it the pervading threat of trauma. We all know what happens next, that within seconds this man's body will be annihilated and that the towers will follow, that

this is the very thing America feared more than anything else - its powerlessness to stop its own falling. Experiencing trauma is an experience of loss so deep the vital spark of

living is extinguished - through loss of safety, of sanctuary, of dignity, of a belief in human kindness. It breeds a desperate perhaps futile attempt to order the chaos, which is at times no longer redeemable.

I am falling over and over and with me every other being and object falls; we are falling together towards some aspect of the other. *The Falling Man* is my undoing, my corporeal annihilation. I am losing myself; and my separation my boundaries the very skin that I rely on to cover and hold me is collapsing as I try unsuccessfully to prevent the approaching ground that rises to meet and crush me. I realize I cannot fly, I cannot pull up and pull out of this downward spiral and I'm faced with the inevitability of my demise. *The Falling Man* reminds me I am both the trauma body and a witness to the trauma body. He confronts me and I am forced to contend with his flight but not for survival, this is his flight of death and I was a witness to it, am a witness to it in the repeated viewing of the photograph. He did not jump to kill himself, he did not jump to survive he leapt towards death. And there he remains, a self in flight, hovering above death, anonymous and un-mourned symbolic of the trapped melancholy that prevents closure; he is the blocking of meaning, the frozen libidinal hold -frozen in isolation.

There is the traumatized body that kicks into a response and there is the body that kicks into a response when faced with something traumatic. They are different bodies. The body I talk about here is the latter. When the body kicks into traumatic response it activates mammalian defence action systems in which the brain's limbic system sets the HPA *(Hypothalamic – pituitary-adrenal)* axis in motion, releasing hormones to ready itself for defensive action. The hypothalamus activates the sympathetic branch (SNS) of the autonomic nervous system (ANS) provoking it into a state of heightened arousal. Epinephrine and norepinephrine are released, respiration and heart rate quicken, the skin pales, the blood flows away from the surface to the muscles and the body prepares for fight, flight, freeze or submission (collapse). The reptilian part of the brain *speaks* to ensure survival of the species, conscious choice is no longer an option - behaviour and movement become instinctual. All our defensive strategies are programmed into this primitive and highly effective part of the brain and when *faced* with survival issues the higher processing brain areas become less activated, our behaviour becomes regressive we hook into our evolutionary heritage of dealing with threat. Our endocrine system, our nervous system, our muscles reach back and pull on thousands of years of survival and drive the body into an automated response.

These were the bodies that were faced with the terrible choice of dying in the inferno or leaping to their deaths. These were the bodies that reacted to what was happening. This man's landing, his complete destruction is beyond comprehension but even more so is any attempt to understand the choice that he was faced with before he jumped, or fell. I am forced into abstraction to try and understand. And it is at this point that photographs can function to mediate the incomprehensible, Drew's photograph breaks through what is visually acceptable, linking up separate historical periods through both a shared aesthetic (Mauro, 2011) and a shared abstraction of trauma. In 'The Photographic Message' Barthes (1977) acknowledges that traumatic experience can bring about a 'suspension of language' and a 'blocking of meaning' which photographic representation can distance, sublimate and pacify. 'Trauma theory becomes important at this impasse.

It helps us grasp how a particular photographic image can show a scene that becomes meaningful only in and as its representation.' (Baer, 2005:12)

The power of the image is not just the image itself it is what it has come to represent in what happened before and what came after and ironically in its censorship. The United States prides itself on triumph, on victory, on overcoming the odds. In the face of 9/11 America sought some form of heroic triumph to offset the horror. And that's where the Fire Fighters came in - to procure redemption from such tragedy, otherwise it was impossible to bear. The Fire Fighters became the heroic story that Americans told themselves. As Tom Junod succinctly says in the documentary *The Falling Man*, this image and the reality of the jumpers themselves just didn't fit that narrative. It's very hard to frame them as triumphant. They were seen by America as victims and to some even as cowards, a reductionist view that failed to address the complexities of their situation; for *the falling* were faced with a horrific dilemma, the choice between dying in the inferno, or leaping to their deaths.

Noise: A one-ton beam dropped from a height of 1312ft will fall for 9-seconds and hit the ground at around 200mph. It will expend a noise, vibration and heat twice the energy of a stick of dynamite. How long does a body take to fall? What noise does it make when it hits the ground? In the nights that followed 9/11 these were the questions I asked, wanting to know whether the falling people died before they hit the ground or died on impact, whether they saw the ground looming up towards them or closed their eyes. Their stories flowed through New York in the days after the towers fell. Most of the *falling* jumped alone, although eyewitnesses talked of a couple that had held hands as they fell. One woman was reported, in a final act of modesty to hold down her skirt. Yet others tried to make parachutes out of curtains or tablecloths, only to have them wrenched from their grip by the force of their descent. The fall took about ten seconds at 125pmh varying according to the body position, those that fell headfirst as if in a dive, fell at 200mph.

When they hit the pavement below, their bodies were not so much broken as decimated. Unofficial estimates put the number of jumpers at around 200, but it is impossible to say because their bodies were indistinguishable from any others after the collapse of the Towers. The official account is that nearly all of the 2,753 victims in the Twin Towers attack officially died from 'blunt impact' injuries. The first *jumper* is recorded plunging from the North Tower's 149th window of the 93rd floor on the north face of the building at 8.51am, 3-minutes after it was hit by the first hijacked plane. At times the fallers were separated by an interval of just a second. At one point 9 people fell in 6-seconds from 5 adjacent windows, at another, 13 people fell in 2-minutes. The last *jumper* fell just as the North Tower collapsed 102 minutes after the building had been hit.

A witness watching from the South Tower's 78th floor as people started to fall from 'the hole' the aircraft had ripped in the North Tower told reporters that it looked like the falling were disorientated and blinded by smoke, they would just walk to the edge and fall out. Another witness watched with stunned colleagues unable to comprehend the falling as human. For those down below, the bodies landed with sickening, and explosive thuds. A fire fighter reported she felt like she was intruding on a sacrament as the bodies fell. 'They were choosing to die and I was watching them and shouldn't have been. So me and another guy turned away and looked at a wall and we could still hear them

hit.'(Schulman, 2011) Richard Drew reports losing sight of them through his camera lens only to hear them fall like a sack of cement moments later. His camera separated him from what he saw, but there was no separation from the sounds.

Conclusion: 'That which does not fit within the established structures of thinking and feeling is very likely to be excluded from remembrance.' (Zarecka, 2009:121) *The Falling Man* and the others who jumped or fell from the Twin Towers created a huge dilemma, that of 'innocent victim' (*falling),* verses 'bad victim' (*jumpers)*. 'Dying so spectacularly, so calmly *The Falling Man* awkwardly echoed the journey of his killers.' (Adi Drori-Avraham, 2006:295) It was only by turning away from the image that one could avoid confronting this predicament. Our ability to mourn lies in our capacity to acknowledge loss, in which we uncover something about ourselves and reveal our connection to others. We can mourn the 'good victim', imperfections are overlooked and forgotten, but accepting one's fate or even choosing the way of dying upsets the parameters of being a 'good victim', embracing death blurs the boundaries between good and evil and so victim and terrorist. In censoring the image of *The Falling Man* an aspect of mourning 9/11 was denied and he became symbolic of an unresolvable paradox, a trapped melancholia, a figure frozen in time, never quite reaching his death.

Living inside the event as it unfolded makes it impossible for me not to write from within that place. Unravelling the conflicting layers of significance within the iconography of *The Falling Man* has allowed the opportunity to revisit the past and find a language to render understandable, that which defied understanding. Re-examining from a distance and finding a language of expression opens new possibilities for interpretation whilst preserving the narrative of loss. 'The wound of the mind—the breach in the mind's experience of time, self and the world—is not, like the wound of the body, a simple and healable event, but rather an event that...is experienced too soon, too unexpectedly, to be fully known'. (Caruth, 1996:4). This would perhaps explain the censorship in US media, it would explain the distance of time required for revisiting the images of the jumpers in an attempt to reimagine, or redefine the past.

The Falling Man has become the iconic representative not only of the *jumpers* but also of all the victims that were killed on that day, symbolic of the unimaginable, the unnameable– or more precisely the attempted naming, in its brief presence in the American press and TV on September 12 2001, and then its rejection. The image disrupted the framework from which the event of September 11th was narrated. The lack of perspective throws the viewer out of understanding and therefore out of connection to the scale of the terror and catastrophe. This man hurtles to his death, outside of the rest of the tragedy, unimpeded by the destruction that surrounded him, intact against a background of perfect geometry. His anonymity connects all the anonymous deaths of war and terror, his falling bridges historical moments in time. In witnessing the falling man, we are forced to witness ourselves. Rejecting the image symbolizes a collapse of witnessing, 'a crisis of truth, an historical enigma betrayed by trauma' (Caruth,1995:6). Censorship in this instance became a simplistic response to a complex situation, a measure of control upon a set of circumstances that were out of control. America did not want the watching world to witness its own falling, did not want to appear weak or vulnerable to the rest of the world so it censored. Which for *The Falling* symbolized a double negation - unidentified and erased from the public gaze.

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Appendix B2
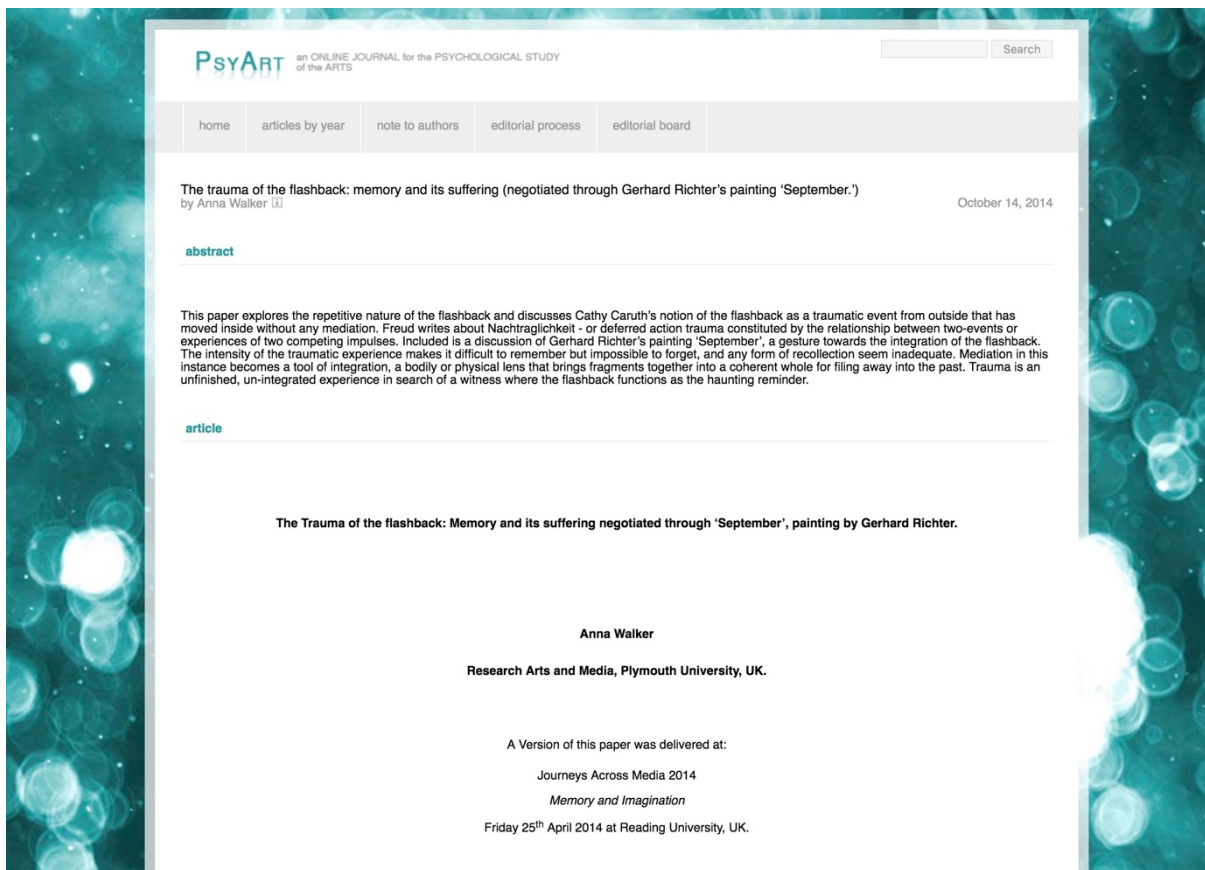
The Trauma of the flashback: Memory and its suffering negotiated through

'September', painting by Gerhard Richter.

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Abstract

This paper explores the repetitive nature of the flashback and discusses Cathy Caruth's notion of the flashback as a traumatic event from outside that has moved inside without any mediation. Freud writes about Nachtraglichkeit - or deferred action trauma constituted by the relationship between two-events or experiences of two competing impulses. Included is a discussion of Gerhard Richter's painting 'September', a gesture towards the integration of the flashback. The intensity of the traumatic experience makes it difficult to remember but impossible to forget, and any form of recollection seem inadequate. Mediation in this instance becomes a tool of integration, a bodily or physical lens that brings fragments together into a coherent whole for filing away into the past. Trauma is an unfinished, un-integrated experience in search of a witness where the flashback functions as the haunting reminder.

Keywords: Trauma, Gerhard Richter, Freud, *Nachtraglichkeit,* Flashbacks, Memory, Cathy Caruth, Jacques Derrida, Brian Massumi, September 11, 2001.

Richter, G. (2005) September

So here, it seems, is what came about - what happened to them, then came down to us.

And this was an event, perhaps an interminable event. (Derrida, 71)

Flashbacks are noisy, dangerous, painful intrusions from the past that arise from the tension between the desire to forget and the necessity of remembering. Time, 'homogenous time'- as prescribed by Bergson (2004, p. 129), the linearity of which naturally erodes memory, is interrupted by the traumatic event, disturbing the integration of the past into a narrative, its assimilation into memory systems. Out of this conflict, of the body's re-ordering of time, the past returns repeatedly and intrusively through flashbacks in the form of auditory, visual and sensory hallucinations or dreams, sometimes precise, intensely clear and lifelike accompanied by a full spectrum of sensory and emotional associations, at other times fragmented and cloudy. Trauma defies understanding and breaches our comprehension of normalcy, time stills, a space opens, a

rupture, where the body moves into an uncertain future dramatically marked by the unknown.

The resistance of trauma to being placed within a narrative leaves an open-ended and unresolved relationship with a past that is constantly in motion through its insistent interjection into the present, repeatedly returning the traumatised individual to the original site of the trauma. Flashbacks are not new creations but repetitive replays of the past, displaced memories that fracture the present, reproducing traumatic events to master and integrate the past into 'a psychic economy, a symbolic order' (Foster, 1996, p. 131). This creates many complex contradictions: the somatic desire to release the past trauma through remembering, defending against the trauma by not remembering, and reproducing traumatic affect through the inevitable return of the past through flashbacks. The trauma is singular event with a double wounding, it is never just one event that is experienced, for trauma splits time: '(being neither a 'then' nor a 'now') and meaning (being neither significant nor nonsensical); it is neither pure fact nor pure fantasy, it comes both from within the subject (the endogenous fantasy) and from without (the original scene of seduction, and the second, possibly quite banal event that recalls it)' (Brown, p. 239). Cathy Caruth wrote that 'the impact of the traumatic event lies precisely in its belatedness, in its refusal to be simply located' (1996, p. 7). Such a body would live on as an unbearable interconnection of matter and potentiality, of organic aesthetic sensitivity and inorganic mechanical reproduction, a body steeped in conflict carrying within itself an impossible history, where the traumatised themselves become 'the symptom of a history they cannot entirely possess' (Caruth p.1).

'September' painted by Gerhard Richter in 2005, 4-years after the traumatic events of September 11th, 2001, is a means of negotiating the traumatic past an opportunity to track

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that which has existed outside and has moved inside without mediation or assimilation. It would be difficult to locate an individual over the age of 25-years old that does not have a story or relationship with the events that took place on September 11th 2001, who does not remember exactly where they were when the Twin Towers were hit. On 9/11/2001 at 8.45am when the first plane crashed into the north tower, Richter was on a plane from Cologne heading to New York for an exhibition. At 10.24am FAA closed the air space over the US and diverted all incoming transatlantic flights to Canada where the artist watched the remainder of the day unfold before him on a TV screen. Two days later he returned home to Cologne. Like many of the rest of the world Richter was exposed to the media's deluge of imagery of the attack on the Towers an event so ceaselessly photographed that almost instantaneously the world was awash with hundreds and thousands of images telling and retelling the collapse and destruction of that day. The digital imagery, viewable at the moment of taking, occupied the same time and place as the tragedy that the imagery recorded. With little delay between the attack and the seeing of the pictures, the images ostensibly became part of the event.

'September' is not a big painting (52cms by 72cms) the size of a large television screen, the technology through which the most of the world's population learned about the attack on the Twin Towers. Robert Storr (2010) wrote that the size was Richter's effort to find more meaning in a domestic, even democratic size (p. 47). The painting's origin was from a photograph of the second plane crashing into the World Trade Center Towers. In 2011, in an interview with Nicholas Serrota, Richter described how he arrived at the painting - 'I was very struck by the images in the papers, I didn't think you could paint that moment and certainly not in the way some people did, taking the inane view that this most awful act was some kind of amazing Happening and celebrating it as a megawork of art' (p. 25). It was important for Richter to find a way to explore the subject without making it

spectacular, 'concentrating on its incomprehensible cruelty, and its awful fascination' (p. 26). In his words:

> 'The picture I used for this painting was very beautiful, with flames in red and orange and yellow, and wonderful. And this was a problem. Of course, I painted it first in full colour, and then I had to slowly destroy it. And I made it banal. It doesn't tell much. It shows more the impossibility to say something about this disaster'. (p.15).

Ironically when Richter rendered his representation of 9/11 full of the flames and explosive power delivered by the hijacker's planes, he felt defeated as an artist by the 'failure of the work to measure up to the vividness direct photographic documentation of that collision achieved' (Storr, p. 49), and contemplated destroying the painting completely. It sat incriminatingly in the corner of his studio until one evening he took a knife rather than his usual squeegee or spatula and scraped and cut away at the flames, scoring back the paint to reveal the primer underneath. The finished painting exists somewhere between the abstraction of an image that is still decipherable behind the blur and an image that has become completely illegible having dissolved entirely. The flames from the explosion, having been scraped away from right to left of the canvas reveal a smoky ashen haze. The scoring of the top surface muddies the colours leaving behind a palette of dirty blues and greys. In a symbolic act, Richter was delivering the grey ash of death of decimated bodies, making real what could barely be comprehended - rendering this act visually to confirm its reality, and within it embedding the separation and the loss, that so many experienced on that day.

Never shown in the UK before, 'September's' exhibition at Richter's Tate Retrospective (2011) marked the 10th Anniversary of 9/11. It was positioned on the edge of the wall in

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the last room of the exhibition next to three smaller paintings, 'White', 'White' and 'Grey' (2006). The painting loomed up like a spectre with its sharp unreal blue sky and scored blur. Its beckoning presence overpowered the gallery space, a haunting reminder of the moment in history that the painting represented. Through its portrayal of a traumatic event that had already occurred, by painting it in the moments of the attack as it was happening, 'the painting acts, not as a stand-in for memory, but rather as an instigator for reflection and remembrance' (Schwartz, p.1), it becomes a vehicle to navigate a pathway back to the past, through the complex temporality of what Freud termed *Nachträglichkeit*.

The dilemma of trauma, its obscurity, the inability to fully integrate the shock of the incident, constitutes its central and unfathomable core, 'the event is not assimilated or experienced fully at the time, but only belatedly, in its repeated possession of the one who experiences it' (Caruth, 1996), a belated traumatic aftermath in which time elapses between the actual event and the appearance of the traumatic symptoms, creating a dissociated space of separation from the event where the outside moves inside without any mediation. Francoise Davoine and Jean-Max Gaudilliere have written of 'a dissociate truth, an 'unthought known' (Bollas, 1987) known through impressions that have been split off' where 'the subject of a history [is] not so much censored as erased, reduced to nothing and yet inevitably existing' (History Beyond Trauma, p. 47), a 'cut out consciousness' distinct from the repressed (Lacan, 1955-56, p. 200). Into this unknown, this cut off space the flashback takes up residence and engenders, as Brian Rotman has described, 'a clutch of interconnected discontinuities in the milieu of what preceded it: a disruption of the previous space-time consensus… an altered relation between agency and embodiment' (2008, p. 6).

Within this confusing amalgam of time, the traumatic and displaced past seeks resolution. 'September' encompasses far more than the event itself, drawn from photographs taken on that day (therefore a specific time in history), and through the painter's action of erasing the flames, it conceptualises the passage of time from September 11 2001 to its painting in 2005 and to its destination within the gallery space 10-years later. It has the potential to activate within the looking the reminder of the body and the world before the wounding of 9/11, the stages that accompanied the wounding, and the post-traumatic state that followed. For trauma is not just an overwhelming experience that can be encapsulated into one moment in time, there is always a sequence of events that come before, alongside and after. Painted well after the event, 'September' depicts the towers still standing tall in *their* burning aliveness and therefore still in the process of dying. Richter brings the past into being and galvanises an on-going process, a place where memory builds upon memory where remembering is always present and always expanding. He offers up a constantly changing discourse with the past. Even though we all know the outcome of the tragedy, Richter holds it in deferment – he postpones the falling, contains the moment and therefore the potentiality of what is yet to come. A deferment that creates the opportunity for a shifting relationship with the traumatic event, he slows things down long enough for the past to catch up.

For Freud, in Moses and Monotheism, the subjective experience of trauma is structured through a sequence of anticipations and reconstructions: 'It may happen that someone gets away, apparently unharmed, from the spot where he has suffered a shocking accident ... In the course of the following weeks, however, he develops a series of grave psychical and motor symptoms, which can be ascribed only to his shock' (p. 84). This time of latency or what could also be termed an incubation period is an interesting phenomena of defence strategies and theatricality, where Nachträglichkeit - the belated experience, or

deferred action trauma constituted by the relationship between two-events or experiences of two competing impulses, endows the memory rather than the original event with traumatic significance. Jean LaPlanche (2001) translates Nachträglichkeit as *afterwardsness*:

> '…the question of time as the experience of the outside world, which is linked to perception and to what he calls the system of consciousness… the biological aspect of time. And that aspect of time is very limited; it is immediate time, immediate temporality. But what Freud tried to discover, through Nachträglichkeit, is something much more connected with the whole of a life. That is another type of temporality. It is the temporality of retranslating one's own fate, of retranslating what's coming to this fate from the message of the other. That's a completely different aspect of temporality.' (p. 11)

Here LaPlanche talks of a complex interweaving of double meaning and temporality, the repetitive insistence of the traumatic event's constant return, in opposition to the flow of life where the compulsion takes hold to halt the re-experiencing of the traumatic event. 'It is not lived experience in general that undergoes a deferred revision but, specifically, whatever it has been impossible in the first instance to incorporate fully into a meaningful context' (1973, p. 112). Nachträglichkeit is an exchange between two moments, the second of which retrospectively determines the meaning of the first. In Freudian thought, as understood by Laplanche, it always takes to traumas to make a trauma, where one event is only registered through another in deferred action which is occasioned by events and situations or by experiences that allow the subject to gain access to a new level of meaning (p. 112). Within the nachträglich structure, the direction of meaning moves from the present back to the past to understand the significance of the first scene and from the past to the present where the content of the first scene is projected forwards to fill, or inhabit

the present. Building on this intricate interplay of time Derrida describes nachträglich as that which 'turns out to disrupt, disturb, entangle' the distinction between the past, present and the future. The dual temporality and the latency period are essential components of the principle of Nachträglichkeit which facilitate new perceptions of the past, a non-linear temporality where the unmediated traumatic event from the past not only disrupts the present but also has consequences for the future into which the traumatised carry their impossible history.

Flashbacks fill that space of *afterwardsness*, they rise to make known or make sense of the trauma that cannot be fully comprehended or experienced at the time, and like Richter's painting make us witnesses to the traumatic event and our own survival, functioning as a constant reminder of our mortality, of the past we want to contradictorily both remember and forget. Trauma unsettles and forces us to rethink our notions of experience, and how to communicate that experience, which paradoxically requires a witness but cannot be adequately represented. Its incomprehensibility makes remembering difficult but forgetting impossible and any form of recollection seem insufficient alongside the actual event. Kali Tal looks at the representation of trauma in her book 'Worlds of Hurt: Reading the Literature of Trauma', she explores the memories of individual psychic traumas which through their telling and retelling 'enter the vocabulary of the larger culture where they become tools for the construction of national myths' (p. 6). For her, mythologizing the memory reduces the traumatic event to a 'set of standardised narratives (twice- and thrice-told tales that come to represent "the story" of the trauma) turning it from a frightening and uncontrollable event into a contained and predictable narrative, which once 'codified' has political consequences (p. 6). Caught up in this '*Catch 22*' scenario questions arise about what is appropriate representation, sensitive recollection or accurate witnessing. Dori Laub asks for new tools to be

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'developed and employed to give form, structure, and intelligibility to *the incomprehensible past that does not have an ending*.'

Which brings me back to Richter's painting of September 11th 2001. Within the painter's symbolic act of destroying the flames of 'September' exists the erasure of time itself. The painting is a testament to a suspended reality. His rendering of this particular moment in time, his delivery and distortion captures all moments and therefore none. The scraping away of the flames is the violent wiping away of time that delivers its truth, its reality. Though the painting focuses on the South Tower just after Flight 175 hit, the exactitude wavers in the scrape of the paint across the canvas. Through the act of erasure, the painting becomes a fiction of the decisive moment refusing to embody the exact event, and so the viewer becomes complicit in its indeterminacy. In the blur of the thick grey ash that pours out from the tower, the boundaries and demarcations fall away to reveal the raw rupture of the psychic field. Scored down to the very bone, the raw vulnerable self, beyond the body's boundary, lost, stripped back and bare, Richter exposes the very rawness of humankind, the fragility of physicality juxtaposed against the towering steel and concrete of the towers, the exploding plane bombs. The erasure functions here as double negation, through the obliteration of the flames of the palette knife's scrape he destroys the exact timing of the event and therefore halts the collapse of the Towers replacing the outcome with a greater embedded sense of ash and dirt. The blurred and fragmented score of knife across canvas slows down the onslaught of time, it does not freeze, or stop it the way a photograph does – it is the painters hand that reaches in to the solidness of matter, and erases the paint with a knife, the blur becomes motion captured and controlled, Richter's action delivers the belief that everything is possible and everything is controllable, which of course in reality is a lie.

Richter (1995) has said of his early representational works 'something has to be shown and simultaneously not shown, in order perhaps to say something else again, a third thing' (p. 226) Hal Foster (2003) wrote that Richter's paintings deliver credible beauty, 'but only when 'wounded' (p 102)… a beauty no longer opposed to the sublime, for it is both sublimatory and desublimatory; a beauty that foregrounds its own inability to deliver reconciliation or promise happiness…' (p. 128) 'September' hovers within this place of suspended reconciliation and contains within it the lingering promise of future disasters and therefore traumas, of future unresolved and irreconcilable narratives. An open-ended and breached field that Brian Massumi (2010) has described as 'the nagging potential of the next after being even worse, and of a still worse next again after that. The uncertainty of the potential next is never consumed in any given event' (p. 53) is an 'anticipatory reality in the present of a threatening future. It is the felt reality of the non-existent, loomingly present as the affective fact of the matter' (p. 54).

Freud (1926) described such a rupture as the breached protective shield, where, in Inhibitions, Symptoms, and Anxiety he noted:

> '…the experiences which lead to traumatic neurosis the protective shield against external stimuli is broken through and excessive amounts of excitation impinge upon the mental apparatus; so that we have here a second possibility - that anxiety is not only being signalled as an affect but is also freshly created out of the economic conditions of the situation'. (p. 130).

The fracturing of the protective shield is an anxiety 'which plunges the ego into disarray owing to the interruption of the protective shield: anxiety becomes both cure and cause of psychic trauma; an excess of stimulation by traumatically breaching the boundary between inside and outside which shatters the unity and identity of the ego' (Leys, p. 28). Anxiety which simultaneously functions as the ego's protection against future shocks and

contradictorily preparation for worse things to come in which the body becomes armed and ready. The paradox created within the breached field is a challenging but interesting dilemma for body and psyche. The premonition of a trauma to come which prepares the body for fight, flight or freeze, where forewarned is forearmed also initiates an irreconcilable physiological cycle whether the trauma happens or not. Trauma is thus characterised by a distinct feedback loop in which the intervention of a second unforeseen event appears as the reminder of the original trauma that has existed separate from consciousness and therefore representation. The flashback is the symptom of the traumatic excitation, the bridge between the deferral and the delay, it is the discharge from one affective state via a subsequent and similar experience, 'a knot of mutually implicated alternative transformations of itself, in material resonance' (Massumi, p. 154).

The flashback functions as the haunting reminder, interrupting the psyche, seizing hold of the bodily system, from which there is no escape. The body in a state of perpetual remembering presents huge problems for historical consciousness (Roth, p. 82) and begs the question 'What desires are satisfied by keeping the traumatic past as unfinished business?' (Roth, p. 83) What are the implications of flashbacks? When one becomes witness to a history that cannot be fully assimilated and yet responsible for its narration, as Laub (2005) writes:

> 'From the perspective of the historian, such a breach with the past as the admission of one's speechlessness in the face of trauma or the acceptance of the limits of rational thought in attempting to comprehend or explain events beyond one's grasp and imagination represents a surrender to mystification and sacralisation. It is tantamount to self-betrayal, or rather betrayal of the self-ideal, for scholars and scientists with this mindset'. (p. 255).

This naturally raises questions about the mechanics of remembering, the exactitude of re-experiencing the past, which at times feels so vivid. The bearing witness to the trauma through the flashback is based on the notion of the event being a literal representation rising against the will of the traumatised. As Caruth has noted- modern analysts have remarked on the literality and non-symbolic 'nature of traumatic dreams and flashbacks, which resist cure to the extent that they remain, precisely, literal.' She has put this down to '..:the delay or incompletion in knowing, or even seeing… that then remains in its insistent return absolutely true to the event,' which has been argued by Leys and McNally, (amongst others) as a misconception. Seeing and therefore remembering is entirely subjective, giving rise to the potential of false memories of trauma (McNally, p. 229-259). As Freud wrote in a letter to Fliess in 1896:

'I am working on the assumption that our psychical mechanism has come into being by a process of stratification: the material present in the form of memory-traces being subjected from time to time to a *re-arrangement* in accordance with fresh circumstances – to a *re-transcription*'. (p. 207)

But memory is not only selective it is also malleable. Remembering whether consciously or through flashbacks offers up only a partial lens that can often lead to profound misunderstandings. Flashbacks in this instance can make for a false witness, compensatory processes and victimisation, designating victims and scapegoats rather than resolving the past. They are there to prevent the death of the past and so its integration and until we come to an understanding or face-to-face with the trauma we so desperately want to avoid we will not be free from the flashbacks. Ironically Caruth (1996) wrote you cannot fully confront death in trauma, numbed the first time around you cannot directly face it when it returns only in flashes, the experience is partial and carries but the illusion of meaning. When a flashback forces us to return to a place that we have

no desire to go and ironically were never fully there in the first place – the conflict is profound – battling rejection with the desire for understanding or integration further embeds the flashback, the anxiety into our psyche. Flashbacks are the ghosts of history – a subjective and specific history – but a history nonetheless. This singular possession by the past- a past never fully experienced as it occurred does not simply serve as a record of what happened but registers the emotional force of an experience that is not fully owned.

Fear takes up residence, dominates, the fear that the past will eternally consume the future, a perceived future based on the past that perpetuates the never-ending cycle of anxiety. As Massumi (2010) has asked:

'What are the existential effects of the body having to assume, at the level of its activated flesh, one with the becoming, the rightness of alert never having to be in error? Of the body in a perpetual innervated reawakening to a world where signs of danger forever loom? Of a world where once a threat, always a threat? A world of seriating menace –potential made actual experience, with a surplus of becoming, all in the instant?' (p. 65)

Suffered in silence the traumatised are exiled witnessing the flashback as a purely internal interaction, a cycle of endless inner pain and cut off fragments of torment, secrets impossible to contain, separating the traumatised from the rest of community and communities from society. The traumatic flashback in itself is not life threatening, they are the leakage of a tightly protected mind a necessary defensive device for survival but un-integrated into memory it continues to enervate and stress bodily systems. The contemptuous self-recrimination at the lack of containment reinforces the shame of

feeling out of control subject to our biology. This can ultimately lead to mental and physical deterioration and as has been reported violence, addiction, illness and suicide. Trauma based shame is painful and crippling and a traumatised mind cannot accommodate new ideas or alternative ways of seeing the world. The emotion provoked by trauma blocks new thinking. These conditions create cycles of violence and a hunger for retribution, and can often permeate through entire cultures - passed down from generation to generation where whole communities live out the trauma of the past. Trauma fractures our trust, our safety in the world, influences the way we see the world - encourages marginalisation, humiliation and powerlessness, negatively affecting our ability to resolve conflict.

The flashback provides a form of recall that survives at the cost of 'willed memory or the very continuity of conscious thought… The traumatised are called upon to see and to relive the insistent reality of the past, they recover a past that encounters consciousness only through the very denial of active recollection' (Caruth, 1995, p. 152). Engaging each seemingly isolated overwhelming event that presents itself as trauma, we often find ourselves delving into the realms of today's most pressing and intractable global issues. Surviving and witnessing become necessary to the transmutation of the shame and guilt where the pain of suffering can serve as a mirror into entering the world of the other. This demands a level of self-awareness often not readily available for the traumatised, in which we are able to detach ourselves from the trauma and observe our own minds and bodies at work. Trauma and its intrusive reminder through the flashback calls us to consider our pain as well as the pain of others, to step out of victimisation integrate the past and connect to, respect and tolerate the difference of others. Flashbacks function as indications of something extreme having occurred, an event out of the ordinary, painful recollections of partly remembered moments of the event, but they are also clues to completing the story,

indications of the extremity or overwhelm of the trauma, fragments of survival that remind us of our relationship with death, our mortality and the need to hold the polarity of life and death in equal balance.

Dislocated in time and space, existing neither here nor there, the trauma body occupies neither the past nor present but the traumatic place of something other, a place of near-death existing beyond the normal, the realm of the non-ordinary, the mystical, where Bergson's 'pure duration' and the supranormal exist alongside each other. Through 'September', Richter delivers into this space that *something other* and as such the painting becomes a device to navigate the past. He temporarily holds the outcome of September 11, 2001 in suspense gives permission to the viewer to complete the trajectory through their own remembrance, allows the sequence of events to catch up. If trauma is to be understood it cannot be located on either side of a personal or public divide but rather as one that reverberates across the entire political and 'social field in the manner of a haunting presence permeating the surface' (Meek, 2010, p. 15). To paraphrase psychoanalyst Wilfred Bion (1962), we do not learn until we risk falling apart, it is not until this moment of crisis or potential relapse that we are presented with the opportunity for change? It is important that we pay attention to the fragility of witnessing the past, the fragmentation of accounts, the searching for a narrative however abstract to lay memory to rest. Experiencing trauma demands a constant returning to complete the cycle of memory. Open-ended the trauma continues to perpetuate body and site. Mourning the past is to hopefully establish an active dialogue with history and an on-going relationship with loss and its remains – where trauma exists as a flash of emergence, an instant of emergency, that opens up the new possibilities of viewing the past, prompting a 'rewrite' of the conceptions of history we have so far encountered, and thus allowing us to

experience the present differently, to see what has not yet been seen and move into a future without the need for such repetition (Eng & Kazanjian, 2002, p. 1).

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Appendix B3

In and out of memory:
exploring the tension when remembering a traumatic event.

Anna Walker

Giclée Print, Size: 594 x 841 mm, Toxic Clouds no 1, 2013

Giclée Print, Size: 594 x 841 mm, Toxic Clouds no 2, 2013

Introduction:

In and out of memory delves into the tension of remembering a traumatic event. 'Memory' within this context is perceived as crucial to understanding oneself socially, culturally, and personally, while 'trauma' is understood as an experience borne by the act of leaving wherein the mind's coping mechanism is overwhelmed by shocking external events. The intensity of the experience makes it difficult to remember and impossible to forget, and any form of recollection seem inadequate.

Trauma from a modernist perspective points to an occurrence that demands representation and yet refuses to be represented (Roth 2012: 93). Traumatic memories are detached memories that,

When aspects of life are *lived* as a narrated story, the story itself creates the potential for questions of identity, self, and consciousness to be conceptualised and communicated through the various methods of art production. Michael Schwab (2014: 99) addresses the 'first gesture of writing in the context of exposition' as a 'design gesture and making of space', which is an interesting proposition when writing about trauma. I am aware of this as I place the first markings upon the empty online exposition space, markings that have the potential to navigate a pathway through a traumatic event. Traumatic memory occupies neither the past nor the present but the place of near death that exists beyond the normal, in the realm of the non-ordinary, the mystical, where

In and out of memory: exploring the tension when remembering a traumatic event.

INTRODUCTION:

'In and out of Memory' delves into the tension of remembering a traumatic event. Memory within this context is perceived as crucial to understanding oneself socially, culturally and personally, whilst trauma is understood as an experience borne by the act of leaving wherein the mind's coping mechanism is overwhelmed by shocking external events. The intensity of the experience makes it difficult to remember, impossible to forget and any form of recollection seem inadequate. Trauma from a modernist perspective points to an occurrence that both demands representation and yet refuses to be represented (Roth, 2012:93).), Traumatic memories are detached memories which, although fixed historically in a specific time and place, become unwieldy anchors for a body that is neither here (present) nor there (in the past). I am interested in this paradox from philosophical and psychoanalytical perspectives; the latent witnessing of traumatic events that defies the assimilation of the past into a narrative and the concept of dissociation, or of not fully inhabiting the experience of the event as it happens, where 'the wound of the mind—the breach in the mind's experience of time, self and the world—is... an event that...is experienced too soon, too unexpectedly, to be fully known' (Caruth, 1996, 4). Understanding involves naming and substantiating the absence that constitutes the states of dissociation associated with experiencing traumatic events.

Francoise Davoine and Jean-Max Gaudilliere have written of a dissociate truth, a 'cut out consciousness' (2004, 47) or an un-thought known, in which the subject's relationship to history was not so much censored as erased leaving but a trace in the field or the psyche to facilitate a link to the past, a foothold back into the story that has been reduced to 'nothing'. This research becomes an excavation into the un-thought known, an unravelling of the traumatic memory to narrate the trauma body, the traumatic event and its trace, in which the exposition space has the potential to become the vehicle of holding or, alternatively, the transition space.

My research methodology balances the auto-ethnographic with the critical, utilising personal experiences to facilitate a greater understanding of trauma. Auto-ethnography in this instance is a reformulation of ethnography or anthropology, an in-depth examination of context incorporating cross-disciplinary approaches or 'methodological abundance' (Hannula, 2005, 40) to understand traumatic memory, placing an emphasis on self-reflection and subjective participation as both the artist and the *owner* of certain memories. The narrating self provides a temporary lodging to navigate the fragmentation of remembering *rewriting* the *self* into a larger context, as in this text for this exposition, exploring the notion of the self as dependent on the other and 'the normative horizon within which the Other sees and listens and knows and recognizes...'(Butler, 2001, pp 22-40). When aspects of life are *lived* as a narrated story, the story itself creates the potential for questions of identity, self and consciousness to be conceptualised and communicated through the various methods of art production.

Michael Schwab addresses the 'first gesture of writing in the context of exposition' as a 'design gesture and making of space' (2014, 99), which is an interesting proposition when writing about trauma. I am aware of this as I place the first markings upon the empty on-line exposition space, markings that have the potential to navigate a pathway through a traumatic event. Traumatic memory occupies neither the past nor present, rather the place of near-death that exists beyond the normal, in the realm of the non-ordinary, the mystical, where Bergson's 'pure duration' and the supranormal exist alongside each other. Here, image, text or word have the potential to rupture the exposition space and engender 'a clutch of interconnected discontinuities in the milieu of what preceded it: a disruption of the previous space-time consensus... an altered relation between agency and embodiment giving rise to new forms of action, communication and perception' (Rotman, 2008:6) where the gesture of the traumatised body is followed by traumatised action and therefore has no choice but to leave a traumatised trace upon the empty space. Such a rupture marks the beginnings of a pathway for representation of the traumatic memory.

The starting point for the research that began in 2012 was my memory of the terrorist attack on the Twin Towers in New York City on September 11, 2001 as explored through a journal written on the day of, and days following, the disaster, a journal which up until a couple of years ago had remained closed and unread. This personal remembering or recollection is layered upon a well-established collective memory of the event and a vast array of literature, art and theory written in response to that day. For this exposition, I have addressed the different stages in navigating this pathway backwards to meet the traumatic memory. Re-reading the journal, revealing its contents, the story and making work around it functioned on a number oftwo levels: first, the exploring of trauma from the inside out where my memories and my body existed as a site of trauma; secondly, through the externalisation of trauma where I - my body and so my memory - became a vehicle to for further understanding of the collective

memory. The gradual excavation of this traumatic memory, breaking it apart, isbecomeswas a vehicle way ofto determininge its affective nature, and reflecting on the implications of remembering when the cultural and global memory is already so historically fixed. Deconstruction from this premise led to questions that address how fragmented a memory and therefore an artwork or body of text can be to still engage, and therefore communicate, something of the affect, 'the element which rises from the scene, shoots out of it like an arrow and pierces me,' (Barthes, 1981, 27,53), and whether Schwab's claim that deconstruction can deliver a finding, or being used as a substitute for such a finding (2008). Research is therefore on going and still open to shifting, changing and to discovery.

STAGE 1:

Stage I: It would be difficult to locate an individual over the age of 25-years old that does not have a story or relationship with the events that took place on September 11th, 2001, who does not remember exactly where they were when the Twin Towers were hit. When the first plane flew over my building in downtown New York I was on the phone with my brother in London, he had just found out he was to be a father, mid-sentence the loud and heavy drone of a low flying plane filled the room. 'What was that noise?' he asked. Minutes later, in the near distance, there were the sounds of an explosion, my building shook. NPR (National Public Radio) was on in the background, a man shrieked "Oh my God! Oh my God! A plane has just flown into the North Tower." The phone went dead, the radio followed.

This research has become a personal unravelling or excavation of memory as navigated through the collective cultural memory of hundreds of hours of footage and imagery of 9/11 found on the Internet, on YouTube, (www.youtube.com). The attack on the Towers produced a spectacle so incessantly witnessed and photographed that almost instantaneously the world was awash with hundreds and thousands of images, digital freeze frames and video footage telling and retelling the collapse and destruction of the day. The digital imagery, viewable at the moment of taking, occupied the same time and place as the event recorded and indelibly anchored the disaster in a specific time. With little delay between the event and the seeing of the picture or footage, the imagery ostensibly became part of the event. The sheer volume of testimony, photographs and digital video footage from that day and in the months that followed directly interconnected the documentation with the disaster, documentation that had embedded within it the power to anticipate a future looking back.

'Memory that I am, yet that I also wait for...' is a layered sound and film installation and was exhibited in 2013 in two separate locations. It was comprised of abstract digital film footage from September 11th, 2001, a woman's voice (my voice) reading from the journal from that time and a low bass drone of the wind from the top of the twin towers recorded in 1973 and layered over a held breath, (my held breath). Collecting the visual imagery required a constant return to the site of trauma on multiple levels: inside my body and within my memory and externally as the traumatic memory shifted into the cultural field and onto the screen. Navigating the remembering was an active physiological endeavour, where monitoring the excitation and emotional responses when watching the footage provided insight into the subjective negotiation of the traumatic memory. Flashbacks returned through dreams and intense moments of olfactory recall. Especially around the anniversary of September 11th, and when the research began, my skin reddened up as it did

back in 2001 with the blisters from the acerbic and toxic wind. My body functioned as a somatic bridge between the traumatic past and the present. Luckhurst wrote of 'a piercing breach of a border that puts inside and outside into a strange communication' that 'opens passageways between systems that were once discrete' (2008, p.3). Controlling the speed of the digital footage provided but an illusory measure of containment; freeze framing the footage on the computer screen or turning off the sound were superficial attempts to keep the flooding at bay. Tracing the pathway of trauma backwards through the levels of excitation, the flashbacks challenged the protective shield that Freud wrote about:

'Such external excitations are strong enough to break through the barrier against stimuli we call traumatic. In my opinion, the concept of trauma involves such a relationship to an otherwise efficacious barrier. An occurrence such as an external trauma will undoubtedly provoke a very extensive disturbance in the workings of the energy of the organism, and will set in motion every kind of protective measure.' (Freud, 1920, p.22)

Circling the periphery of the memory I was particularly drawn to the hours of footage of the tower's burning clouds of smoke, I found the abstraction of colours from the many digital cameras used at that time seductive, which coincided with the distortion of remembering that arises from the passage of time. Using a macro-lens, I focused on parts of the clouds, wanting to get close to their texture, using the grid of the computer screen as a holding space, a level or horizon that one gazes upon when feeling queasy. David Campany wrote about the incorporation of still images into moving imagery and claimed that 'while the freeze frame may show the world at a standstill, it cannot articulate the experience of such a state. Faced with the freeze the viewer is thrown out of identification with the image and left to gaze upon its sudden impenetrability' (2008: 57), which in this instance, created a welcome distance from the events, the freeze frame held the events in suspension and therefore delayed the full remembering. After hours of watching and re-watching footage I selected three sections of clouds and slowed down the speed of the footage, the first was from just after the explosion of the first plane hitting the North Tower, the second from the explosion of the second tower and the final piece that was eventually exhibited as part of *'Memory that I am that I also wait for…'* of the collapse of the Towers.

The two sites of exhibition were the Karst Gallery Space *(Space 1)* in Plymouth (August 2013), and Plymouth Arts Centre *(Space 2)* (November 2013). The scale and nature of both places could not be more dissimilar, I was surprised at the impact the differing spaces had on the installation, shifting the meaning and contextualisation of the installation and bringing into view the notion of trauma as something present in the space or the field.

Space 1 was a large, white, sun- filled space of approximately 3000 square feet – (279 sq. metres) with skylights and pillars. *Space 2* in contradiction a small, carpeted, almost domestic interior at the top of an old building. Both sites presented challenges for installation acoustically and visually, as did the transfer of the moving imagery from computer to DVD in which the imagery ironically 'broke apart' and pixelated. The frustration of constantly returning to the corrupt file in *Premiere Pro,* exporting it numerously in various versions and burning DVDs over and over, became symbolic of an attempt to resolve the memory and the inner compulsion to repeat, which in this instance centred upon fixing or making 'right' the footage. It drew upon a resource to take control and master the situation or as Caruth wrote in Unclaimed Experience: '…the attempt

to overcome that fact that it [the trauma] was *not* direct, to master what was never fully grasped in the first place. For not having truly known the threat of death in the past, the survivor is forced continually, to confront it over and over' (62, *bracketed words mine.*) Finally, the choice was made to incorporate the pixelated material into both exhibitions by presenting the moving imagery on an older screen in *Space 1*, which distorted the DVD glitches into oblong shapes, and in *Space 2,* to project the imagery onto the white wall of the building.

In *Space 1* the DVD screen, positioned in an unlit alcove facing the main space entrance, was accompanied by two Genelec speakers installed on the floor just inside the doorway into the main gallery, a third Genelec speaker was positioned in the far corner of the gallery space on a stand placed intentionally just below human height to encourage the audience to lean down to the speaker. In *Space 2*, the footage embedded into the space through projection meant that the projector became an extra object within the room, which blocked the direct view of the audience and emitted a constant low humming noise, two Genelec speakers were positioned diagonally opposite each other, and four-smaller Gale speakers placed around the edges of the room.

The multi-layered sound component of the artwork, installed in both spaces, was from a second recording of my voice, for the first was too raw and emotional to use; composure became an essential part of the re-telling of the traumatic memoir to create a measured space between the words, the remembering and the sharing of the memory. The *drone*, made up of the WTC wind was *stretched* beyond recognisability and maintained the resonance of the towers that although physically gone are still a *fixed* cultural memory, both as architectural objects and as the site of a trauma. The held inhale, was an anxious breath, that through its rendering into sound and externalised from the body *travelled* with the recording of the wind through the column laden space of *Space 1* and contradictorily seemed heavy and soporific in the dark interior of *Space 2*.

The different layers of the sound installation (of 25-minutes) were originally created in synchronicity, and like the visuals were to loop continuously, but when played on two separate operating systems the sound slipped. This misalignment became an important feature the slippage of which set a precedent for an ongoing notion of imbalance thereby creating insecurity within the space. The layering of the projected imagery onto the sound, and the misalignment of the voice and the drone re-enforced the concept of slippages of memory, breaks in the remembering disrupting the continuity and account of the story, which broke the temporal trajectory, highlighting the struggle of remembering. The sound sculpturally dissected the space and questioned the body's relationship or orientation within the space, its presence and its absence created a complex interaction between the work and the audience.

There was one set of doors into *Space 1,* which were left open. The installation (compared to *Space 2*) was stripped back, empty but for the black speakers against white walls and, sunlight pouring in through the skylights. Through the continual listening to of the drone, feeling it in different parts of my body dependent on the volume, it appeared to no longer originate from two speakers but from everywhere in the space. I experimented with the sound of the voice, lowering it to such a degree that you were forced to lean in close to the speaker. Throughout the day, the sun moved across the space, as bright as it

was on the day the towers fell, a brightness that challenged and contradicted the deep and heavy sounds. Just outside of the main exhibiting space at Karst there was a point where all the components of the exhibition merged, a place where the words from the distant voice reverberated and echoed off the walls, the lower bass drone rumbled under my feet and the moving imagery was clearly seen. The voice seemed to be carried, uninterrupted by the drone, and carved out a direct passage through the reverberation. The *drone* held and contained the space creating depth which gave an audience permission to wade through it towards the voice, a voice that was once mine, but now outside of me, was just a women's voice, any women's voice and its otherness, its separateness provided comfort. Dislocated and disembodied the voice moved through the stripped back and simple space. Its emptiness was an escape from the chaos, from the infringement of others, from a mind full of clutter and the noise of the past. Positioned on the periphery of the exhibition, viewing it from the darkness I was struck by the existence of an external part of me that now had form. Separated from the voice that echoed and bounced around the room I was in a position to hear the nearby church bells that drifted in from the distance, the sounds of gulls sliced by the noise of passing cars' tyres on the road and in so doing I was building and creating new memories.

The experience in *Space 2* was very different. The door closed behind you, the audience shut into the unheated dark space. The effort in installing the exhibition in *Space 2* was as demanding as the space itself and involved travelling back and forth between the University and Plymouth Arts Centre, and running up and down stairs in search of the right leads to match the right fittings for the speakers. The size of the space *(8m x 6m)* was close to the size of the room in New York where I first watched the news of September 11, 2001. A small carpeted room with white walls and 3-windows that I taped and blacked out but which continued to rattle with the wind. The darkness was broken by the projected footage that flickered on the wall with an impermanence that was fitting for the scene it depicted. The scale was disturbing, in that this huge event was now contained in a small square of projected footage far from New York, the transference of trauma from site to site. I smelt from running up and down the stairs with the speakers. My sweat now embedded into the piece of work and into the room was accompanied by my tears, a room that so soon after was filled with people. I was reminded of Theresa Brennan's words: "rank with the smell of anxiety, I breathe this in. Something is taken in that was not present, at the very least not consciously present, before. But no matter how thoroughly my system responds to the presence of this new affect, it is the case that something is added" (2002, p.69). My smell was not the stench of anxiety rather it was of frustration, of remembering the past that leaked from my pores, of the toxic smell of burning smoky clouds. It was the frustration of wanting to communicate this part of my memory clearly and precisely and yet feeling as if in someway the work was falling short of my intention.

The four small Gale speakers supplied by *Space 2* were arranged on the floor around the edges of the room out of which the words from the journal flowed. Within this particular space the voice did not so much speak to you as ask you to bear witness, it was relentless and reminded me of what it was like to be in New York back then, of what it has felt

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like to hold the memory at bay for all of these years. The drone permeated the unyielding repetitive voice and what I became aware of (that wasn't evident in in the *Space 1*) was that there was something missing, something left unsaid, lying just there under the words moving with the drone throughout the space. I was unsure of what was missing and I had nowhere to go but back to my own memories, to my own recollection to locate the lost fragments. Reflecting upon this the footage began to abstract, its repetition triggering a whole deluge of falling memories. I searched for the seam within the repetition to slow things down. The hypnotic imagery began to swallow me up as I continued to wait for what was missing to be revealed. Faces began to appear within the imagery, ghosts, that seemed to increase in intensity accompanied by the sound of the drone. In hindsight, the spectral was taking hold and demanding further exploration, leading me into the next stages of research.

STAGE 2:

Fragments' is on-going and currently comprised of five interconnected sound works, a complex layering of voice and sounds that symbolise suggest the breaking down of the *full memory* into stuttering segments. This second stage of the research examines the ongoing belief, contained within the journal and throughout the past 12-years, that the day's events unfolded silently. Through the excavation of the memory I was to discover – or re-discover - the noise and loudness of September 11, 2001 of which *'Memory that I am, yet that I also wait for...'* marked the beginning of this realization. Moving on from utilising the unfolding events of 9/11 to understand differing concepts of remembering, and memory retrieval, *Fragments* begins to explore 'hard' and 'soft' memories. *Hard* being the traumatic memory of brittleness and resistance that ruptures the present, *soft* as in non-traumatic memory that moves or transforms with emotional liquidity into a narrative of the past.

The layered sounds are collected from the sites of the previous installations, and fragments of the recording from the original journal; c. Constructing memories before erasing and destroying them, taking away the words, breaking down the sentences into spaces, sounds and utterings, using the notion of language games as an active part of remembering, where the memory comes to life through the voice, the tone, the words and the space between the words. Each sound piece plays with the notion of flashbacks where repetition, fragmentation and echoes become the memory returning repeatedly, making full use of the slippage discovered from **Stage 1** research. Noisy, dangerous, painful intrusions from the past, the 'hard' memories that surface from the tension between the desire to forget and the necessity of remembering, where 'the historical articulation of the past... involves becoming master of a memory as it flares up at the moment of danger' (Benjamin, 1940). The layering of the text and the sounds trace the ebbing and the flowing of the event, (September 11th 2001), forwards into the present and the present future, auditory and textual flashbacks, intrusions from the past into the present.

The repetition of the voice here is memory's ghostly echo, perhaps 'to conjure away, as if by magic, the "thing" itself, the fear or the terror it inspires (for repetition always protects by neutralizing,

deadening, distancing a traumatism, and this is true for the repetition of the televised images we will speak of later)' (Derrida, 2001) For Derrida the spectral notion of trauma is that which is both inscribed on the body from the event and that, which is yet to come, it is a body possessed. In 'Of Spirit' he wrote 'I shall speak of ghost, of flame, of ashes' (1989, p.1) where spirit is a ghost that returns, the *material* that is left within the traces of memory and representation after the event, or the resonance of an echo within the haunted space, within the poignant accumulation of the fragments of traumatic memories. Out of this conflict, out of the body's re-ordering and disordering of time and replays of the past, un-filed memories disrupt the present by reproducing the past or returning the individual to the traumatic event. For the traumatic experience divided from the beginning is never just one event that is experienced, trauma splits time: '(being neither a 'then' nor a 'now') and meaning (being neither significant nor nonsensical); it is neither pure fact nor pure fantasy, it comes both from within the subject (the endogenous fantasy) and from without (the original scene of seduction, and the second, possibly quite banal event that recalls it)' (Brown, p.239).

Freud writes about this state as *Nachträglichkeit*, or deferred action trauma constituted by the relationship between two-events or experiences of two competing impulses. Laplanche refers to it as a time of latency or *afterwardsness* (2001). It is a shadowy place of survival where the trauma awaits revelation, a challenging place of defence strategies and theatricality where life is lived on the outside to protect the haunted interior. Such a body/event would live as an unbearable interconnection of matter and potentiality, of organic aesthetic sensitivity and inorganic mechanical reproduction, a body steeped in conflict carrying within itself an impossible history, where the traumatised themselves become "the symptom of a history that they cannot entirely possess" (Caruth, 1995, p.1).

For Derrida, ghosts are not just emanations from the past they are very much of the present and of a time to come, inhabiting spectral moments that no longer belong to time (2006, p.6-7). Cut out of time (*and consciousness*) the spectre remains invisible, from this place it witnesses our inability to see it, and since we cannot see or unable to identify the ghost we must fall back upon its voice to familiarize ourselves with the ghosts of trauma its ghostly qualities (2006, p.12). This notion of spectrality as part of deconstruction highlights the difficulty in reducing text and therefore memory to conditions of presence and absence – as Derrida wrote just five-weeks after 9/11 - 'we do not know what it is and so do not know how to describe, identify, or even name it' (2001, p.94), which characterizes the paradoxical dimension synonymous to understanding trauma and its representation. The traumatic experience can be thought of as the return of what nevertheless remains to come, a ghost of or from the future, or the ghostly effect of what is never present. Within the nothingness or this place of absence, perception is blinded and narration challenged, memories are the ghosts returning to haunt the body and the field that the body occupies creating opportunities within this work for the voice and sounds to navigate new directions forwards as well as backwards.

The four-audio works of *'Fragments'* are importantly held together by

a separate sound piece, which is the explosive noise of the towers falling, the loudness of which cannot be contained with an intensity from which there is no escape. Words have diminished entirely to the pulsating and elongated rawness of sound. There is now no choice but to listen. This artwork marks the beginning of a different kind of remembering where the falling of the towers, too loud to hear at the time, despite my proximity to the site, and inaccessible to memory-systems now becomes important to represent. Remembering has been a slow process, piecing together disparate fragments to prevent being overwhelmed or swallowed up entirely by the memory. The total destruction of the speaking language into these explosive sounds marks the complete unravelling of the fabric of memory and opens up the potential to re-weave the journal writing into a new form that removes the text, all text from the past and places its erased form into the present. Current experimentation with the explosive sounds links up sound with visuals that are divorced from the actual footage of 9/11 and marks the beginning of a new direction for the research and the beginning of an exploration into Baudrillard's tangled mess of reality and fiction.

"The collapse of the Twin Towers is unimaginable, but that is not enough to make it a real event. A surplus of violence is not sufficient to make an opening onto reality, because reality is a principle and this principle has been lost." (Baudrillard, 2002, p.413)

STAGE 3:

Stage III: *'Remembering'* (2014-2015)*, digital moving imagery 18-minutes in length of which 5-minutes is exhibited here, returns to the idea of the full memory, and functions as both an installation within the gallery space, and a 'thing' that exists outside of the gallery to be shown on a screen, (whether computer, TV, or iPad.) The work continues to explore Derrida's notion of the presence of absence and the concept of the ghost as a figure associated with mourning, which raises questions: *(i)* how does one attend to the ghostly presence of the event, or the mourning of an event that has yet to be experienced? *(ii)* And how does one bring closure to a past that exists in the future?

For this artwork, I revisited the 9/11 imagery on YouTube and stood in front of a microphone, alone in a sound-proofed room, remembering as much as possible now 13-years on. Despite the passage of time, and the brief exchanges of recognition that came from 'yes, I was there!' this was the first time that I was remembering out loud, that I was traveling backwards without rehearsal or the prop of a journal. This point of arrival and departure functioned toward the laying down of new pathways through memory, permission for a different kind of remembering and of listening. It is a pathway born out of the total excavation of speech and text in the final piece of *'Fragments'* but nevertheless one that still requires flexibility whilst traversing the past 13-years. It feels as if I am no longer carrying the text forward from the past as in *Stage 1* and *Stage 2* – but travelling backwards to a fixed site geographically and corporeally. It is an effort to reclaim the ghosts from the past, or perhaps as Derrida has suggested, a leaning towards a certain form of closure that involves a process of exorcism.

'Remembering' furthers the meshing of the personal with the collective. The imagery is comprised of footage shot on that day (September 11, 2001) and the days thereafter, and moves from the planes flying into The Twin Towers to the clearing up of ground zero and the final raising to the ground and the removal of the mounds of rubble and building remnants left over after the falling of the Towers. The footage is once again shot with a macro lens: a close-up, distorted and abstracted perspective of that time, which unfolds silently alongside the stripped back simplicity of the speaking voice, my voice. The voice was initially recorded in one take of 28-minutes, but because of external noises, as the room was not entirely soundproofed, I was forced to re-record the voice and had planned to edit the two together. Rather I chose instead to go with the second rendition, which was shorter and as in *Stage 1* of the research - less emotional. To date (March 30th, 2015) I have edited the footage three-times, each version becoming tighter and shorter in an effort to reduce and contain the memory.

The voice of *'Remembering'* is at times laboured and slow, the use of repetition in words and phrases functions to slow down the remembering. Pauses seem thoughtful and searching rather than spacious and like the tightness of a held breath there is a reaching for the fragments of the memory to make sense of the past. Building on the slippages from *Stages I* and *II*, the voice seems at times out of sync with the imagery creating dissonance and a slightly detached feeling for the listener. Shot in black and white the footage encompasses the depth of the shadows of Derrida's ghosts, they are faceless moving bodies, textured with dense blacks and milky whites. The footage is pixelated and broken as if transported over the passage of time, retaining remnants of the original trauma. As in *Stage 1* and the installation at Plymouth Arts Centre *(Space 2)* there is nowhere to go but to the voice and so to the memory, only this time it is not from overwhelm of being shut into a darkened room with the artwork but because there exists only the black and white moving imagery and clearly spoken words. This has the *affect* of laying the past bare for consideration. The footage with the colour drained out of it, the voice with all external sounds and noise stripped away, is the closest or clearest depiction of my memory from that time. It is here that the distortion of suspended time, the cut-out consciousness, and the ghostly echoes can simultaneously exist alongside each other.

It is an impossible work of mourning at times frozen and stilted that searches for the ghostly echoes of the past. As trauma continues to perpetuate body and site, traumatised spaces are haunted spaces in which memories reverberate backwards and forwards trapped in a place of unassimilated narrative. I see this work as a response not of melancholy but a return to the theme of loss through presence and absence, opening the possibility of a reordering of the past. Experiencing trauma demands a constant return to complete the cycle of memory but I am still left with the question - what form does this completed cycle of memory take? My work here in this exposition addresses the fragility of witnessing the past, the fragmentation of accounts and, the searching for a narrative however abstract. Though the research is far from complete, questions arise at this stage as to how necessary it is to construct something coherent and therefore perhaps 'resolvable' through the excavation of such a traumatic

memory, or indeed if coherence is even necessary. Carrying the memory forwards as in *Stages I* and *II* of the research, or traveling backwards to the memory as in *Stage III*, does not, as initially thought, lay the traumatic memory to rest, it does however change the remembering., It reclaims the memory from a larger cultural archive and replaces it in its transformed form state back into an archive for it to remain (at this stage) as a ghostly echo excluding temporality, bridging the past with the present and continuing in its now digitally indelible transformation to exist into the future.

Though the research is still going through a process of mourning, I seem to have arrived, perhaps precipitately, at questions about memorialization, where this exposition site could be said to function as a form of memorial site. As complicated as the mourning of trauma is, memorializing it is even more so. This was never more evident than in the extensive debate surrounding the appropriate response to 9/11 and the cost and the length of time that it has taken to build and finally complete the 9/11 memorials. One cannot escape the nationalism that echoes throughout the official commemoration of the attacks, from the National September 11 Memorial and Flight 93 National Memorial to Bush's official designation of September 11 as Patriot Day. Despite the politicization of remembering certain events, there remains the need to bear witness and to translate trauma as two functions of the memorial. The aim of the Memorial Museum (as written on their website) is to serve 'as the country's principal institution for examining the implications of the events of 9/11, documenting the impact of those events and exploring the continuing significance of September 11, 2001.' Yet I failed to find mention of the many thousands of innocent people killed in Afghanistan and Iraq in response to 9/11, which as of 2011 is estimated as over 80,000 dead Iraqi non-combatants. (DeLappe, 2011)

The 9/11 Memorial features two enormous waterfalls and reflecting pools, each about an acre in size, set within the excavated remnants of the original Twin Towers. The National September 11 Memorial Museum evokes the ruins of the Twin Towers in a deconstructed form whilst the bombproof concrete podium attests to a post 9/11 world of paranoia and fear which seems to support the lingering promise of future disasters and therefore traumas, of future unresolved and irreconcilable narratives, indeed the notion that the worst is yet to come, a state Brian Massumi (2010) has described as an 'anticipatory reality in the present of a threatening future. It is the felt reality of the non-existent, loomingly present as the affective fact of the matter' (p. 54). Exploring the transition from mourning to memorial I am aware of a huge sense of loss at the separation from a place that I had considered home for so many years, for having lived in New York for over 20-years I have not returned since 2006. So this work functions as both memorial to 9/11 and to the many years I resided in New York, to the many memories I formed, and the trajectories travelled to arrive here at this place in time and space. It is a critical engagement with the past, a past that now arrested and recognized is as such disrupted and disturbed.

The breaking apart of the memory, its deconstruction and the eventual reforming of it into new forms of representation, (through the discovery of the explosive sound and the birth thereafter of a new perception), leaves me searching for new forms of philosophical

discovery and theorisation. Schwab asked: 'is it enough to expose supplemental structures in existing discourses, or does something 'other' than discourse need comparable attention?' He went onto write that at the borders of deconstruction, lives the opportunity for a philosophy of art (2008) in which for me significance or meaning is derived as much from the space between the methods as the work itself, where the potential for discovery also lies in the mistakes and the mishaps. As Derrida has noted:

'…there is a point where the authority of final jurisdiction is neither rhetorical nor linguistic, nor even discursive. The notion of trace or of text is introduced to mark the limits of the linguistic turn. …the mark is not anthropological; it is pre-linguistic; it is the possibility of language, and it is everywhere there is a relation to another thing or relation to another. For such relations, the mark has no need of language.' (Derrida and Ferraris 1997, p. 76)

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The body in between, the dissociative experience of trauma

ABSTRACT

In 'The autonomy of the affect' Brian Massumi wrote of the gap between affective and cognitive registering of the traumatic experience. Affect theorists and neuroscientists have long shared the notion of a gap between the somatic response to a traumatic event and the appraisal of the affective situation. This article develops theories on dissociation or nothingness, where nothingness is a measurement of the space between the affective and the cognitive registering of a traumatic event. It explores the concept of two different systems, one a 'conscious automatic' system and the other an 'intensity system' that exists outside of normal *physiological sequencing, beyond narration, and therefore incapable of integrating into memory systems.*

Abstract

In 'The Autonomy of the Affect' (2002) Brian Massumi wrote of the gap between affective and cognitive registering of the traumatic experience. Affect theorists and neuroscientists have long shared the notion of a gap between the somatic response to a traumatic event and the appraisal of the affective situation. This paper develops theories on dissociation or nothingness, where nothingness is a measurement of the space between the affective and the cognitive registering of a traumatic event. It explores the concept of two-different systems, one a 'conscious automatic' system and the other an 'intensity system' that exists outside of *normal* physiological sequencing, beyond narration and therefore incapable of integrating into memory systems.

Keywords: Derrida, Massumi, Trauma, Dissociation, Memory, Ghosts

A specter is both visible and invisible, both phenomenal and nonphenomenal: a trace that marks the present with its absence in advance. The spectral logic is de facto a deconstructive logic. It is in the element of haunting that deconstruction finds the place most hospitable to it, at the heart of the living

present, in the quickest heart- beat of the philosophical. Like the work of mourning, in a sense, which produces spectrality, and like *all* work produces spectrality.

(Derrida, 1996, p117)

Within the dissociative or disembodied space, cognitive perception is blinded and therefore narration challenged, memories become ghosts returning to haunt both the body and the field that the body occupies. This *'in between body'* is a body consumed by the past where spirit is the ghost that returns after the event, the spectral resonance held within the memory (Derrida, 1989). The film, *'Ghosts: Bodies Caught in Between' (6.49 mins, 2015),* was completed earlier this year to describe the ghostly presence within the haunted space. It contributes to research that explores the memories of a traumatic past, tracing the *affect* of a traumatic event on a body, in this instance the event of 9/11 on my body. The research is a personal unravelling or excavation of memory as navigated through a diary that I wrote at the time of the event and the collective cultural memory of 9/11 resourced through Internet archives such as *YouTube*.

Description: *'Ghosts: Bodies Caught in Between*

The footage is shot in black and white and moves from an underground subway in New York through the remains of the fallen *Word Trade Center*. It is edited together from hundreds of hours of footage and imagery from Youtube and filmed with a macro lens directly from the computer screen. The film is accompanied by the distorted sounds from footage clippings of the day of 9/11 and days thereafter. The film is an interconnected, complex layering of imagery, voice and sounds that portray the breaking down of a traumatic memory into stuttering and isolated fragments, and contributes to an examination of the on-going belief, contained within

the journal and throughout the 12-years preceding this research, that the day's events of 9/11 unfolded noiselessly. In the making of this film and others I was to discover or re-discover the

sounds of the day's events, particularly the noise of Twin Towers falling, which I had remembered as falling silently, noise that functioned as a bridge between the cognitive and affective registering of this traumatic event.

This piece of work contributes to a larger body of research that analyses the place where a traumatic event meets memory. Memory within this context is perceived as crucial to understanding oneself socially, culturally and personally, whilst trauma is understood as an experience borne by the act of leaving wherein the mind's coping mechanism is overwhelmed by shocking external events. The intensity of the experience leads to difficulties integrating the memory where forgetting the event is impossible and any form of recollection inadequate. As Roth wrote in 2012, trauma from a modernist perspective points to an occurrence that both demands representation and yet refuses to be represented (Roth, 2012:93). Traumatic memories here, are perceived as detached memories which, although fixed historically in a specific time and place, become unwieldy anchors for a body that is neither here (in the present) nor there (in the past). I am interested in this paradox from philosophical and psychoanalytical perspectives; the latent witnessing of traumatic events that defies the assimilation of the past into a narrative and the concept of dissociation, or of not fully inhabiting the experience of the event as it happens. Cathy Caruth described this as 'the wound of the mind—the breach in the mind's experience of time, self and the world, an event that, …is experienced too soon, too unexpectedly, to be fully known and is therefore not available to consciousness…' (1996, 4)

Understanding or integrating the past involves naming and substantiating the absence or the gaps in remembering, inhabiting or re-inhabiting the states of dissociation associated with experiencing traumatic events. Lacanian analysts Francoise Davoine and Jean-Max Gaudilliere have written of a dissociate truth, a 'cut out consciousness' (2004, 47) or an un-thought known, in which the subject's relationship to history was not so much censored as erased leaving but a trace in the field or the psyche to facilitate a link to the past, a foothold back into the story that has been reduced to 'nothing'. The research therefore becomes an exploration of the un-thought known, an unwinding of the traumatic memory to narrate the trauma body, the traumatic event and its trace.

Brian Massumi describes a body where: 'Brain and skin form a resonating vessel. Simulation turns inward, is folded into the body, except that there is no inside for it to be in, because the body is radically open, absorbing impulses quicker than they can be perceived, and because the entire vibratory event is unconscious, out of mind' (2002). This is the body caught between the affective and the cognitive registering of the traumatic experience, the body in conflict trapped within a 'conscious automatic' system and an 'intensity system'. It is a body in a nonlinear process where resonation and affect continue to feedback, 'outside expectation and adaptation, as disconnected from meaningful sequencing, from narration, as it is from vital function' (2002:25). He describes it as a 'temporal sink, a hole in time', a state of suspense with the potential towards disruption. This body, this site of trauma is a body in between, a body in crisis caught up in uncertainty where the notion of safety is disrupted, and any organised existence made precarious, a body teetering on the edge haunted by the past.

Within the film *'Ghosts - Bodies Caught in Between'* - the layering of the text and the sounds trace the ebbing and the flowing of the unfolding events of September 11, 2001 forwards into the present and the present future, they are auditory and visual flashbacks, intrusions from the past that rupture the present. The film is part of a larger installation called 'Fragments' which to date is made up of 2-sound pieces, and 3 moving image pieces. Importantly the imagery was selected from Internet archives and the sounds were collected from many sources including the sites of previous installations of the research, and fragments of the recorded voice reading from the original journal. The repetition of sounds and the imagery are memory's ghostly echo, perhaps - as Derrida wrote - 'to conjure away, as if by magic, the "thing" itself, the fear or the terror it inspires (for repetition always protects by neutralizing, deadening, distancing a traumatism and this is true for the repetition of the televised images we will speak of later)' (Derrida, 2001).

For Derrida, the spectral notion of trauma is that which is both inscribed on the body from the event and that, which is yet to come, it is a body possessed. In 'Of Spirit' he wrote 'I shall speak of ghost, of flame, of ashes' (1989, p.1) where spirit is a ghost that returns, the material that is left within the traces of memory and representation after the event, or the resonance of an echo within the haunted space, within the accumulation of the fragments of traumatic memories. The ghost throws time out of joint, producing a 'radical untimeliness' or 'anachrony'. The film, slow moving, in and out of focus, purposefully over-exposed in parts so much so that details disappear into white space. This is where the past encroaches, breaks open the present and distorts the potential of the future into a series of irreconcilable scenes and multiple feelings and their *affects*. The traumatic experience divided from the beginning is never just one event that is experienced, for trauma splits time. As Andrew Brown writes: '(being neither a 'then' nor a 'now') and meaning (being neither significant nor nonsensical), it is neither pure fact nor pure fantasy, it comes both from within the subject (the endogenous fantasy) and from without (the original scene of seduction, and the second, possibly quite banal event that recalls it)' (Brown, 1992, p.239).

Freud writes about this state as N*achträglichkeit*, or deferred action trauma constituted by the relationship between two-events or experiences of two competing impulses. Laplanche refers to it as a time of latency or *afterwardsness* (2001). For me it is a shadowy place of survival where the trauma awaits revelation, a challenging place of defence strategies and theatricality where life is lived on the outside to protect the vulnerable and haunted interior. Such a body exists as an unbearable interconnection of matter and potentiality, of organic aesthetic sensitivity and inorganic mechanical reproduction, a body steeped in conflict carrying within itself an impossible history, where the traumatised themselves become as Caruth wrote "the symptom of a history that they cannot entirely possess" (1995, p.1).

For Luckhurst, the ghost embodies the idea of the persistence of traumatic memory, ghosts are signals of atrocities marking sites of untold violence, they signal the presence of a traumatic past whose traces remain to attest to a lack of testimony. 'A haunting does not initiate a story; it is the sign of a blockage of the story… A hurt that has not been honoured by a memorializing narrative.' (93) But Derrida's ghosts are not just emanations from the past they are very much of the present and of a time to come, inhabiting spectral moments that no longer belong to time (2006, p.6-7). Cut out of time (and consciousness) the spectre remains invisible, from this place it witnesses our inability to see it, but it haunts us nevertheless. Unable to identify the ghost's

visibility we can however choose to fall back upon its voice in an attempt to familiarize ourselves with its ghostly qualities (2006, p.12) and know for whence it came, as Derrida wrote just five-weeks after 9/11 - 'we do not know what it is and so do not know how to describe, identify, or even name it' (2001, p.94). The traumatic experience is the constant return to what hasn't yet arrived, a ghost of or from the future, or the ghostly effect of what is never present.

Description: Falling

'Falling' is a short film of just 1.12 minutes, completed last year it marked a major discovery within the research and functions as a link to connect to the other audio and film works of 'Fragments'. Also, filmed with a macro lens directly from the computer screen, it is a visual rendering of the explosive noise of the towers falling, the loudness of which cannot be contained, the intensity from which there is no escape. Here words have diminished entirely to the pulsating and elongated rawness of sound. There is now no choice but to listen. Denied visibility this is the ghost making itself heard, a call to the body - *my body* - in between to feel the full *affect* of the past. The moving imagery is shot in black and white and flickers from abstract glimpses of a body falling into a digital abyss of clouds, space and form. The sound is an extended and manipulated recording of the Twin Towers collapsing, and was extracted from *Youtube* footage. The loudness of the sound interrupts the imagery and breaks it apart into further distortion and still the body falls, never quite landing yet never fully breaking apart. Noise has pierced the boundaries of the past and the present turning the body inside out, as it falls into a future threatened by the impossible realisation of the past.

Remembering has been a slow process, piecing together disparate fragments to prevent being overwhelmed or swallowed up entirely by the memory. The destruction of the speaking language into these final explosive sounds marks the complete unravelling of the fabric of memory and opens up the potential to re-weave the past into a new form that removes the text, and places its erased form into the present. Current experimentation with the explosive sound links the audio with visuals that are divorced from the actual footage of 9/11 and marked the beginning of a new direction for the research and the beginning of an exploration into

Baudrillard's tangled mess of reality and fiction. He described the collapse of the Twin Towers as unimaginable, but as such not enough to make it a real event. He wrote: "A surplus of violence is not sufficient to make an opening onto reality, because reality is a principle and this principle has been lost.' (Baudrillard, 2002, p.413)

In theory ghosts can be laid to rest if they are captured, by that I mean heard, voiced, seen, made visible from the shadows, from the past. But the ghost of 9/11 lingers still, dramatically displayed across the media's broadsheets and websites, in the rhetoric used to describe the ongoing war on terror, and the growing regard of immigrants and refugees as the threatening foreign other. Redemption and prevention are the ghostly attributes that have escalated into yet more violence. As early as 1996 Derrida had named an unprecedented age of war as an age of 'new archaic violence', where revenge and avowed vengeance 'unleashes self-destruction in a desperate (auto-immune) gesture… to eradicate uprootedness and re-appropriate the sacredness of life safe and sound' (p.88). 19-years later the spectral still permeates in the call of justified violence and retribution, of black and white ideologies. A war of extremes is still being fought, and we are caught in the collision between the most technologically sophisticated and advanced weapons of the US and Europe against the primitive atrocities of beheadings, mutilation, and rape carried out in the Middle East, all of it played out across our computer screens, in snippets and in sound bites, on repeat, freeze-frame or in slow-motion action sequences.

To finish I leave you with a Toni Morrison quote from 'Beloved' about some things you forget and some things you never do -

> "I was talking about time. It's so hard for me to believe in it. Some things go. Pass on. Some things just stay. I used to think it was my rememory. You know. Some things you forget. Other things you never do. But it's not. Places, places are still there. If a house burns down, it's gone, but the place—the picture of it—stays, and not just in my rememory, but out there, in the world. What I remember is a picture floating around out there outside my head. I mean, even if I don't think it, even if I die, the picture of what I did, or knew, or saw is still out there. Right in the place where it happened." (Morrison, 1987, p13)

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